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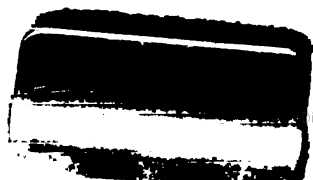
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#### ERRATUM.

Page 395, fourth line from the bottom, for 'temporary' read 'contemporary.'

# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Words and Places; or, Etymological Illustrations of History, Ethnology, and Geography.* By the Rev. Isaac Taylor, M.A. London and Cambridge, 1864.

WE are glad to welcome this book on a subject which is attractive for every one; for every one is interested in knowing why his own village or town is called by the name which it now bears. The want of such a work had been long felt in this country; and upon the whole Mr. Isaac Taylor has done justice to his matter, and to the many great questions connected with it. He is certainly a scholar, and is conversant with the works of foreign scholars and philologists, without which qualifications a very scanty profit can now be expected from the labours of any man in such a field; but we are the less able on this account to excuse the blunders which he occasionally makes. Mr. Taylor, in his preface, observes that since Verstegan's 'Restitution of Decayed Intelligence' was published two centuries ago, no work of the same kind as his own has appeared. We wish that he had noticed, however, an able essay printed in the year 1860 in a contemporary Review, which, although necessarily brief, shows a strong sense of the interest and importance of its subject,\* and contains a great deal of information upon it.

All that can be attempted in a review of such a book is to show the value of the study to which it relates, and illustrate in some degree the principles on which researches of this kind should be conducted. For minute facts and the application of those principles to particular cases the reader must, for the most part, be referred to the work itself.

In his last chapter our author justly observes that the fundamental truth to be adhered to in all such investigations is the fact, that there is no such thing as a name consisting of mere arbitrary sounds. Names of persons and names of places were once alike significant or intended to be so; hence the great value of them as memorials of language and of historical facts. They often, too, preserve old forms of speech, though passing fre-

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\* 'Edinburgh Review,' April, 1860, No. ccxxvi. The article in question was, we believe, written by Mr. Pashley, who died before its publication.

quently from hand to hand, as symbols without a special sense, they are apt to be worn and altered by constant friction.

It is a curious speculation to think for a moment what we should do without proper names. How would the rudest state of society get on if there were no particular sound or word appropriated to denote this or that place, and this or that person? What trouble would a man have to make his neighbours understand where he had been, or whom he had seen? How could he tell his servants where to go or whom to fetch? His only resource would be to give such a description of the individual person or place as would call up in the mind of the hearer the corresponding idea. The process would be cumbrous and its success uncertain. We know what it is when we try to describe a person whose name we have forgotten. Our constant effort would be to make the description as short and as clear as possible; and if we could at last get those around us to accept two or three syllables as sufficiently denoting each single object to which we desired to refer, all embarrassment would be over. We should, in short, have established a name proper or peculiar to the individual which we and others could afterwards use conventionally, without the trouble of further description. This name, passing current from mouth to mouth, would stand simply as the representative of the person or place, without necessarily recalling, whenever it was used, the qualities which it might have been originally intended to denote. Something like this, we may fancy, must have been the process by which proper names were formed. And yet we should suppose that in the infancy of language all nouns must have been originally proper names, or words denoting individual objects. Common terms must have been arrived at by a subsequent process of abstraction. But the more we investigate the nature of speech, the less we understand how man's unassisted reason could create such an instrument.

When a rude or nomad tribe in a savage state settled in a country, they called the river or the lake which supplied their daily wants by a name which indicated water; and the mountain which overhung their huts by a word which expressed height, or snow, or some other visible quality attaching to the object itself. When neighbouring settlements mixed with each other, the river or the mountain belonging to the one had to be distinguished from the river or the mountain belonging to the other. If the original names were identical, some suffix or addition to one of them would become necessary. The word which had originally been significant became gradually a mere name, conveying no special meaning, except that of indicating a single object.

On the other hand, a conquering people who subdued an indigenous

indigenous population and reduced them to the state of serfs or slaves, would, as a mere matter of convenience, catch as well as they could, and retain in use, the names of existing objects round them. When they made a new enclosure or erected a fortress of their own, however, they would take the elements of the new name, not from the original language of the land, but from their own tongue. So it was with the Saxons and the Celts in England, and with the Spaniards and the Mexicans in the New World.

Again, when a body of civilised persons, who have already felt the advantage of an established nomenclature, emigrate to a new country, the first want they feel is that of established proper names for the place where they live, and the objects which surround them. No man that we know of ever invented a new and arbitrary combination of sounds or letters, and applied these syllables to supply this urgent need. With civilised settlers the simple designation of water, hill, and rock, which satisfied the savage cooped up by forests, and separated from other tribes, is insufficient. But civilisation does not help them much, and the poverty of human invention has subjected our brethren in America to ambiguities and inconveniences without end, in connection with their local nomenclature.

A few years ago a distinguished member of the House of Commons, who was born in the Colonies, made a speech, in which he inveighed against the treatment of her dependencies by the mother country. Among other grievances he stated that a Governor in Canada had once named four townships after his wife's four lapdogs. We believe that the assertion was founded in truth, and that the townships of 'Flos' and 'Tiny' (we forget the other two) still remain among the local divisions of that great colony. It would be well if no greater wrong had ever been inflicted on a colony by its governor. At any rate, we are sure that these canine appellations are better calculated to serve the purpose for which they were intended, than the senseless repetitions of names of places identical with those in the Old World. A map of America exhibits the straits to which men have been reduced in this department of language.

Thus, in the Compendium of the Census of the United States for 1850, we have no less than thirteen Romes and thirteen Rochesters. Sparta appears nine times; Troy no less than twenty-five times. There are only two or three 'Londons,' but many more Londonderrys; and there are twenty-two 'Dovers.'

Another resource has been to call the town or district after some distinguished man. The name of Washington may well be said to live in the mouths of his countrymen, and on the backs

of their letters also, when we find it applied as a local name no less than 138 times. If Jackson, and Brown, and Smith are troublesome to the Post-office as the names of individual men, the confusion must be greatly increased when we find about 130 places called after the first, no less than nineteen after the second, and ten after the third. Patriotism and public virtue are, however, in America repaid by multiplying a man's name. It answers the purposes of an order of merit. Nor do the heroes of antiquity escape. There are two or three 'Solons;' half-a-dozen 'Scipios;' at least one 'Cato,' and a couple of 'Ciceros.'

About fifty places or townships are named simply 'Centre;' between sixty and seventy bear the name of 'Liberty;' and nearly 120 that of 'Union;' but the number of these last may perhaps now be diminished. All this is referred to only for the purpose of showing how difficult it has been found to give a proper name. Nor was the task easier in former times with reference to men than it now is with reference to places.\*

In their zeal to civilise Ireland our ancestors got an Act of the Irish Parliament passed in the fifth year of Edward IV. (cap. 3), entitled 'An Act that the Irishmen dwelling in the counties of Dublin, Meath, Uriel, and Kildare shall go appparelled like Englishmen, and wear their beards after the English manner, swear allegiance, and take English surnames.' Each such Irishman was to 'take to him an English surname of one town, as Sutton, Chester, Trim, Skrym, Cork, Kinsale; or colour, as white, blacke, browne; or art or science, as smith, or carpenter; or office, as cooke, butler; and that he and his issue shall use the name under pain of forfeyting of his goods yearly till the premisses be done.'

We have heard of the difficulty being met in a different way

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\* There is something very striking in the application of proper names to the famous weapons of the chiefs in the Northern Sagas and the old romances. The custom shows the rarity and the value of good arms, and the personal affection, as it were, which their wearers had for them. They were not mere chattels, but beings half-instinct with life and consciousness of their own. Such was Skarphedin's bill 'Rimmugygr' or 'the ogress of war,' in the Njal's Saga, which gave forth a sort of thrill or hum of joy when bloodshed was impending. Tegner, in his beautiful Swedish poem of 'Frithiof,' describes the hero's sword 'Angurwadel,' with its engraved Runes that grew bright and burning on the eve of battle. In the Laxdæla Saga we have Germundr's sword 'Fotbitr,' or 'the Footbiter;' and in the Morte d'Arthur, the good sword 'Excalibur.' The names of ships are indispensable for the purpose of identifying them, and the sailor feels the same sort of sentiment for the name of his favourite vessel as for the name of his mistress. Celebrated jewels, too (like the Koh-i-Noor), acquire a sort of personality and a proper name in the same way. Names are given to horses and dogs, partly as a matter of convenience, and partly because affection is felt for them. We think that the use of a proper name for an animal re-acts on the owner's mind, and by constantly recalling the individual horse or dog by a term of endearment, has a direct tendency to increase the regard already felt, or the value set on its usefulness.

in one of the West India islands, where the whole liberated cargo of a captured slave-ship were turned to account by enlisting them in a negro regiment then being formed. The unfortunate slaves spoke twenty different languages; very few of them understood one another, and none understood the language of their new masters. How were they to be named? Recourse was had to the Army List as the only repertory of names which was readily accessible, and the negroes were taught to answer to the roll-call accordingly; beginning with 'Duke o' York'—'Sir David Dundas'—and so on, in succession.

But we must not be led away by the wider subject of proper names in general, and we return to the volume before us. Our author remarks very truly that such names as Tadmor, or Sidon, or Hamath, appear to be endowed with an inherent and indestructible vitality: they outlive dynasties and empires, and stand as remnants of an earlier world. Other names tell us the story of a race, or are strewed over the soil, as marks of a wave which once swept across it and has now disappeared. Let us take, for instance, Spain as an example of the record afforded by names of places and natural objects.

In a corner of Europe, on the spurs of one of the great mountain-ranges—hemmed in among narrow valleys—and driven back, as it were, to the very surf of the great Western Ocean, there still live the remnants of a singular people. If they are allied to any other European race, it must be to the Lapps or Finns, but we think that doubtful. Their tongue is a peculiar one; and though their whole number is probably not more than three-quarters of a million, they speak three principal dialects.\*

William von Humboldt has shown from a comparison of the names of places throughout the Spanish peninsula, that the ancient Iberians were identical in race and language with these Basques; and that this people once occupied the whole Spanish peninsula. He has found traces of them in the large islands of the Mediterranean and even in Italy. The first wave, therefore, of population which we can trace in Spain, is that of the race who call themselves Euscaldunac, and their language Euscara †—words meaning

\* Dr. Arnold, 'History of Rome,' Vol. i., p. 488, note, says: 'The Iberians, in Humboldt's judgment, were a people quite distinct from the Kelts; but they may have had the same degree of connection with them which subsisted between all the nations of the great Indo-Germanic family.'

† It is very curious that Livy applies the adjective *Oscensis* (*Oscense Argentum*), as if it meant 'Spanish,' and was derived from the national name given in the text. There was, no doubt, a town called *Osca*, but it is improbable, both from its position and its relative insignificance, that its name should have attached to the large sums brought to Rome. See Livy, xxxiv. 10, 46; xl. 43. The words seem, therefore, to have meant 'coined Spanish silver.' Compare 'Prüfung über die Urbewohner Hispaniens,' s. 57.

'the Speakers' and 'Speech,' as contrasted with those around them, whose language was unintelligible.

We will venture to translate a passage from Humboldt which exhibits his conclusions. He says :—

'Two propositions seem to me to be established by what has been stated. The ancient Iberians were the stock of the modern Basques; these Iberians were spread over the whole peninsula, constituted one nation, and spoke one and the same language with dialectic varieties. The Basque language was therefore the only one belonging to the race whose first immigration into the country, if they were not indigenous to the soil, took place before any tradition which has reached us. We must now see with what foreign nations these Iberians were mixed, for the names of places lead us to infer the presence of others besides the Basques. Phœnicians, Greeks, and Carthaginians settled themselves on the coasts in very early times, and penetrated more or less deeply into the country. Pliny mentions the Persians also on the authority of Varro, but no notice of their expeditions to Spain occurs elsewhere. The Romans extirpated the native manners and language, and turned a great part of the peninsula into a province completely resembling Italy. All these immigrations, however, I pass over, and dwell only on the foreign races which as Barbarians in the sense of the Ancients, and belonging to Western Europe, were settled in Spain. These were only the Celts, and they appear in the classic writers in a twofold form: as pure Celts on the Anas (the Guadiana), or as a people closely related to them in the north-western corner, which is now called Galicia; \* and again as a race compounded of Celts and Iberians, under the name of Celtiberi.'—p. 137.

Thus this complicated story of successive occupations by different races of the Spanish peninsula is told to us partly by History, but still more clearly by the names which they have left adhering to the soil. There is spread over the whole surface a stratum of Iberian names in which elements prevail, such as 'asta' (a rock) and 'ura' (water), having a meaning in the Basque and in no other known tongue. The terminations moreover and the formation of the words are in accordance with the system of sounds belonging to that language. Then overlying these, or side by side with them, we have the 'Douro,' and the deposit of Celtic appellations, including probably the much disputed termination 'briga.' 'Escalona,' possibly identical with 'Ascalon,' and Medina Sidonia, with its Arabic prefix of 'City,' carry us back to the settlements of Tyre; while 'Carthagera' and 'Carteia' tell of the trading settlements of Carthage.

The Roman civilisation has left its traces in such names, among others, as Merida (Augusta Emerita), and the singular

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\* Strabo, iii., c. 3.

transformations of 'Pax Augusta' into 'Badajoz,' and 'Cæsarea Augusta' into 'Saragossa.'

The incursion of the Franks in the time of Gallienus, when they destroyed Tarragona, was a mere raid for the purpose of plunder. The invasions by the Suevi, Alani, and Vandals, in the year 409, and the subsequent advance of the Goths, led in the first instance to bloody wars among the barbarians themselves. But it is singular that the occupation of Spain by the Visigoths has not apparently left much trace in the proper names of the country.

If we follow the subsequent history, we may see in Mr. Taylor's little map (p. 111) the manner in which the Arabic names are studded over the whole of Spain south of the line of the Douro, and on the east coast up beyond Saragossa. The Rock of Gibraltar, where Tarik passed the straits, still stands as the monument of his conquest. It is remarkable that so many natural objects in that country, such as rivers, bear names compounded with 'wadi' or 'guada' (the channel of a stream), like Guadalquivir, Guadalimar, Guadarama, and Guadalete, and derived from a conquest so late as that of the Arabs; whereas in England, the Cymric or Welsh names of streams have retained their ground through all the vicissitudes of Saxon, Danish, and Norman conquest.

It is by no means easy to account for this difference. In some cases, no doubt, as in that of the 'Guadiana,' the Arabic element was, by a process which we shall see repeated in England, added to the original name; but there are probably at least thirty such river-names, and in most of these (as in 'Guadalquivir'), the whole name is that given by the later race. We do not believe that this can be explained by the supposition that the Moors extirpated the original peasantry, or swept them off the face of the soil to be employed only as slaves, kept in 'ergastula,' and sent out to work. On the contrary, it would appear from Condé (v. i. p. 75), that they merely imposed on them a higher tax than they did on the Mahometans, just as the Turks taxed the Greek Rayahs.

We have thus briefly referred to the instance of Spain as an illustration of the manner in which the local names of a country tell a most curious tale of the races and the nations which have occupied its soil, or passed over its surface. The Basques now stand isolated like a solitary boulder of some great and ancient rock-formation of which the mass has been destroyed and swept away. The Phœnicians and the Carthaginians have perished long ago. The power of Rome and her Colonies has disappeared: and the Arab host, first cooped up within the narrow limits of Granada,

was

was driven by priestly tyranny to Africa and the shores of the Levant. Yet here, to this day, are names on the map of Spain, current in the mouths of the people, which imply the existence of all these different populations, and substantiate the fact of all these changes of dynasty and of race.

It is curious to compare with William von Humboldt's masterly essay another attempt of the same kind to trace an ancient population by means of local names. We allude to the pamphlet of Ludwig Steub on the original inhabitants of Rætia and their connexion with the Etruscans.\* Unfortunately the conditions of the problem to be solved were very different in the two cases. Humboldt had (as we have in the Welsh) a living language to refer to for the meaning of the words and syllables which he found composing the names of rivers and of places. Steub, on the other hand, had nothing to fall back on except the scanty remains of Etruscan, which never have been, and probably never will be, successfully interpreted. He describes the feeling which led him to undertake his task in the following manner:—

‘When I was passing, last summer, in the Rætian Alps, I was more than ever attracted by those singular and fine-sounding names which accompany the traveller along the high-road, and meet him in the most remote valleys and on the wildest peaks. At Bludenz, in the Vorarlberg, I heard men speak of the Alps, Tilisuna and Blisadona: in the Vintschgau I saw places called Naturns, Schluderns, and Schlanders; the peaks Firmisaun and Similaun were pointed out to me; and I heard of the villages of Villanders, Velthurns, and Gufidaun or Altrans, Sistrans, and Axams: everywhere I went I was met by the sound of these mysterious names.’

In the first place, we may assume the presence of a Tuscan population in Rætia, for we have a distinct statement in Pliny and Justin, that the Rætians were supposed to be Etruscans driven by the Gauls from their homes, in the valley of the Po. Niebuhr and Otfried Müller adopt the view that this people came thence, as from the cradle of their race, rather than were driven thither.† It seems to us that these last writers maintain their view rather on the ground of what they suppose to be an *à priori* probability than on express testimony of any kind; but this point is immaterial for our present purpose. In the second place, we find a mass of strange sounding names, inexplicable by a reference to any known language, all crowded together in this corner of the Alps. In the third place, without

\* ‘Ueber die Urbewohner Rætiens und ihren Zusammenhang mit den Etruskern.’ München, 1843. Vorrede, s. 111.

† Pliny, iii. 20; Justin, xx. 5; Livy, v. 33; Niebuhr, ‘Röm. Gesch.’ (3te. Ausg.), B. i. s. 127; Otfried Müller, ‘Etrusker,’ s. 163.

attaching

attaching undue value to guesses at the possible meaning of particular syllables, these names easily fall into combinations of sounds, or letters closely analogous to the combinations presented by acknowledged Tuscan names, and by the remains of Etruscan inscriptions. It must be admitted, however, that the corruption which some of the Rætian names have gone through makes the process of reduction one of a somewhat arbitrary character; yet, on the whole, we think Mr. Steub has established the great probability of the theory he has adopted. We hesitate to go with him when he invades foreign territory, and claims as Etruscan a good many elements of local names which are explicable by us, with more chance of being right, by a reference to the Celtic. The case of the Rhine is one of these.

Let us now turn to a subject which has an interest of a more special kind for Englishmen, and to which Mr. Taylor has deservedly devoted a large portion of his book. We mean the local nomenclature of Great Britain.

It will be found, as we have already observed, that almost all the names of rivers in Great Britain are of Celtic origin. Our author says:—

‘One class of local names is of special value in investigations relating to primæval history. The river-names, more especially the names of important rivers, are everywhere the memorials of the very earliest races. These river-names survive where all other names have changed—they seem to possess an almost indestructible vitality. Towns may be destroyed, the sites of human habitations may be removed, but the ancient river-names are handed down from race to race; even the names of the eternal hills are less permanent than those of rivers. Over the greater part of Europe—in Germany, France, Italy, Spain—we find villages which bear Teutonic or Roman names, standing on the banks of streams which still retain their ancient Celtic appellations. Throughout the whole of England there is hardly a river-name which is not Celtic. By a reference to the map prefixed to this volume, it will be seen that those districts of our island which are dotted thickly with Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian village-names are traversed everywhere by red lines, which represent the rivers, whose names are now almost the sole evidence that survives of a once universal Celtic occupation of the land.’—p. 204.

He then divides the elements of these river-names into two classes—the one consisting of words which originally meant simply ‘river’ or ‘water,’ and the other containing those which he calls ‘adjectival,’ consisting of the Celtic words applicable as epithets to streams.

It appears that the names of the larger rivers of Europe, and of many of the smaller streams, contain one of the five following Celtic roots for ‘water’ or ‘river.’ These roots are—

1. Avon,

1. Avon, or aon (river).
2. Dwr, or ter (water).
3. Uisge, or wysg, wy, is, eo, oise, usk, esk, ex, ax (water).
4. Rhe, or Rhin (swift motion or current).
5. Don, or dan (uncertain).

The word Stour occurs also constantly. It is found, perhaps, in the Stura, or Astura of Latium, mentioned by Festus and by Pliny,\* and in other English and Continental river-names, whilst its origin seems very doubtful.

The adjectival elements of Celtic river-names are principally the following:—

1. Garw (rough).
2. All (Gaelic, white).
3. Ban (Gaelic, white).
4. Tam, Taw (spreading—quiet).
5. Cam (crooked).
6. Clith (Gaelic, strong), or perhaps Clyd (Welsh, warm).
7. Dhu (black).

We cannot undertake to illustrate in detail the application of these words, which meet us in various combinations in the river-names, not only of our own country, but of the whole continent of Europe—thus attesting the wide extent of ground once occupied by one or other of the great divisions of the Celtic race. Our readers no doubt know many Avons in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland. In the last country we have the river (Avon dhu) immortalised by Spenser as—

‘Swift Awniduff, which of the English-men  
Is cal’d Blackwater.’

The same element probably forms the root of the name Avignon, where the Durance (derived from dwr) falls into the Rhone. If we doubt our author’s etymology of Trent as a contracted form of *Derwent*, or *Darent*, we are unable to supply a better. At any rate, we should reject that adopted by Milton, when he speaks

‘Of Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads  
His thirty arms along the indented meads.’

We are of opinion, however, that in some cases an attempt has been made to give significance to the last syllable of river-names, as in the case of the Calder, where that syllable is a mere termination. The Norse etymology of kaldr—cold or cool—seems more plausible than the Celtic one of ‘winding water,’ in which the ‘der’ would represent the root ‘dwr.’ We may

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\* Pliny, i., 152, 16. Festus (Müller), p. 317. Compare W. von Humboldt. ‘Prüfung,’ s. 114.

remark too in passing that the 'Roy' in Invernessshire is more likely to mean 'the red stream' than to be connected with the 'Rhe' or 'Rhin.' With regard to the root 'don,' it is said that it still exists with the sense of river or water among the tribes of the Caucasus.

It is curious to observe that in very many cases the original word, as it became unintelligible in its first sense to the subsequent inhabitants of a region, was overlaid by a synonyme in their own language. Thus Durbeck in Nottinghamshire and Durbach in Germany contain the Celtic root 'dwr' with the Teutonic or Northern 'beck' or 'bach' added to it. Dourwater is a translation of the same kind.\* In the case of 'Wansbeck-water,' as our author observes, these synonymous elements are accumulated—'Wan' is probably a corruption of Avon; 'Beck' is Saxon or Norse; and 'Water' is an English addition. There is the history of three races in this single word. It is perhaps going too far to regard the *s* as the remains of the Gaelic 'uisge,' and we should think it far more likely to be the mark of the genitive case. Brindon Hill, in Somersetshire; Mon-gibello, with its Arabic suffix; and the 'Puente de Alcantara,' in Spain, are examples of the same process of accumulation of synonymes.

There is one great English river which we think Mr. Taylor has omitted to notice, and which deserves a passing word—we mean the Severn. In Ptolemy the name which is given to it is 'Sabriana'; in Tacitus it is called 'Sabrina.'† In Nennius‡ the river is called 'Habren'; and we believe that the Welsh name, for a part of it at least, is still 'Hafren'—the *S* being represented by *H*, as in many other instances. Whether this word is connected with the Welsh word 'Hafru,' to render sluggish, in allusion to its tranquil stream as compared with a mountain torrent, we will not undertake to determine.

Mr. Taylor proceeds next to deal with the names of another great natural feature of all lands. He says—

'In antiquity and immutability the names of mountains and hills come next in value to the names of rivers. The names of these great landmarks have been transmitted from race to race very much in the same way and from the same causes as the names of rivers.

'The modern Welsh names for the head and the back are "Pen" and "Cefn." We find these words in a large number of mountain names. The Welsh "cefn" (pronounced keven), a back or ridge, is

\* See Palgrave, 'English Commonwealth,' vol. i. p. 450, n.

† 'Annal.' xii., 31. There is little doubt but that the correction of 'Aufona' for 'Antona' must be received, and that the two rivers meant are the Severn and the Avon; but the passage is corrupt; probably Ernesti's conjecture of 'cinctisque' for 'cunctaque' is right.

‡ Chapter 68. Compare Zeuss, 'Gramm. Celtica,' p. 144.

very common in local names in Wales, as in the case of Cefn Coed or Cefn Bryn. In England it is found in the "Chevin," a ridge in Wharfedale; in Keynton, a name which occurs in Shropshire, Dorset, and Wilts; in "Chevening" on the great ridge of North Kent; in Chevington in Suffolk and Northumberland; in Chevy Chase, and the Cheviot Hills; in the "Gebenna Mons," now "les Cevennes" in France; in "Cape Chien" in Brittany.—p. 230.

'The Welsh Pen, a head, and by metonymy the usual name for a mountain, is widely diffused throughout Europe. The south-easterly extension of the Cymric race is witnessed by the names of the *Pen*-nine chain of the Alps, the *A-penn*-ines, a place called Penne, anciently Pinna, in the high Apennines, and Mount Pindus in Greece. The ancient name of Penilucus, near Villeneuve, is evidently Pen-y-llwch—the head of the lake. We find Pen-herf and the headland of Penmarch in Brittany; and there is a hill near Marseilles which is called La Penne. In our own island, hills bearing this name are very numerous. We have Penard, Penhill, and Pen, in Somerset; Upper and Lower Pen in Staffordshire; and Pann Castle near Bridgenorth. The highest hill in Buckinghamshire is called Pen. One of the most conspicuous summits in Yorkshire is called Pennigant. We have Pendleton and Penketh in Lancashire; Penshurst in Sussex; in Cumberland Penrith, the head of the ford; and in Herefordshire Pencoid, the head of the wood. In Cornwall and Wales the root Pen is of perpetual occurrence, as in the cases of Penrhyn and Pendennis (*Pen Dinas*) in Cornwall, and Penmaenmawr and Penrhos in Wales.'—pp. 231-2.

In a note to the passage just quoted our author suggests with a query, that 'penny,' the coin, is derived from this root; and he repeats this conjecture at p. 455, assuming that it might be so called from the head upon the coin, like 'tester,' from 'teste.' We are bound to say that we think this etymology cannot be supported. The old Norse word 'Penningr' signified the tenth part not only of the ounce (eyrir) but of the ell of cloth, which was one of the articles of daily barter.\* It is very difficult to suppose that the Scandinavians derived a word of this kind from the Cymric branch of the Celts. The word is moreover used by Otfried—that is to say, as early as the year 870. Another statement in the same note requires to be noticed. Mr. Taylor observes that Peña is Spanish for rock, and that Penna, in Italian, means a mountain summit; and a reference is made to Diez's Etymological Dictionary of the Romance Languages. On turning to Diez, however, the reader will find that

\* See Egilsson, 'Lexicon Poeticum Antiquæ Linguae Septentrionalis,' in v. According to a statement made by Mr. Marsh, in his 'Lectures on the English Language,' p. 127, note, 'penny' was used also to denote a duodecimal part; but the reader must bear in mind that the tenth part of the later 'tírett hundræð' (100) was equal to the twelfth part of the old 'tolfrætt hundræð' (120).

he derives these words from 'pinna,' a battlement or projection of a wall ('pena' in Provençal); and adds, that if they had been derived from the Celtic 'pen,' they would certainly have kept the masculine gender. The same objection, if it be sound, applies to the case of La Penne cited above.

The Gaelic form of 'pen' is 'ben;' and the use of one or other of these words, like that of 'Aber' and 'Inver,' enables us to trace the line which separated the Cymric and Gaelic branches of the race in Scotland. In the South of Scotland 'Pen' occurs frequently, but to the North and West the Gaelic term is found in 'Ben Nevis,' 'Benlomond,' 'Benledi,' 'Bencruachan,' and many other cases. 'Cenn' is another Gaelic form of the same root, and appears in Kenmore, Cantire, Kinnaird, Kinross, and Kenmare, in Ireland: perhaps the county of Kent, and other names, may retain traces of it, as Mr. Taylor suggests; but it must be remembered that the Cymric 'cefn,' already referred to, would easily pass into ken or kenne.

The old Gaelic word for a height or fortress was 'dun,' represented in Welsh by 'din' or 'dinas.' 'Dintywi' was 'the castle on the Towey river.' Dunedin, Edinburgh; *Lugdunum*, Lyons; *Sedunum*, Sitten or Sion in the Vallais; *Ebredunum*, Yverdun. The last syllable of London is probably the same word. *Lexdon* is a mixture of two languages—*Legionis-dunum*, and *Camalodunum* has become Maldon. Sometimes, on the Celtic principle of composition, it precedes the qualifying word, as in Dumfries, Dunkeld, and Dumbarton.

'Rhos,' a moor, is another element in Celtic names of places. 'Craig' signifies a crag or rock; and 'tor,' a high summit such as those on Dartmoor or on the Cornish moors. The syllable 'ard,' high, occurs in two hundred Irish names, such as Ardagh; and very frequently in Scotland, as in 'Ardrossan,' 'Ardnamurchan,' and probably in 'Arran.' It forms the first syllable of the name of the forest 'Arden,' of which Drayton says—

'Mighty Arden, even in her height of pride  
Her one hand touching Trent, the other Severn's side.'

Ardennes, the great forest on the borders of France and Belgium, is the same name. The second syllable of both—'den,' signifying a deep wooded valley—is supposed to be a Celtic word adopted by the Saxons; and a third great forest—that of Dean—seems to be named from the same root. It also forms the termination in such names as 'Tenterden.'

The Welsh 'cwm,' and the Anglo-Saxon 'comb,' occur frequently in proper names, and still exist in the language of the people. Combe, in the West of England, means, we believe, properly

properly a valley or depression in the hills, without a running stream. 'Tre,' a place or dwelling, pretty nearly equivalent to the Saxon town, does not occur in Gaelic or Erse names: it is especially common in Cornwall, and is of course met with in Wales, and less frequently in the neighbouring counties. In one Herefordshire name, the township of Trevil, the process of accumulation, spoken of above, seems to have taken place by the addition of the translation 'vil,' or 'ville,' to the original Welsh word. 'Nant,' as in 'Nant Francon,'\* the Vale of Beavers in Wales, meets us again in the Alps of Savoy, and testifies to the presence of a Cymric race there. Near Chamounix it is constantly applied to a torrent. Llan again, usually an enclosure for a church, is a Cymric, not a Gaelic word. The principal ecclesiastical words in Welsh are, as might be expected, of Latin origin. Thus we have 'Esgob,' a bishop, from 'Episcopus;' 'Eglwys,' a church, from 'ecclesia;' and 'Plwyf,' a parish, from 'plebs,' the ordinary middle-age word for a congregation.†

We have not space to go through all the Celtic elements of names given by our author; but the Erse 'Magh,' signifying 'a plain' or field, which appears in *Armagh*, *Maghera*, and perhaps in *Magdeburg*, is very remarkable. The corresponding Cymric form is 'Maes,' a meadow or mead.

'The chief Cymric roots are found scattered over Spain, Northern Italy, Switzerland, and Southern Germany; but the root "magh," the Erse test word, seems to be confined almost entirely to the district of the Lower Rhine and its tributaries. In Switzerland it does not appear, and in Italy it occurs only in the district peopled by the intrusive Boii. In southern and western France it hardly occurs at all, and it is found only once or twice in Britain. We may, therefore, conclude that while the Cymry came from the region of the Alps, the Gaelic branch of the Celts must have migrated from the valleys of the Rhine and the Moselle. It seems to have been from this district that the earliest historic movement of the Celts took place. Three Celtic

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\* In the time of Giraldus Cambrensis (about 1180), the beaver was found only in the Teivi. 'Inter universos Cambriæ, seu etiam Loegriæ fluvios solus hic castores habet.' The two furs which the queen was entitled to by the Welsh laws were the beaver (*Llostlydan*) and the ermine (*Charlwng*): see Book xiv. ch. iii. 16, 'Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales' (1841). In chapter iv. of the same book it is called '*Llostlydan y Befyr*,' where the story of its self-mutilation is told. The first of these two names makes it clear that no other animal was meant, for it signifies 'Broadtail.'

† As to this sense of plebs, see Savigny, '*Geschichte des Römischen Rechts*,' v. i. s. 456; and the curious lines quoted by Raumer (*Hohenstaufen*, v. vi. s. 167):—

'Sed et omnis episcopus urbis  
Plebes vendebat, quas sub se quisque regebat.'

Compare Ducange, in v.

tribes burst through the Alps; they pillaged Rome, and, after returning to Illyria for a while, they broke in upon Greece, and plundered the treasures at Delphi.\* They settled for a time in Thrace, and then, crossing the Bosphorus, took possession of the central parts of Asia Minor, to which they gave the name of Galatia, the land of the Gael, and where they long retained their Celtic speech, and the ethnical peculiarities of their Celtic blood. Here, curiously enough, we again encounter this root "mag," which is found so abundantly in the district from which they emigrated. In the Galatian district we find the names of *Magarsa*, *Magydu*, *Magabula*, *Magaba*, *Mygdale*, *Magnesia* (twice), and the *Mygdones*. In Thessaly, *where these Celts settled for a time, we also find two of these names, Magnesia and the district of Mygdonia*, which lay on the banks of the Arius, a Celtic river name. *Magaba* is on the Halys, which is a Celtic word, meaning "salt river." In Lycia, according to Strabo, there was an enormous rocky summit, steeply scarped on every side, called *Κράγος*.—(pp. 245-247.)

But we must pause for a moment here and observe that Mr. Taylor can hardly mean to attribute the name *Magnesia*, in Thessaly, to the inroad of the Celts after the taking of Delphi. In the Catalogue of the ships (Il. B. 756) we have—

‘Μαγνήτων δ’ ἦρχε Πρόθοος Τενθρηδόνοιο υἱός,  
οἷ περὶ Πηνειὸν καὶ Πήλιον εἰσοσίφυλλον  
ναῖεσκον.’

Herodotus (vii. 132) tells us that the Magnetes were among the Greek tribes who gave earth and water to Xerxes; *Magnesia*, on the Mæander, is also mentioned by the same writer (iii. 122). *Mygdonia* and the river *Axius* are spoken of in the march of Xerxes (vii. 123, 124). There is, as our readers well know, a story connected with Cræsus passing the river Halys (i. 75). If these, therefore, are Celtic names, they were there long before the march of Brennus. In fact, we should not dream of attributing such an oversight to Mr. Taylor if it were not for the words printed in italics above, which seem to leave us no choice. In like manner we find the names of *Magarsus* and the *Magarsian Minerva* recorded by Arrian in connection with the expedition of Alexander (B.C. 332), whereas the defeat of the Gauls on their retreat to the Danube by Sosthenes took place B.C. 277, or fifty-five years afterwards. Again it must be remarked that ‘*Magaba*’ was a mountain, which does not very well suit the meaning

\* Sir George Lewis says: ‘The contemporary accounts of the capture of Rome by the Gauls, confirmed by authentic traditions, place this event upon a solid historical basis; but it is difficult to judge how far the circumstantial narrative is deserving of belief. With respect to the bare fact that Rome was taken by the Gauls, there is for the first time in Roman History the testimony of contemporary Greek writers.’—‘Credibility of Roman History,’ Vol. II., pp. 354-359.

attributed to the root 'magh' in the passage which we have just quoted;\* and the name of 'Magabula' is doubtful altogether.

Another oversight of a different kind occurs at page 255, in which we are told that 'even so late as the time of Henry II. Hereford was considered to be in Wales.' But Offa's Dyke, as Mr. Taylor knows, passed over the ridge of hills between Herefordshire and Radnorshire; and Domesday Book, in speaking of the customs of Archenfield, which was a sort of march district, or debateable land, in Herefordshire, expressly says, 'Similiter emendat qui jussus a vicecomite secum ire in Walis, non pergit'—that is, 'the man who is summoned by the Sheriff to go with him into Wales, and does not go, pays the same fine.' Again, in speaking of the City of Hereford, it is stated, 'Si vicecomes iret in Wales cum exercitu ibant hi homines cum eo.' Surely these expressions are sufficient to show that long before the time of Henry II., Hereford was not reckoned to be in Wales.

Still the general conclusions of our author with regard to England stand uncontested. He says: 'Over the whole land almost every river-name is Celtic, most of the Shire-names contain Celtic roots, and a fair sprinkling of names of hills, valleys, and fortresses, bears witness that the Celt was the aboriginal possessor of the soil' (p. 256).

It appears that the Cymry held the lowlands of Scotland as far as the hills of Perthshire, and were probably the people called 'Picts,' whilst the 'Scots' were the Gaelic tribes who immigrated from Ireland. The test-words for establishing the limit between these two races of the same family are 'Pen' and 'Aber' on the one side, and 'Ben' and 'Inver' on the other: 'Aber' is the Cymric word for the mouth of a river, which meets us constantly in Brittany and in Wales; 'Inver' is the Gaelic form, and is accordingly common in Ireland and in the Highlands. 'If,' says Mr. Taylor, 'we draw a line across the map from a point a little south of Inverary to one a little north of Aberdeen, we shall find that (with very few exceptions) the "*invers*" lie to the north of the line, and the "*abers*" to the south of it' (p. 259). Substituting 'north-west' and 'south-east' for 'north' and 'south,' this line, as he observes, coincides very nearly with the present limit of the Gaelic tongue. It appears, however, that the Gaels encroached on the Picts or Cymry, and that a few '*invers*' have intruded themselves even on the Forth; as, for instance, Inveresk near Edinburgh, Inverkeithing in Fife, Inverbervie in Kincardine. The following passage is worth quoting, as showing the application of our author's principles on a small scale:—

\* Livy, xxxviii., 19. Compare Smith's 'Dictionary of Ancient Geography,' in v. 'The

'The ethnology of the Isle of Man may be very completely illustrated by means of local names. The map of the island contains about 400 names, of which about 20 per cent. are English, 21 per cent. are Norwegian, and 59 per cent. are Gaelic. These Celtic names are all of the most characteristic Erse type. It would appear that not a single colonist from Wales ever reached the island, which, from the mountains of Carnarvon, is seen like a faint blue cloud upon the water. There are ninety-six names beginning with "*balla*," and the names of more than a dozen of the highest mountains have the prefix "*Slieu*" answering to the Irish "*Slievh*" or "*Sliabh*." The Isle of Man has the "*Curragh*," the "*Loughs*," and the "*Allens*" of Ireland faithfully reproduced. It is curious to observe that the names which denote places of Christian worship are all Norwegian; they are an indication of the late date at which heathenism must have prevailed.'—p. 260.

Thus the groundwork of the English local nomenclature is Celtic. The names of the rivers and of many of the hills show the clearest traces of the people who held the land when the Romans landed on it. The Romans occupied the country as conquerors, and their colonization was founded on military principles, as ours was in the Highlands, and will probably now have to be in New Zealand. Ardwick le Street in Yorkshire, Chester le Street in Durham, Stretton, Stratton, Streatham, Streatley, and several places called Stretford or Stratford, all tell us of their proximity to a Roman road. 'Portway,' which name is applied to nine places in the kingdom, is in like manner connected with these military highways. The name 'Cold Harbour' is said to occur no less than seventy times in the neighbourhood of the ancient lines of road, and it seems to have signified a ruined house or station, where travellers could find shelter and nothing else.\* Many important towns are marked by the suffix '*ford*,' because at these spots the fords occurred in the great roads, as 'Oxford' (in Welsh, *Bytychen*, *Rhedycina*): very few comparatively have the termination '*bridge*.' A certain number

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\* The proper sense of 'harbour' as it occurs in this name is best illustrated by a quotation from the '*Morte d'Arthur*' (cap. xxv.): 'At last they came unto a courtelage, and there they asked *herborow*, but the man of the courtelage wold not lodge them.' The question of the origin of this name 'Cold Harbour' was started in the last century, and an answer on the subject will be found in the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' for 1793, 4th July, part ii., p. 603, in which reference is made to a place called '*Kalte Herberge*,' on the road between Strasburg and Basle. There is also a small town called '*Kalter Herberg*' close to the Belgian frontier in Rhenish Prussia, 18 miles s.e. of Aix la Chapelle, near the town of Montjoie. The existence of one such name in another European country is sufficient to relieve us from any mysterious sense of the word 'cold,' such as is suggested in the letter of Captain Smyth to Sir Henry Ellis ('*Archæologia*,' 1849, p. 125), in which it is considered that it may possibly be derived from 'coluber,' and retain a trace of the ancient Ophite worship!

of names, like those of 'Wallsend' and 'Thirkwall,' are derived from the Roman wall from Newcastle to Carlisle. 'Chester' and 'bury' mark the position of camps or fortresses; but the form 'caster' prevails through the Anglian and Danish districts, and the boundary between the Saxons and the Danes is probably marked by the river Nene, where it flows between Huntingdonshire and Northamptonshire. There Chesterton on the one bank and Castor on the other represent two different modifications of the Roman 'Castra' established at Durobrivæ. The traces of the Roman legions exist in the names Lexdon (Legionis Dunum) and Caerleon (Isca Legionis or Caerwisc). Leicester and Liège in Belgium are derived from the same source.

Another race now appears on the scene, who treated the Celts wherever they found them as foreigners and barbarians. The German people have always called the tribes of a different blood on their borders by the name of 'Wälsche' or 'Welsh.' The canton of the Vallais, or Wallis, is to the German Swiss the land of those who speak French. Wälschland is Italy; Churwälsch is the Romance language of the Grisons; Wallachia is to Eastern Germany what Wales is to England. The 'Walloon' are those who speak a tongue derived from the Latin on the borders of the Low German district of Flanders; 'Wales' is the foreign land of the Saxons, and 'Cornwall' is the 'Wales of the Horn.'

We do not, however, go along with our author in all his illustrations of this antithesis between 'Deutsch' and 'Wälsch.' We admit that a 'wall-nut' is 'wälsche-nuss,' the Icelandic 'valknöt,' or 'the foreign nut,' and that 'wälsche Hahn,' on the same principle, signifies 'a turkey' in German; but we protest against his derivation of the first syllable of 'wallfisch' (a whale) and 'walrus' from the same root, so that they should mean 'the strange fish' and 'the strange horse.' Adelung remarks very truly that the existence of the Norse word 'hvalr,' and of the Anglo-Saxon 'hwaæl,' without any suffix, seems decisive against this theory. In the metaphoric language of the Scalds, the serpent was called 'heidar hvalr,' or 'the whale of the heath,' just as it was sometimes termed 'the salmon of the heath.' The word 'fisch' seems to have been added in German to 'hval' or 'wall' as an explanation. The Danish 'hvalros' was probably 'whale-horse,' though it has been supposed to be derived from the Low German 'wall,' signifying the coast or sea-shore. Possibly the root in 'hvalr' is the same as that in the first syllable of the Latin 'Bālæna' and the Greek 'Φάλανα' or 'Φάλλανα;' but it is not the same word as the Icelandic 'Valir' or 'Valskr,' which was the term applied by the Northmen to the French

French in Normandy and to the Welsh in England,\* equivalent to the Saxon *walh* and *wealh*, meaning strangers.

But we return to the Anglo-Saxon occupation of England. Our author says:—

‘If we compare the local names in England with those on the Continent, we shall find that for more than a thousand years England has been distinctively and pre-eminently the land of enclosures. The suffixes which occur most frequently in Anglo-Saxon names denote an enclosure of some kind—something hedged, walled in, or protected. An examination of these names shows us that the love of privacy and the seclusiveness of character which is so often laid to the charge of Englishmen prevailed in full force among the races which imposed names upon our English villages. Those universally recurring terminations *ton*, *ham*, *worth*, *fold*, *garth*, *park*, *burgh*, *bury*, *brough*, *borrow*, all convey the notion of enclosure or protection.’—pp. 124, 125.

It is said that in Yorkshire the names of towns and villages are generally Saxon: the rivers and woods into which the natives retired retain the British names, though mostly compounded with a Saxon word or name, as ‘Coit Berton.’ In Cumberland and Westmoreland some of the mountains have double names, one of Celtic, the other of English origin.†

The commonest termination of English local names is *ton*. The Anglo-Saxon verb *tynan* signifies to hedge in or enclose. It is rare in Germany, but occurs in Sweden. In many counties the word ‘town’ still signifies the farm-yard. We remember coming to a farm in Cornwall and asking our way to Lostwithiel (‘the town’ in the ordinary sense), when we were told to go through the ‘town’ (i. e. the farm-yard) and then turn to the right. It is the same in Scotland. The Norse ‘*gaard*’ answers to the English ‘*yard*,’ and differs little in meaning from the original sense of ‘*town*.’ ‘*Stakkgardr*’ in Icelandic is precisely our ‘*stackyard*.’ The Anglo-Saxon ‘*weorthig*,’ whence the suffix ‘*worth*,’ in most of our names such as ‘*Bosworth*,’ meant in like manner a farm or enclosed land; but there is another Saxon word nearly similar to this, which we suspect to be sometimes mistaken for it, and that is *warod*, *wearod*, or *weard*, which means the sea-shore, and which appears in the German *werd* or *werder*, an island in a river, whence the name *Donauwerth* is derived, and probably our name of *Isleworth*.‡ ‘*Fold*,’ ‘*stoke*,’ and ‘*park*,’ all have to do with enclosure; ‘*ham*’ is the English form of ‘*heim*,’ which meets us in so many German names.

\* See Egilsson’s ‘*Lexicon Poet.*,’ in vv.

† Palgrave’s ‘*English Commonwealth*,’ v. i. p. 450, n.

‡ See Adelung, ‘*Wörterbuch*,’ in v.

*Hurst, holt, wold, weald, and chart*, were all applied to spots which were thickly wooded. Chislehurst, in Kent, is the wooded 'place on pebbles,' and the name suggests considerations of interest sufficient to detain us for a moment. The first portion of this word is the Saxon 'Ceosel' and the High German 'Kiesel.' 'Chelsea' is probably 'Chesel-ca' or 'the shingle island' in the Thames. The shingle bank which unites Portland to the mainland is called 'the Chesil Bank,' and Chislehurst was so denominated because it stands on another great ridge of rounded chalk flints, which constitute the peculiar gravel-beds of Woolwich and Blackheath. The name thus leads us to the geological formation of these extraordinary strata; it seems to tell us that, as the Chesil Bank now lies amid the breakers of the Channel, so this mass of flints was rolled to and fro for countless ages just at the level of the waves, amid the surf of a primæval ocean. Our Saxon ancestors, when they came, found the summit clothed with wood, and gave it this appropriate name, which describes at once the surface and the soil, and points by analogy to the process of its geological construction.

It is said that there are upwards of 2000 English names which contain the syllable 'ing,' the Anglo-Saxon patronymic. Sometimes it is the termination of the local name; but it is oftener placed before the element which signifies 'dwelling,' as in 'Kensington' and 'Islington.' The name 'Harlington,' for instance, means the 'town' or settlement of the tribe of the Harlings; and the 'Billings,' one of the Royal races, have probably left their name attached to 'Billingsgate,' as well as to many other places in England.\*

One of Mr. Taylor's merits is his having examined with great industry and set out on a map the curious distribution of Anglo-Saxon names over the small district in the north of France which lies between Calais, Boulogne, and St. Omer. All Englishmen who have been in that part of the country must have thought that 'Wimille' sounded very like 'windmill,' and that it was singular a place called 'Sangatte' should exist exactly opposite to our Kentish 'Sandgate.' Twenty-two of these names have the suffix 'ton,' which is hardly found elsewhere on the Continent, and more than one hundred end in 'ham,' 'hem,' or 'hen,' as, for instance, Bazingham, Eringhem, Berlinghen, in France, corre-

\* Mr. Kemble (*Proceedings of Phil. Society*, v. iv. pp. 1-10) enumerates 316 names of this kind which he has traced in the original charters. He considers 'ing' as equivalent to the genitive 'es,' and peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon dialect. Wulferdinglea, for instance, is Wolverley in Worcestershire, and Wulfherd is distinctly recorded as the owner, who paid various sums to the King for local privileges. On the other hand, Mr. Watts (*ibid.* p. 85) inclines to treat the syllable 'ing' as adjectival rather than as marking a genitive.

sponding to Brasingham, Erringham, and Birlingham, in England. It would seem as if this particular portion of the French coast had received a Saxon colony from England, or these names may preserve the traces of the old *Littus Saxonicum*. A mass of Teutonic local names occurs again near Caen, in a district which extends as far as the islands at the mouth of the Loire.

Another curious fact stated in this book we will give in our author's own words:—

‘There is a most unlikely corner of the continent, a well defined district, rather larger than Devonshire, where the names, though slightly disguised in form, are as characteristically Saxon as those found in the Boulogne colony. This district is confined chiefly to the valley of the Neckar, but just crosses the watershed between the Neckar and the Danube.

‘The ancient charters of this district, extending from the eighth to the twelfth centuries, have been admirably edited and published by the Government of Würtemberg. The local names in these charters are to a surprising extent *identical* with those in the Anglo-Saxon charters published by the English Historical Society. Twenty-four very remarkable coincidences are given by Professor Leo, and it would be easy largely to increase the list; but confining ourselves to the names which have survived to modern times, I find in the maps of the admirable Government Survey of Würtemberg no less than 344 patronymics, of which 266 or 80 per cent. occur also in England; and the number of identifications might doubtless be largely increased by a more careful comparison. The evidence is overwhelming. It proves that the villages in Würtemberg and the villages in England were originally settled by men bearing the same family names.’—pp. 156-8.

Mr. Taylor seems disposed to think that the ‘old Saxons’ were seated somewhere between the mouths of the Elbe and the Rhine, and that the Suevi and Angles of Würtemberg may possibly have formed one of the transported colonies of Charlemagne; ‘if, indeed,’ he adds, ‘the Swabian colony was not a settlement brought about at the same time and by the same causes that produced the descents upon the English coast’ (p. 161).

We have seen how the local names of English rivers and mountains record the Celtic origin of the original occupants, and how the traces of Roman roads and camps run in lines across the land. We have also seen how the Saxons and their kindred tribes established their homes on the soil, and bequeathed to us the names of our villages and farms. We now turn for a moment to that wonderful race of Scandinavians, whose ships made their way into every creek and inlet in Northern France and in our islands, and who first landed as pirates, and then as conquerors seized the sway of Naples, Sicily, Normandy, and England.

They were familiar with the East by another route also, and it is most curious to find on the gigantic lion at the gate of the Arsenal at Venice—the spoils of the Piræus—the Runes which record the name of Harold the Varangian, afterwards Harold Hardrádr and King of Norway, who was destined to fall at Stamford Bridge in England. The proud inscription on the sword of Roger Guiscard of Sicily, who conquered Malta and Tripoli, is highly significant of the exploits and the power of the Northmen in the Mediterranean:—

‘*Appulus et Calaber, Siculus mihi servit et Afer.*’ \*

With regard to the East of England, where the Danes were fully established, Sir Francis Palgrave† tells us ‘the old Anglo-Saxon names of places gave way to Danish appellations. “North-weorthig” became “Deoraby” or “Derby.” “Streoneshalch” is the present “Whitby.” The vessels of Grimsby, if they enter a Danish port, can even now claim the exemptions derived from the Danish founder or restorer; and the topography as well as the language of the North and East of England will afford the most convincing proof of the preponderance of the Danish settlers.’

The Icelandic ‘Byr’ or ‘Bær’ is the equivalent of the Danish ‘By’—a dwelling, and thence a village. The Scotch ‘Byre,’ for a cow-house, is derived from this word, and the Norman termination, corresponding to it, is ‘Bue’ or ‘Beuf,’ as in ‘Quillebeuf.’ Nor is this change of vowel surprising, for the ‘y’ in the Danish ‘By’ is a modification of the ‘u,’ resembling the French ‘u,’ or the German ‘ü,’ rather than our ‘y.’‡ In the Danish district of England this suffix constantly takes the place of the Saxon ‘ham’ or ‘ton,’ as in Grimsby, Whitby, Rugby. Mr. Taylor tells us that to the north of Watling Street there are some six hundred instances of its occurrence, and to the south of it hardly one. In the same manner it is abundant in Slesvig and Jutland, but very scarce in Germany. Another termination of the same kind and nearly the same meaning is ‘thorp,’ ‘throp,’ or ‘trop.’ In East Jutland it occurs in the form of ‘torp,’ and means a single farm-house.§ The Icelandic ‘Thorp’ meant also ‘a hill’

\* See Raumer’s ‘Hohenstaufen,’ B. i., s. 473. The making the sword speak in the first person approximates to conferring on it the sort of personal existence assigned to certain weapons in the Sagas. The same effect is produced by the motto on the sword of Fernan Gonzalez and Garci Perez de Vargas, still preserved at Seville, which begins ‘De Fernan Gonzalez fué, de quien recibí el valor,’ &c. See above the note, p. 4.

† ‘English Commonwealth,’ v. 1, p. 50.

‡ Compare Grimm, ‘Deutsche Grammatik,’ B. 1, ss. 291, 560, who designates it as ‘Umlaut des U.’

§ See Molbech, ‘Dansk Dialect Lexicon,’ in v.

or elevated spot, and it was applied to a number of three persons.\* There is a curious passage in the 'Laxdæla Saga,' in which King Olave tells the rebellious Drontheimers that he thought he 'might be ready for harder work than a fight with a parcel of rustics or mere peasants (*thorpara*) at Drontheim.'

We hesitate to admit the distinction assumed by our author when he says that this suffix is very useful, as enabling us to discriminate between the settlements of the Danes and those of the Norwegians. That the word was an Icelandic one we know: it is used in the Edda, in the sense of a dwelling: that it was common in Norway, we may assume from the passage just referred to, and, besides this, we consider it to be clear that the old language of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark was substantially one and the same, identical with the tongue yet preserved in Iceland.

This same remark, perhaps, applies to what is said on the word 'toft,' which Mr. Taylor speaks of as 'distinctively Danish and East Anglian.' It is, no doubt, as he says, like 'By' and 'Thorpe,' an indication of permanent colonisation, from the very nature of the idea which it expresses. Jonsson in his 'Icelandic Dictionary' gives it as 'Topt now Tótt; 'Tuft' is another form which is used in the 'Laxdæla Saga' for the site of a dock or mound formerly thrown up round a ship; Egilsson defines the word as '*area ædificii cum parietibus*.' This is almost precisely the sense which it bears in English law. 'A messuage' is land with a building on it; 'a toft' is the land when that building has fallen into decay. In some of the old Northern laws it assumes the form 'tompt.'† These forms approximate to the Welsh word 'tump,' signifying a mound or hillock, which is often applied to spots where the keep of an old castle, or a house now destroyed, has formerly stood. Thus we have in Herefordshire 'Wormelow tump,' and other instances. In Normandy, this root meets us as 'tot,' in 'Yvetot,' 'Lilletot,' 'Berquetot.'

We are sceptical as to the derivation of the Norman suffix 'ville' from the German 'weiler,' for we do not see how the Teutonic word could have got into the district where we find it used after the Normans were established there. Where this German term is still current, it signifies a cluster of a few houses; something less than a 'Dorf,' or village. Adelung says that it is without doubt derived from the Latin '*villare*,' which is defined in Ducange as a hamlet of ten or twelve houses. The fact

\* Egilsson, 'Lexicon Poet.,' in v.

† See Hill v. Grange, 1 Plowd. 170—quoted in the notes to Blackstone; v. ii. p. 19. Compare Grimm, 'Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer,' s. 539. 'Herefordshire Glossary,' in v. 'Tump.'

that charters were generally in Latin, is sufficient to account for its adoption; and thus we can explain the form 'Villiers' which so often meets us.

'Thwaite' is said to be a distinctive Norwegian suffix, and to be frequent in that country as well as in Cumberland. The original meaning was that of a cleared spot in a forest. The word 'beck' for 'brook,' and 'force' for 'waterfall,' are both of Norse origin; and like 'fell' for 'hill' prevail in the North of England. In Norse names the suffix 'ford,' generally represents the Icelandic 'fjörðr' or 'firth,' an arm of the sea. Thus Waterford, in Ireland, has nothing to do with either water, or ford, in the English sense. The name given it by the Northern pirates was 'Vedrafjörðr,' or 'the Firth of Rams (wethers).'\*

The Anglo-Saxon 'wic' was a town or dwelling, and it may be probably the same word as the Icelandic 'vik,' a small creek or bay. Mr. Taylor remarks very justly that the inland 'wicks' in English names are generally of Saxon origin, whilst those on the coast denote the stations of the sea-rovers of Scandinavia. The difference between a 'vik' and a 'fjörðr' is well shown by an Icelandic proverb, which says that there ought to be a creek (vik) between friends, and a firth (fjörðr) between kinsmen: that is to say, a man may live too near his relations, but cannot be too near his friends.

The suffix 'wich' in certain counties denotes the presence of salt works. On this point Mr. Taylor says:—

'The names of Northwich, Middlewich, Nantwich, Droitwich, Netherwich, Shirleywich, Wickham, and perhaps of Warwick, although inland places, are derived indirectly from the Norse vik, a bay, and not from the Anglo-Saxon wic, a village. All these places are noted for the production of salt, which was formerly obtained by the evaporation of sea-water in shallow wiches or "bays," as the word "bay-salt" testifies. Hence a place for making salt came to be called a "wych-house," and Nantwich, Droitwich, and other places where rocksalt was found, took their names from the wych-house built for its preparation.'—p. 170.

This explanation of the suffix 'wich' is ingenious; but we doubt very much whether it will be thought satisfactory. Bay-salt has been derived from Bayonne, but we know not with what reason.

From the statement in Mr. Ormerod's 'History of Cheshire,' it appears clear that the 'Wiches,' as they were called, bore this name at a very early period. The three places specially named in 'Domesday Book,' as then possessing settled customs and laws,

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\* See Egilsson, 'Lexicon Poeticum,' in v. Vedr.

were Middlewich, Nantwich, and Northwich.\* Drayton speaks particularly of the two last:—

‘The brackly fountains are those two renowned wyches,  
The Nant-wych and the North.’

The historian of Cheshire himself says, ‘These three assemblages of salt-waters appear for some centuries to have been exclusively denominated “the Wiches,” a name which cannot be supposed to have originally any meaning beyond “vic” or “vicus;” but which is nevertheless generally appended to the names of places where salt has been made from brine or from the evaporation of the sea-water.’

It certainly seems improbable that the stations of this particular branch of industry should have derived their ordinary name from a word of such a general meaning as ‘vik,’ a creek, applied as it was all round our coasts to the harbours of the Northern pirates. If, indeed, any trace of such special sense connected with salt could be found in Scandinavia, the case would be different; but, as it is, we think the obvious reference to the Saxon ‘wic’ not less plausible than Mr. Taylor’s conjecture.

To return, however, to the Danes:—

‘London,’ says our author, ‘was repeatedly besieged by the Danes. With the hope of capturing the rich and unrifed prize, their fleets lay below the city for many months together. Their stations were at *Deptford*, “the deep fiord;” at *Greenwich*, “the green reach;” and at *Woolwich*, “the hill reach,” so called apparently from its being overhung by the conspicuous landmark of Shooter’s Hill. The spits and headlands, which mark the navigation of the Thames and the adjacent coasts, almost all bear characteristic Norse names—such as the *Foreness*, ‘the Whiteness,’ *Shelliness*, *Sheerness*, *Shoeburness*, *Foulness*, *Wrabness*, *Orfordness*, and the *Naze*, near Harwich. On the Essex coast we find *Danesey Flats*, *Langenhoe*, and *Arlesford*; *Dengey Hundred* in the south-east of Essex is spelt *Daneing* in a charter of Edward the Confessor.’—pp. 171, 172.

It is a curious fact that one of the most northern portions of the British Isles should be called ‘Sutherland,’ and we see at once that this name was given to it by those who lived farther north themselves, and came to it from that region. The proportion of Scandinavian names in the several counties of England is very different. In Lincolnshire it is as 165 to 1 in Kent. We have abundant instances of the Danish words ‘ö’ and ‘holm,’ applied to islands. The first of these monosyllables is the suffix in Jersey, Guernsey, and Alderney; and we find the Steep and Flat Holms in the Bristol Channel. The ‘Rape of Bramber,’ in

\* Ormerod’s ‘Cheshire,’ p. xlv.

Sussex, yet preserves the memory of the old Icelandic division of land by 'Hreppar.' In fact, the verb 'rebe' in Danish still means 'to measure out' or 'survey,' and is derived from the use of the 'reb' or rope for that purpose. It may be that the 'hide' of land, in like manner, points to its measurement by a thong; and thus recalls the story of Byrsa:—

‘Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.’

But we must forbear from dwelling longer on the traces of the Northmen in England, France, and the rest of Europe.

That secondary invasion of this conquering race which came upon England from Normandy has left its memorials, not so much in any change of language, or in the creation of many new local names, as in the addition of certain personal surnames of great Norman families to words of Saxon origin. Such are the cases of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, Acton-Turville, Barton-Segrave, Burton-Hastings, Burton-Latimer, Drayton-Bassett, Hurst-Monceaux, Melton-Mowbray, Norton-Mandeville, Woodham-Ferrers, and many more sown broadcast over the land. There are, however, a few names of Norman origin of a different kind, such as Bolton-le-Moor, Poulton-le-Sand, and Beaudesert.

Mr. Taylor's chapter on the street names of London and on the houses occupied by historic families is interesting and instructive, but we have not space to quote from it. The episcopal dignity of Ely Place and Salisbury Square, now long forgotten, might be illustrated by the curious degradation of the palace of the Bishop of Winchester in Paris into the prison of Bicêtre. The streets south of the Strand preserve the memory of the families of Devereux and Howard, and of the palaces and gardens which fringed the shore of the Thames between the Fleet Ditch and the village of Charing. Some localities, such as Lombard Street, have retained the same business which originally gave them their name. Somerset House, after being called 'Denmark House,' as the dowry-house of Queen Anne, the wife of James I., has regained its more ancient appellation. It was transferred by Act of Parliament to the nation in exchange for Buckingham House, in the reign of George III.

It is to be expected that proper names of places should often preserve the record of historical events. Thus we find close to the field of Thrasymene the brook still called Sanguineto, although the Plain of Ossaia is very doubtful.\* The Leichfeld, near Augsburg, marks the victory of the Emperor Otho over the Huns. Battlefield near Shrewsbury, and Battle in Sussex, denote in like manner the places where two combats memorable

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\* See 'Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography,' vol. i. p. 1222, &c.

in English history occurred, and the 'Battle Flats' near Stamford-bridge bear a testimony of the same kind.

It is worth while to add a few observations on the curious process by which names of places are sometimes transformed in the mouths of a people to whom the original elements composing them have become unintelligible. The attempt is always made to assimilate these elements to sounds which bear some sort of meaning to the ears of those who now use them, as if men were conscious of the fact that proper names were not originally arbitrary. One example of this process has been given already in the name 'Waterford,' where the syllables substituted for the original name resemble it in sound, but differ entirely in sense. Another instance is that of 'Barmouth,' which sounds plausible enough when applied to the mouth of a river, but which is really a corruption into sense of the Welsh name 'Aber Mawddach,' the name of the stream which there falls into the sea. This sort of change goes on constantly in Canada, where a French population gives way more or less to English settlers. Thus a spot on the Ottawa, formerly called 'les Chéneaux,' or 'the Channels,' has become in pronunciation 'the Snows.' Another, which for some reason or other was named 'les Chats,' is rapidly becoming 'the Shaws;' a third, 'les Joachims,' is by this time nearly transformed into 'the Swashings.'

The instances given at p. 412 of Mr. Taylor's work are of the same kind. 'Ance des Cousins,' the Creek of Mosquitoes, was converted by the sailors into 'Nancy Cousin's Bay;' Soracte has become St. Oreste, and Setubal St. Ubes; 'Chateauvert' became 'Shotover Hill,' and 'Burgh Walter,' Bridgewater. A river in New Brunswick, of which the Indian name is 'the Petamkediak' (said to mean 'a river in white-birch land'), is popularly known as the 'Tom Kedgewick,' who will no doubt be supposed hereafter to be the eponymous hero of the stream. Sometimes indeed, as in this last case, it can hardly be said that the altered name has any sense of its own; it is enough if it sounds like English. Thus a hill near the head of the Bay of Fundy, which is now called 'Shepody Mountain,' is supposed to have derived its Acadian name from the mass of clouds which frequently hung over it (Chapeau Dieu, or God's hat); and this derivation has some plausibility when we remember the old Devonshire rhyme—

'When Haldon wears a hat,  
Kenton may beware a skat.\*'

\* See 'Notes and Queries,' 1st Series, v. xi., p. 511. A 'skat of rain' means a smart shower.

We have nearly exhausted our space, and we shall content ourselves with making a few miscellaneous observations on etymologies scattered through our author's work, which appear to us erroneous or open to doubt.

We should think it very questionable whether the tribe of the 'Bucinobantes' had anything to do with the name of Buckenham in Norfolk (p. 311), or the family of the Bucings with that of Buckingham. We do not know if there are any beech trees in the neighbourhood of the former, but we have always supposed that Buckingham was so called from the 'buck,' or beechmast, abundantly produced on the chalk hills. 'Boc' is the Anglo-Saxon word for a beech tree, and the term 'buck' as applied to the mast is used by Evelyn in his 'Sylva.' He says: 'And in some parts of France they now grind the *buck* in mills.' (1812. V. i. p. 138.) It also forms the first syllable of 'buckwheat,' so called from the resemblance of the triangular grain to the kernel of the beechmast.

A critic in the 'Times' newspaper\* has called Mr. Taylor to account for the assertion that the last syllable in Braintree and some other similar names is the Celtic 'tre.' There are no doubt numerous exceptions to the ordinary rule of composition adopted in that language; some of these have been already quoted, but we believe that the author of the article to which we have already referred, was right in saying that when a British word is preserved in the modern name of a town, it usually forms the first syllable only of such name,† as in the cases of Yarmouth and Dorchester. The probability is certainly against the view taken by our author.

The same writer in the 'Times' has, we think, properly corrected a conjecture of Mr. Taylor with regard to the derivation from 'petites Ecuries' of the name 'Petty Cury' as applied to a street in Cambridge; and there is a still more elaborate letter on the subject in a later number of the same journal, signed 'C. H. Cooper.' In this communication it is stated that at the foot of a deed recording a fine in the 13th of Edward III. there is an engrossment, 'De ten<sup>to</sup>. in Parva Cokeria.'‡ Pegge, in 1780, published a little book entitled 'The Forme of Cury, a rolle of ancient English Cookery, compiled about the year A.D. 1390, by the Master Cooke of King Richard II.' We take the middle age Latin word from which 'Cury' was derived to

\* 'Times' Newspaper, March 30, 1864, and April 1, 1864.

† 'Edinburgh Review,' No. ccxxvi., p. 359.

‡ It appears that this conjecture was made some years ago in 'Notes and Queries.' Mr. Cooper confirms it by other proofs which it is unnecessary to quote here, and refers to his 'Annals of Cambridge.'

be 'Coquinaria,' and the whole name, 'Petty Cury,' to have been equivalent to 'Little Cook's Row.'

The discussion on the names of stuffs is exceedingly curious and interesting. That Calico, Damask, and Muslin, point respectively to Calicut, Damascus, and Mousul, there can be little doubt. Chintz is derived however from Cheent or Cheet, the Hindustani word for colour and for chintz; it means, therefore, spotted or coloured stuff. Diez tells us that the Italian 'Fustagno' and Spanish 'Fustan' came from Fostat or Fossat, a suburb of Cairo. Gaza may possibly have given its name to 'gauze,' as Baldacca or Bagdad did to the Italian 'Baldacchino,' which has been applied to a canopy, because canopies were made of a costly stuff called 'Baldach.' 'Cambric' and 'Diaper' are derived from Cambray and Ypres (d'Ypres). Thus far we are prepared to go along with our author, but we confess that we were startled when we came upon the following passage:—

'Another colony of clothworkers was settled on the river Touques in Normandy. From the name of this river we derive a whole family of words. In German the general name of cloth is Tuch, and in old English *Tuck*—white trousers are made of *Duck*, our beds are covered with *ticking*, and our children wear *tuckers* at their meals.'—p. 444.

It is much more likely that the river Touques was so called from the fact that cloth was manufactured there, than that all this family of words came from the name of that stream. One fact alone is sufficient to overthrow the latter theory. The word 'dûkr' occurs twice in the Rigsmâl, one of the divisions of Sæmund's Edda. In the first of these passages it is used very much in the sense of 'tucker;' 'dûkr var â halsi,'—'a kerchief was on her neck.' In the second, a striped or embroidered cloth (merktr dûkr) is spoken of. It is found, moreover, in Otfried and in the Low German dialects from very early times, and we leave it to our readers to judge how far it is probable that a name derived from a river in Normandy should thus have established itself, by a sort of reaction, in the languages of all Germany and Scandinavia.

Another error of the same kind, arising probably from haste on our author's part, is to be found in his derivation of 'gant' 'a glove,' and 'gauntlet,' from the city of Ghent or Gaunt. A reference to his favourite authority, Diez's Etymological Dictionary, would have shown Mr. Taylor that the middle-age Latin word 'wantus,' or 'quantus,' for a glove, can be traced back to very early times. It is used by Bede, and spoken of by him as a French term; but the kindred form exists in Icelandic,\* and in the

\* The reader may think that the resemblance of 'vötr' with 'quant' or 'vant' is very remote, but the apparent dissimilarity is easily explained, and affords a capital

the Danish 'Vanter,' which means usually, we believe, 'knitted mittens.' Besides this, it remains in early legal formulæ of the 9th and 10th century, which may be found quoted by Grimm.\*

Mr. Taylor seems inclined to deduce 'dimity' from the name of the place, Damietta; though he alludes in a note to the supposed derivation from the Greek, with the meaning 'two threads.' There is, we conceive, no doubt whatever on the point. If 'dimity' stood alone, some question might be raised; but when we find a number of different words formed on the same principle, the discussion is at an end. The following passage is quoted by Ducange (in v. *Dimitum*) from Hugo Falcandus, a writer on the affairs of Sicily of the time of Frederic Barbarossa:—

'Hinc enim videas (in officinâ pannorum) *amita*, *dimita* et *trimita* minori peritiâ sumtuque perfici: hinc *exhimita* uberioris materiæ copiâ condensari.' That is to say, if this reading is correct, 'From this manufactory you may see "*amita*," "*dimita*," and "*trimita*," worked up with a smaller amount of skill and expense. You may see, too, "*exhimita*" made thick with abundance of richer material.'

Silk-weaving was common in Sicily and in Venice about the middle of the 12th century. King Roger brought Greek weavers from Constantinople,† and in the passage translated above, if the context does not show that the material was silk, we should take 'amita' to mean 'stuffs of no thread,' or a species of 'shoddy.' If it bears that sense it would be singular to find such a fabric at so early a time. The 'stuff of six threads,' commonly written '*examitum*,' or 'hexamitum' (i.e. ἑξάμιτος), was that which was called in old English 'Samite,' in old French 'Samy,' and which meets us in the modern German 'Sammet,' as the name corresponding

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capital example of the worthlessness of etymology when based only on accidental concurrence of sounds without reference to the laws of the language. The genitive of *vötr* is *vattar*: here the *a* of the root reappears; it is changed into *ö* in the nominative, because in early times the final syllable in that case was *ur*, and an *u* in the termination, according to the laws of euphony in Icelandic, converts the *a* in the first syllable into the diphthong *ö*. The reader will find this law examined by Mr. Key in the 5th volume of the 'Proceedings of the Philological Society' (pp. 192-196). The German second person 'schläfst' from 'schlafen,' 'to sleep,' is an example of it; so probably are 'velim' and 'velle' from 'volo' in Latin. In Greek we believe that it will account for the irregular declension of the pronoun *οὗτος*, *αὗτη*, *τούτο*. It will be seen at once that wherever the O-sound occurs in the syllable of inflection the same vowel is required in the root. Wherever the *a* (or *η*) comes into the termination, a corresponding change is made in the first syllable. The original *n* in '*vötr*' and '*vattar*' has been assimilated to the *t* which follows it, as in 'batt,' the perfect of 'binda,' to bind, and many other words.

\* Grimm, 'Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer,' s. 162.

† See Raumer's 'Hohenstaufen,' b. v., s. 333. In old High-German the words *Zwillich* and *Drilich* denoted different qualities of cloth, and answer to the English *Twill* and *Drill*.—See Ziemann 'Mittelhochdeutsches Wörterbuch' (in vv.)

to 'velvet.' This last word of ours comes of course from the Italian 'velluto,' denoting the peculiar surface (*villosum*); but the Spanish word 'terciopelo' is curious, because it seems to signify the use of three threads in lieu of six. Perhaps, however, the two may be reconciled in the following manner. Let us suppose that the element representing 'thread' in the name of the stuff, referred especially to the extra thread by means of which 'the pile' of velvet is formed. This is done by leaving a series of loops projecting on the face of the stuff, but woven into the body of it. These rows of loops are afterwards cut through by an instrument now called a 'trevat,' and thus the peculiar surface of velvet is given. Now it is clear that three loops, or a loop of three threads, would, when severed, produce six projecting points or ends of silk. The Spanish word, therefore, may denote the original formation of the uncut loops, and the Greek may have marked the number of threads produced from them when they were cut open.

Our readers may like to know that 'satin' is 'setinus,' the adjective from 'seta.' This last word is nothing more than the Latin 'seta, a bristle or strong hair.' Originally 'Seta Serica' seems to have been the term employed for silk. The German for satin 'Atlas,' is taken from the Arabic and Persian.\* Like the Italian 'raso,' it denotes the smooth surface, and is exactly the reverse of 'velluto.'

But we must turn for a moment from stuffs of silk to those composed of wool. Mr. Taylor says: 'An analogous but more obscure etymology is that of the word "blanket," which was first manufactured by one Thomas Blacket, a citizen of Bristol.' (P. 451.) If this be so, Mr. Blacket must have lived a good while ago, and his goods must have acquired an extensive foreign sale. Richelet tells us: 'On paioit autrefois les Régens de l'Université moitié en argent, et moitié en étoffe de laine blanche dont ils faisoient des chemisettes, que l'on apelloit "blanchet."' The word occurs too among the names of stuffs which the nuns of Fontévrard were permitted to wear. The form 'blanketus' meets us exactly in its present sense in a licence or Order in Council to the officers (oddly enough) of the port of Bristol, permitting the Pope's collector to export certain household goods in the year 1382: among these are enumerated 'quinque paria linthiaminum et duos *blanketos* pro uno lecto;' and again, 'quatuor strictas tunicas de *blanketo*.'† One of the quotations given by Ducange is from a monastic rule of the date of 1152, where certain clothing is ordered to be made 'de blancheto.' In Palgrave's curious

\* Compare Diez in *v. Seto*, s. 317. Ducange in *v. Setinus*.

† See Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. vii., p. 356, col. 1.

'Esclarcissement de la langue Française,' composed in the time of Henry VIII., '*blanket cloth*' is represented in French by '*blanchet*.' The name evidently came from the absence of colour.

The etymology of our word flannel is a little more obscure. No doubt if we did not find it in Italian (*flanella*), in Spanish (*franella*), and in French (*flanelle*), we might be inclined, notwithstanding the accent, to suppose that it was derived from Llanelly in Wales. Shakspeare speaks of 'Welsh flannel;' but we have here also a middle-age Latin word '*flaneha*,' and a doubtful form '*flamineum*' in Ducange. Diez thinks it may possibly have come from '*velamen*.' The present Welsh name for this stuff, '*gwlanen*,' means simply 'woollen;' yet it has a suspicious correspondence in general cadence and accent with the English word, though it differs in the initial letter. We are inclined to think that the two forms may have run together, and become confounded in the popular use.

At page 454, our author tells us that there was a small coin of Genoa called a '*Jane*,' which is spoken of both by Chaucer and Spenser. It is not a little singular to find this word still existing in the London slang of the present day. In the law report of the '*Times*' of the 14th of April, 1864, George Hines, a witness at the trial of John Devine for murder, is reported as saying, 'He had told me before I went out, that I could keep half a *Jane*. A *Jane* is a sovereign.'

We are sorry to meet again the old figment of the explanation of the sign of the '*Goat and Compasses*,' from a supposed Puritan motto, '*God encompasseth us*.' We never saw any evidence that such a motto was in current use, and the true solution of the origin of the sign was given long ago in the additions and corrections to one of the early editions of Mr. Peter Cunningham's excellent *Handbook of London*.\* In the church of Sta. Maria in Capitolio at Cologne, in front of one of the altars is a sculptured slab, covering the vault of the '*Members of the Honourable the Wine Coopers' Company*,' '*Eines ehrbaren Wein und Fass-Ampts*,' with the date 1693. The arms on that slab have for one of the principal charges a pair of compasses, whilst the supporters are two goats. It seems very probable, therefore, that these arms were branded on the Rhenish casks, and may have been taken as an appropriate sign for an inn or '*Vintner's*' house. Another rash conjecture made or adopted by Mr. Taylor occurs at p. 468, where he asserts that our word '*humbug*' is a corruption of '*Hamburg*,' and originated in the false reports propagated from that city 'during the great European

\* See edition of 1850, p. 565.

war.' A reference to Todd's 'Johnson' or Richardson's Dictionary would have shown him that the word existed long before the war which ended in 1815, of which we suppose him to speak.

One word more, and we have done. We cannot allow our author to assume, as he does at page 394, the connexion between 'cheap' (in the sense of market) and 'shop.' He is quite right when he shows that 'chipping,' in such names as Chipping-Norton, Chipping-Barnet, and others, implies simply that they were ancient market-towns; but 'shop' we hold to be a word of a totally different origin. The French 'échope' at the present day means a small booth or stall—a lean-to against a wall. The 'Dictionnaire de Trevoux' explains it as follows: 'Petite boutique adossée à un mur, et souvent en appentis, qui se bâtit en des lieux passans.—*Taberna*. C'est où se logent les marchands qui n'ont pas à débiter des choses de grande valeur. Dans les marchés, dans les parvis des cathédrales, il y a toujours quelques échoppes.' The word is originally German. 'Schoppen' or 'schuppen' is defined by Campe in his Dictionary as a light building, which often consists only of a covering or roof resting on four uprights, and open at the sides. 'Wagen-schuppen' is a waggon-tilt. The root of the word is 'schuppe,' a scale: 'schuppen panzer' is a coat of scale-armour. The name originally applicable to a mere booth or stall was applied to all shops, and the word passed into English from the French with hardly a change of pronunciation.

We have freely criticised certain etymologies which we think Mr. Taylor has adopted hastily, and we have expressed our opinion frankly when we have differed from him; but we should be sorry if our readers were on that account to suppose that we questioned either the value of his conclusions or the general accuracy of his facts. On the contrary, we think the book a good one; full of useful and interesting information, put together with scholarship and with untiring industry. We hope to see it circulate widely, because it is calculated not only to impart to people in general much that is curious and entertaining, but because we feel sure that it will stimulate research, and tend to increase the collection of a number of facts by which future philologists and antiquarians may largely profit.\*

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\* We regret that our limits do not permit us to give more than a passing notice of Dr. Prior's cognate work on the 'Popular Names of British Plants' (London, 1863), which though open, like Mr. Taylor's book, to occasional exception, is full of valuable information, and highly illustrative of ancient history and manners.

- ART. II.—1. *Gedichte von Ludwig Uhland*. 47th Edition, with preface by Dr. Holland. Stuttgart (Cotta), 1863.
2. *Ludwig Uhland. Gedenkbücher auf das Grab des Dichters*. By Karl Mayer. Tübingen, 1862.
3. *Ludwig Uhland, sein Leben und seine Dichtungen, &c.* Von Friedrich Notter. Stuttgart (Metzler), 1863.
4. *Kritische Gänge*. Neue Folge. Von Dr. F. T. Vischer. Viertes Heft. Art. 3. Stuttgart (Cotta), 1863.
5. *Ludwig Uhland. Vortrag, von Otto Jahn*. Bonn, 1863.

THE name of Ludwig Uhland is so well known, and his poems are so familiar to most readers, as to make an article devoted to himself and his writings appear at first sight almost a work of supererogation. Very few of the numberless English men and women who, within the present century, have entered upon the study of the German language, have failed to make acquaintance more or less intimate with his works, or to appreciate their excellency. And yet there can be little doubt that, in many of his admirers, parts of those works fail of awakening interest, not from the absence of intrinsic merit, but from the want of some key to their full and clear comprehension. His ballads of course can be understood at once; and hence it is that, in nine cases out of ten, we find that to enter on the subject of Uhland and his writings leads to the discussion of, or quotation from his ballad pieces; but how rarely do we meet with readers who have so fully entered into his other writings, and the life which they reflect, as to comprehend their allusions, to appreciate their force, and to sympathise with the feelings to which they owe their origin!

The works cited at the head of this article (with the exception of the first) have all appeared since Uhland's death, in the end of 1862, are all but the last written by eminent authors, fellow Suabians with the poet, and all tend towards making us better acquainted with a man who personally has been an abstraction to multitudes to whom his writings are a pleasure-giving reality. Before using the material, biographical and critical, which these different publications afford, in setting forth a short sketch of Uhland's life in connexion with his works, we may say a few words in reference to their literary merits. The pamphlet (for it is no more) of Karl Mayer, though the shortest and least pretentious, is at the same time the most useful and succinct of the whole number, serving as it has done to the authors of the other works as a framework of facts, which they have filled up each according to his ability. Karl Mayer, himself known as one of the Suabian poets, from early youth to  
mature

mature old age an intimate and valued friend of Uhland, has here given us almost such an account as we might imagine Uhland to have done, if any torture could have got him to speak or write even so many words about himself. It is a simple statement of the prominent facts in a life useful and consistent, written in a perfectly unaffected style; and without attempting to claim for its subject any undue importance, sets before us means of forming our own judgment upon the character and merits of a poet of whom it may be truly said, that he was less in his own eyes than in those of any of his countrymen.

Notter's *Life of Uhland* is a more pretentious and a less pleasing work. It bears the appearance of candour, but (at least in one or two points) small show of friendship: its literary merits are small, its critical pretensions great; it is involved in diction, irregular in construction, and bears the marks of eager haste in execution. This latter defect the author himself admits in his preface, though it may be questioned whether readers generally will admit as freely the excuse he proffers, which in plain terms amounts to this: that, on Uhland's death, a biography being required—and *required in haste*—by a bookselling firm, he was unable to expend upon his work sufficient time to make it what, with less urgency, he might have done, and done *well*, if we may judge from many of his other meritorious writings, both biographical and poetical. The preface states, that in the end of December, 1862, without in the least expecting or seeking such an office, he was solicited to undertake the work, which appeared in the following April. So, from commission to publication of a *Life of Uhland*, filling 450 octavo pages (more or less intended to be *the Life of Uhland*), we find less than four months' time employed; and are then called upon to accept, as an excuse for crudity, confusion, and verbosity, the fact that the work has been a race against time (and other possible biographies), and are forced to content ourselves with waiting for a worthy *Life of one of Germany's greatest men* till the present book has worked its slight purpose of meeting the pressing exigencies of an early market. In one respect, however, Notter has achieved an unexpected success, namely, in doing what his preface tells us he was determined not to do. He says: 'I have been desirous of setting forth, to the best of my ability, a life-like picture of the departed—not of merely supplying a chronicle of facts for some future biographer to use.' And yet this unintentional service to the future constitutes the chief merit of his book, which, prematurely born, and probably destined to a premature decease, yet contains 'stuff' in a good as well as a bad sense, and is specially valuable as furnishing us with several poems by Uhland, which have not hitherto been printed with his works.

The third work on our list is an essay from the pen of Professor Friedrich Theodor Vischer, of Zurich, whose name, if unknown to many of our readers, is certainly not so from any lack of merit. The article on Ludwig Uhland is contained in the fourth number of his 'Kritische Gänge;' and, should our warm recommendation of the essay induce any of our readers to make a closer acquaintance with its author's style, we feel sure that we shall have established some little claim to their thanks.

Finally, Professor Jahn's Lecture, graphic and well written, is enriched by several valuable supplements of unpublished pieces, correspondence, speeches, &c., and a useful list of the dates at which Uhland's various poems appeared.

Johann Ludwig Uhland was born at Tübingen, on the 26th of April, 1787. It is needless that we should follow the example of some of his biographers, in threading his pedigree back a century or two through a line of ancestors whose only claim to our attention at all is the fact that their descendant Ludwig became a great literary name. It profits us little to know that his progenitor in the fifth generation, a carpenter by trade, was, with his wife, stigmatised in the parish register as 'Impii contemptores Verbi et Sacramenti' (which, however, as Notter suggests, may mean no more than that they were decided sectarians); nor need we care to hear that his great-grandfather married the daughter of a button-maker; but there are one or two points in the pedigree which may awaken a little interest. The son of the *impious* one, referred to above, made himself famous at the siege of Belgrade, in 1688, by slaying in single combat a Turkish pasha. We may presume that such proceedings being in his ordinary line of business, his fame and reward would not have been peculiar had there been nothing extraordinary in this manner of disposing of his adversary. No doubt the family legend of this Turk-smiter inspired his descendant's ballad 'Schwäbische Kunde,' in which, as many of our readers will remember, a Suabian, pursued and assaulted by a mounted Turk, first mows off the horse's fore-feet, and then, 'beginning to handle his sword in earnest,'

'Dealt on his foeman's head a blow  
Which to the saddle split him through,  
And, by his blade so cleanly cleft,  
Tumbled a half Turk right and left.' \*

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\* 'Er schwingt es auf des Reiter's Kopf,  
Haut durch bis auf den Sattelknopf;

Zur Rechten sieht man, wie zur Linken,  
Einen halben Türken herunter sinken.'

Another interesting point in the history of Uhland's family is that in all human probability his grandmother, then the young bride of Joseph Uhland, curate at Marburg, and member of a family afterwards poetically distinguished, the Stäudlins, was on terms of close intimacy with the young mother of Friedrich Schiller at the time of that great poet's birth.

We find also indications of, at all events metrical, if not poetical, tendencies in different members of the Uhland family before the appearance of the subject of this notice; but probably his fame has been the only cause of these versicles of occasion having ever been routed out of their quiet resting-places in the old desks where hands of the dead have laid them long ago, and where they have lain in their worn foldings as such memorials lie, the ink growing yellow and the paper brown, while the object that inspired, and the love that could interpret their utterances, have alike grown old, and faint and feeble, and passed quietly away.

Uhland himself, as a child, seems to have been much as other children, and as a boy much as other boys, save that, in the earlier stage he showed a strong taste for the strange and romantic, and a love of the terrific (as applied, however, to others rather than to himself); and that, when his time came to be sent to school, he really did distinguish himself, not only by unusual talent, but also by unusual industry.

He was certainly fortunate in a schoolmaster; as with ourselves, Latin versification was a prominent branch of study; but Kauffmann, the then rector of the Tübingen Gymnasium, was one who loved, as far as possible, to draw out and develop talent, and from time to time permitted his pupils to treat the subjects he set them in any language and in any style they might choose to select. These productions were afterwards read aloud in school, and it is easy to imagine how valuable such exercises must have been to our author, as, indeed, they must be to any lads who have a mind to think, and a taste to awaken; in fact, we may refer much of the easy flow and free swing of Uhland's later versification not only to the frequent practice of his school-boy days, but to the constant and useful corrections which his style and diction must have received from a careful and conscientious teacher. Would that among ourselves there were more such educators! We should find more men able to write a decently-worded letter, or to read a page of poetry aloud. With wider cultivation of taste we should have greater enjoyment of talent, and find ideas themselves become more abundant in proportion as men found facility in their utterance. And this might be without divorcing education from Latin verse-making.

Uhland

Uhland wrote his own themes, and, we doubt not, those of many schoolmates, in German prose and in German verse ; but this did not hinder his Latin composition becoming so exuberant as to make one of his teachers, to whom he brought a hundred and one hexameters as an afternoon's work, exclaim in very comprehensible impatience, 'Why, boy, do you imagine I have nothing else to do than to correct your Latin?'

It can occasion us no surprise to learn that the boy's mind was specially fascinated by the romantic, as opposed to the classical and reflective styles of poetry. In his earlier writings we already see a strong leaning to that branch of literature in which he always excelled—the ballad style; and it is natural enough that we should learn of the absolute enthusiasm with which he fell upon the Lay of the Nibelungs when it was first placed in his hands. We defy any lad who has a spark of true poetry in his constitution to take up that wonderful epic for the first time without experiencing the emotion of a discoverer, or, having read over with attention a single division of the poem, to leave it without a clearer notion than he had before of the true meaning and the distinct nature of real ballad style; and further we believe that the taking up of such a book (not in a modern translation, but in the original text) is calculated to give the most active stimulus not merely to poetic taste but to linguistic study. There can be no doubt that the delight which the boy Uhland experienced at his first introduction to the Nibelungen Lied, while it gave direction to his most characteristic style of production, at the same time laid the foundation of that earnest study which led him even in those early days through the whole field of German and Scandinavian lay and legend, and made him all his life pursue, almost with passion, the various paths of letters, learning, dialects, mythology, &c., which tended to saturate himself and his productions with the deepest feeling and the fullest knowledge of German nature and of German life.

As to his future course and calling, he appears to have entertained for some short period the idea of taking orders, more, however, as a means of devoting himself, during his university course, to the study of philology than from any sense of the necessity and solemnity of an inward calling. Again, the medical profession seemed to be bidding for him, when his choice was decided by a law-exhibition, founded by an ancestor, and worth some 30*l.* a year, becoming vacant at the University of Tübingen; and his nomination in his fourteenth year to that piece of family patronage decided his future calling.

Though so early matriculated, he did not enter on his regular

regular university course until his eighteenth year; this early matriculation was in fact common at Tübingen, as setting youths free from compulsory attendance on the grammar school, and enabling them to continue whatever special courses they desired, under private tutors, while attending college lectures on the general branches of study. During this period Uhland wrote a multitude of pieces, which, however, a ripening taste restrained him from publishing in after years. One of the earliest productions of his muse (published in his lifetime) may be considered 'The Blind King,' and in its simplicity, spirit, and completeness, is surprising as the work of a boy in his sixteenth year. The piece is so well known that we shall only call attention to the sixth and seventh stanzas. The blind king consents to his son's crossing over to the island to fight the giant who has carried off his daughter.

' And hark! the boat speeds o'er the wave,  
 And loud the ripples sound;  
 The blind king stands and listens  
 Till all grows silent round;  
 And then the clash of sword and shield  
 Forth from the island rise,  
 With battle-cry and din of strife,  
 And echo's faint replies.  
 The old man cries in trembling joy,  
 "Oh! tell me what ye see,  
 I know my good sword by its ring,  
 So rang it oft with me."  
 They answer, "Fallen is thy foe," &c.

The blindness and helplessness of the father, his distress, the feeling of desertion by his followers, his anguish for his daughter, his fear for his son, his instinct of confidence in a good cause and a young courage, are all finely indicated, almost without a thought of description; but if we could put ourselves for a moment in a blind man's place under such circumstances as the ballad sets forth, we should find no truer idea of the very climax of anxiety than that expressed in the awful silence which follows the rippling of the departing boat when its sound is lost in the distance before the strife begins.

This early effusion, with its contemporary one 'Die Sterbenden Helden,' show us clearly the influence of the Scandinavian literature upon their author; two other pieces, written about this time, and published in the 'Musen-Almanach' for the year 1807, exhibit very distinctly his appreciation of the old-German element. They are fragments from the Heldenbuch, entitled 'The Linden-tree in the Garden' and 'Otnit's Revenge.' They have

have not been published with his poems, probably from the fact of their occupying more space than was considered advisable for mere fragmentary translations. We insert a few stanzas of the Linden-tree, as unlikely otherwise to reach many of our readers:—

‘ Wol vor der Burg zu Garten  
Stund eine Linde grün.  
Es kam auf seinen Farten  
Wolfdieterich dahin.  
So je ein kühner Degen  
Darunter ausgeruht,  
Der muszte Streites pflegen  
Ob solchem Frevelmuth.

. . . . .

‘ Von hoher Zinne schaute  
Otnit, der Kaiser gut,  
Darneben seine Traute  
Sie gab ihm hohen Muth.

Da sprach sie gar geschwinde  
“ Ach lieber Herre mein!  
Dort unter deiner Linde  
Wer mag der Kühne sein?”

‘ Der Kaiser rief behende:  
“ Das gilt ihm seinen Leib,  
Sein Leben hat ein Ende  
Das wisset, schönes Weib!  
Er fähret zu, als wäre  
Dies Land sein eigen gut.  
Er trägt, bei meiner Ehre  
Zu groszen Uebermuth.”’\*

In the quaint expression, truthful simplicity, and free swing of these lines, readers acquainted with the *Heldenbuch* will not fail to recognise a power of appreciation and reproduction which may cause regret that this treasury of ancient minstrelsy has not yet found such an interpreter as Uhland doubtless would have made; and can only console themselves by the reflection that greater work was waiting for him to do in his generation.

It is worth remarking as we pass, as showing the early excellence of Uhland's taste, that a number of pieces written from his fourteenth to his nineteenth year are so complete and finished as to have received no alteration from their author's hands through all the many years in which edition has followed edition to no less a number than fifty-six.† On the other hand,

\* ‘ Within the palace garden stood  
A linden, green and gay;  
The wandering Wolfdieterich  
Came thither on his way;  
Beneath it lay he down to rest—  
Though never so brave was he,  
He earned many a strife throughout  
his life  
For that audacity.

. . . . .

‘ Otnit, the mighty Kaiser,  
Looked from his casement high  
Beside him stood his spouse so fair,  
She made his chiefest joy.

And quickly quoth the lady,  
“ Oh, lord, most dear to me,  
What bold man dares to lay him  
down  
Beneath thy linden-tree?”

‘ And quickly quoth the Kaiser,  
“ He dies, who thus doth dare;  
His tale of days is numbered,  
I tell thee, lady fair.  
He beareth him as if in sooth  
This land his own might be,  
And, by my faith, he showeth  
forth  
Too great audacity.”’

† Forty-seven in 8vo., the rest in miniature editions.

some productions of his earliest period, beautiful in themselves, are now found in his MSS., which manifestly were withheld from press for many years, from a feeling that the day might come for him to write still better on the same or kindred subjects as those then treated. We are tempted to give a version of one of these, 'The Wallfahrtskirche,' written certainly no later than his seventeenth year, in order to compare it with the fuller and more beautiful setting forth of a kindred idea in one of his master-pieces, 'The Pilgrim,' written a quarter of a century later:—

*The Shrine.*

'Oh ruined shrine! How silent now  
Thou standest, sorrowful to see!  
The birch-trees wave their yellow  
leaves

In doleful whispers over thee;  
And yet, begilt by morning's ray,  
Thee far-spied pilgrims once beheld,  
And heard thy festal chimes, as far  
Along the rocky vale they swelled.

'The holy dawn hath filled the sky,  
And high is raised the solemn song;  
The consecrated banners fly,  
And clouds of incense float along.  
The priests in golden vestments dight,  
The knights in glittering steel array,  
And dames bedecked with raiment  
white,

Up to the shrine pursue their way.

'One, midst the rest sublimely fair,  
Mourns in the gladness of the rest,  
And, sighing, droops her close-veiled  
head

Upon her sorrow-stricken breast.  
Well may she mourn in longing grief,  
For, warring in a distant land  
Is he to whom in days of youth  
She fondly plighted heart and hand.

'Strange prescience fills her as she  
moves  
Beneath the high-arched darkling  
dome,

To where the fragrant altar sheds  
Faint taper's light upon the gloom;

Where by the crucifix she made  
Her thankful prayers in happier years,  
Lowly she kneels while swiftly fall  
From her blue eyes the trembling  
tears.

'And as, throughout the dim-lit nave,  
The children's voices sweetly ring,  
A gentle yearning takes the place  
Of all her anguished sorrowing;  
And as the organ's glorious swell  
With full-voiced chorus loudly  
blends,  
Her stricken spirit on the wave  
Of conscious blessedness ascends.

'All earthly sounds appear to fade,  
She hears a chorus from on high,  
And, bride of heaven, her eye beholds  
Wide wonders in the opened sky;  
There angels stand in radiant light,  
There martyrs free from bond and  
chain,  
While he smiles welcome on her sight.  
For whom she shed such tears of pain.

'Her toil is o'er, her call is come,  
And sealed is her entranced gaze,  
Upon the altar steps she dies,  
With glory gleaming on her face;  
While all men wonder to behold  
The passing bell the air doth fill,  
And through the kneeling multitude  
A holy shudder seems to thrill.'

If we now turn to the Pilgrim (Der Waller), we shall see with what cause, or rather with what prescience of power, Uhland withheld the former piece from his works. In the 'Waller' we have many of the ideas, including the main one, repeated, but every one without exception not only amplified, but beautified. The 'rocky vale' in the one, becomes a 'rocky coast' in the other, which allows him, instead of speaking of the church as merely an object flashing on the pilgrim's gaze, to take in at once sea and land in his idea and say:—

'To

‘To the lost ones in the desert  
 It shines forth as a guiding star,  
 And opens out a tranquil haven  
 To the storm-tossed mariner.’

In the one there is mere mention made of the fact of the bells pealing, in the other we have a beautiful legend of their power :—

‘When its bell is tolled for vespers,  
 Wide it vibrates all around ;  
 And in convent and in city  
 Every bell awakes to sound ;  
 And the angry waves in silence,  
 Hushed and broken, reach the shore,  
 While, beside his oar, the boatman  
 Kneels until his prayer be o’er.’

So, in the later poem, the waving of banners is amplified by the saluting from the sea of ships’ flags, and the ascending train of pilgrims towards the church becomes ‘a ladder to the skies.’ Then the main idea is changed, and greatly for the better ; instead of a lady dying of grief at the absence of her lord, the tragic element is introduced, and a man, weighed down by remorse for the crime of fratricide, dies, not on the altar steps, but at the door of the church, beyond which he was not permitted to pass, and seems to receive from heaven at last the seal of pardon and release which he had sought and sought in vain upon the earth. Space will not allow us a further comparative analysis of this most beautiful poem, our own appreciation of which we have found greatly awakened by comparing it with that first sketch of the subject which its author so judiciously withheld. We must return to our account of his life.

It cannot be said of Uhland that the Fates were unpropitious to his poetical aspirations. From the time of his actually entering on his university course he appears to have been surrounded by a clique of rhymesters, some of whom have gained a more than passing fame, while others have found their true level in forgetfulness ; two of these friends, at first more especial ‘chums’ of our poet, met untimely deaths ; the one Harpprecht, who lost his life in Napoleon’s Russian campaign, the other Schoder, an original but extravagant genius, who perished by drowning in the North Sea in 1811. With reference to the latter Haug, the epigrammatist, penned the following couplet :—

‘Apollo sprach zu Schoder  
 Sch !—oder !’

To the former, Harpprecht, we find a touching reference in the

the beautiful little poem 'The Ferry' (Auf der Ueberfahrt), where he is spoken of, in company with Uhland's uncle (a very worthy country clergyman), not only as a dear friend of great promise, but as one whose society implied high intellectual enjoyment. We subjoin the extract, with the observation that the piece itself has possibly suggested the following two verses to Longfellow, in the 'Footsteps of Angels,' in which he marshals the spirits of the departed :—

'He, the young and strong, who  
cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside sank and perished  
Weary with the march of life!

'They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spoke with us on earth no more.'

Uhland's lines run thus :—

'When I crossed o'er this ferry last  
Two friends with me the river passed,  
One fatherly, and kind and grave,  
The other ardent, young, and brave.

'One meekly passed his useful day,  
And meekly passed from earth away;  
The other, seeking fame afar,  
Sank in the raging storm of war.'

There were, however, members in this society of higher future note than these, amongst whom we may mention Karl Mayer (one of his biographers), Conz, Rehfuës, and last, but not least, his most intimate friend and fellow-poet, Justinus Kerner.

This clique of literary youths, under the guidance of the last-named, started a manuscript 'Journal for the *Uneducated* Classes,' in opposition to the then existing 'Journal for the *Educated* Classes,' which was labouring to stifle every breath of true romantic poetry. The articles contributed to this playful periodical were almost immediately inserted by Leo von Seckendorf in the *Musen-Almanach* for the year 1807, where for the first time our author's productions appeared in print. No less than twenty-eight pieces of Uhland's found a place in this annual, a tolerable share to be occupied in such a book by the lucubrations of a single bard, but nineteen years of age. Among these are to be found several pieces entirely conceived and executed in the romantic style, and showing an extraordinary apprehension of its finest characteristics both in form and execution. We can observe the influence of Bürger in the ballad 'Vom treuen Walther,' 'The Black Knight,' and other works of this period, but our criticism would be hardly just if we failed to remark the manifest immaturity of some of the more reflective and lyrical pieces by which these were accompanied; a censure which we shall see finds its fullest justification from a comparison of the pieces in question with later efforts of his riper muse.

At this period also an essay by Uhland 'On the Romantic' appeared in the 'Sonntagsblatt,' which laid down in a few terse and pregnant

pregnant lines his views upon a subject then still fiercely debated, and has always seemed to us a sort of prose illustration of his own peculiarly clear, distinct, and uncompromising character. Leaving aside any discussion of the meaning of the word 'Romance,' he in a few pithy and lucid sentences defines his apprehension of the idea it conveys, and at the close, uniting the pluck of partisanship with the calm of conviction, invites intellectual sympathizers to the promise of that school in which he entered himself as a disciple, and of which he was destined to become an illustrious teacher.

Meanwhile his studies were advancing, while one by one the companions of his intellectual spring time, mostly senior to himself, passed on from their Alma Mater to the vocations of riper life. Justinus Kerner, the most remarkable of them all, remained longest at Tübingen; but he also at last took his departure, leaving Uhland to his own poetic plannings and plottings, which were various and manifold. This period of literary loneliness, acting, as it must at times have done, on his generally high spirits, probably produced the greater part of Uhland's sentimental poetry, which the wholesome tendency of his muse happily prevented from becoming abundant. Meanwhile he contributed pieces to various periodicals, and, probably without his own knowledge, was daily making to himself a name. He received a complimentary testimonial at the conclusion of his college course in 1808, and, however he may seem to have disliked his profession (an idea which one of his pieces suggests \*), studied it conscientiously, and reached to an unusually sound proficiency in it.

In the year 1810 he proceeded to Paris in pursuance of a design he had long cherished, and for which the annual income of his college exhibition had been for some years reserved. The practical father and the practico-poetical son appear to have had rather different views as to the purpose of this journey, although agreed as to its utility. In the expectation that the Code Napoleon would be shortly introduced into Würtemberg, the father thought very wisely that for his son to have thoroughly studied its principles and observed its practice beforehand would greatly improve his position and prospects as an advocate, and in this opinion the son no doubt coincided; but he thought, with a bardic instinct, which led him further than plain reasoning, that there might be

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\* See 'Die neue Muse,' Poems, p. 79 :—

'Als ich mich des Rechts beflissen  
Gegen meines Herzen's Drang,  
Und mich halb nur losgerissen  
Von dem lockenden Gesang.'

'I toiled at law with effort strong  
Against the promptings of my heart,  
And from the clasp of charming song  
Had torn myself but half apart.'

better

better things to study than even the Code Napoleon, and, on his arrival in Paris, flung himself with delighted ardour, not upon amusements such as charm most youths, alone for the first time and on their own resources in such a city, but upon finer sources of enjoyment which his tastes and talent fitted him for appreciating. That he studied the treasures of early French manuscript contained in the Paris library with an ardour as persevering as its results were fruitful became apparent, not only in those pieces of his poetry which are published under the distinct heading 'Early French Poems' (*Altfranzösische Gedichte*), but in others throughout his works, the origin of which we cannot be far wrong in attributing to his Parisian visit. These studies, moreover, even had they produced no special results and dictated no single page in his writings, cannot be pronounced unprofitable or vain, so long as experience shows how, to an active and awakened mind, every honest study is a gain, and every hour of steady thought a profit. Such is the constitution of a healthy intellect, pervading any literary labour, that it can grasp from every side with avidity, and yet without surfeit, thought of all sorts, studies from all directions, varieties, coincidences, differences, contrasts, and assimilate them all to the needs and the growth of that body of excellence which we look for in the finished work of every great and patient mind. No doubt many will exclaim against versatility in study as injurious, and point out instances, well enough known, where it has been destructive; but, after all, variety of knowledge is always useful when pursued with singleness of purpose, and if it result in mere superficiality, it is because, to use a homely but expressive phrase, 'it goes into a bad skin;' because a mind of weak powers tries to indulge a thousand whimsical, incongruous tastes at once, and nibbles at a multitude of dishes, where it cannot digest a single wholesome meal. A varied intellectual diet is good for a many-sided mind, that takes continual exercise and exults in continual labour, as being at once a duty and a joy; but the puny, fickle, fretful intellect, that stays at home in sloth and inactivity, and 'roasteth not that which it hath slain in hunting,' must be content with mental spoon-meat as the strongest pabulum its pitiful economy can bear.

Uhland's was no such mind as this: we do not pretend to rank his intellect amongst those of the giants of thought, nor to set him forth as the representative of an era; but he may be pointed out as an instance of a man conscious of possessing an intellect of a high and choice order, and yet wasting no opportunity and shunning no labour which could tend to develope his powers or ripen his taste.

In

In Paris he found his friend Varnhagen von Ense, through whose introduction he became personally acquainted with Adelbert von Chamisso, a poet who has elsewhere expressed the hearty delight with which he learned to value both Uhland and his writings.\* At the same time, also through Varnhagen, he found a congenial spirit in the famous Immanuel Bekker, then also devouring the contents of the Paris library with a fine hunger of study. Devotion to mediæval and romance poetry formed a ground of sympathy between these two, which made them almost inseparable. Day after day they worked together over the old manuscripts, and evening after evening found them sitting, generally in Uhland's lodging '*au cinquième*,' enjoying 'a quiet read.' In those days the Parisian public library was not the most comfortable place to read in: a brazier of charcoal was the source of warmth in cold winter days, and we are told that Uhland learned to write with his left hand, to avoid losing time, while thawing the fingers of his right over the coals.

His stay at Paris bore, besides the immediate fruit of poetry, to which we have already referred, useful results in his '*Treatise on Old-French Epic Poetry*,' which contains a quantity of new and independent matter, is written in a style of remarkable clearness and brevity, and accompanied by a number of admirable imitations and translations by its author. We rejoice to say there is every prospect of this and all Uhland's other critical works, lectures, &c., being shortly before the public in a complete edition.

After spending nine months in Paris, Uhland found a new and valuable intimacy awaiting him at Tübingen in the person of his junior, Gustav Schwab, a divinity student, afterwards well known as a poet throughout Germany. He found also a congenial circle in the house of Freiherr von Wangenheim, at that time curator of the University, and afterwards, as minister, opposed, and, as simple representative, supported in the Chambers by Uhland.

In the '*Poetischer Almanach*' for 1812, edited by Justinus Kerner, no less than thirty contributions of Uhland appeared; and in the '*Deutscher Dichterwald*' for 1813 thirty-two others. These publications were at once the manifestoes of the new romantic school and samples of its productions. The whole tendency of this school is set forth with no less humour than distinctness in the contribution by Uhland which closes the '*Dichterwald*,' and bears the title '*A Fairy Tale*' (*Märchen*).

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\* The following pithy sentence gives Chamisso's opinion of him:—'*Whilst many produce poems of the sort which every one writes and nobody reads, Uhland produces his such as nobody writes and every one reads.*'

He interprets the well-known tale of the Princess, to whom the wicked fairy foretold misfortune from a spindle, as representing true German poetry, which had become bewitched and cast into a slumber of four hundred years by what he calls 'Stuben-poesie,' which school he personifies by a withered old crone at her wheel, thus describing herself and her doings:—

'Fair maiden, Chamber Poetry  
Is the name by which I'm known,  
Since beyond my chamber's limits  
I've never gadding gone.  
I sit where I have always sat,  
Unchanged, whate'er betide,  
And my poor old blind decrepit cat  
Sits purring\* by my side.

'Long, long didactic poems  
I spin with busy wheel,  
The lengthiest yarns of epic  
Keep running off my reel;  
My wheel itself has a lyrical whirr,  
My cat has a tragic mew,  
While my spindle plays the comic parts  
And does the dancing too.'

This long piece is well worthy of perusal, both for the sustained wit and clever satire with which it abounds and the completeness with which the fairy tale is allegorized: parts of it also are beautiful both in a poetic and rhythmical point of view, as for instance the stanza describing the awaking of the princess:—

'Sie streifte die goldnen Locken  
Aus ihrem Angesicht,  
Und hob, so süß erschrocken  
Ihr blaues Augenlicht,' &c.

'She swept the locks of curling gold  
Back from her lovely face,  
And raised the blue dawn of her eyes  
In beautiful amaze,' &c.

While thus taking his stand with many others in the ranks of a poetic school, Uhland turned his attention to the more necessary occupation of life, which he always held a poet should have in view. It is quite characteristic of his matter-of-fact common sense, that even in his young days, when almost every idea suggested a song, and almost every sound rang into measure, he condemned the silly notion of a man making versification the whole occupation of his life.† In the latter part of 1812 he entered the office of the Minister of Justice at Stuttgart, as a volunteer clerk, with the understanding that after a time he should receive a respectable appointment in the department. His occupation consisted for the most part in making abstracts of criminal cases to be brought before the King for final approval of judgment; and in this capacity, if he had the misfortune to differ from his superiors in many instances, he had also the happiness of finding himself frequently instrumental in getting

\* The pun here is untranslatable. Spinnen signifies both *to spin* and *to purr*; the satirical implication of course is that a cat's purring is just as much true poetry as the 'Stuben-poesie' itself.

† He is said to have closed an argument on this subject, to which he had been a silent listener, by the quiet question, 'Suppose a man went to bed a poet, and woke in the morning a poet no longer?' and we are inclined to fancy that, without stating such to be his experience, he may have felt or fancied at times that even so the gift had deserted himself; in the last twenty-seven years of his life he did not add a hundred lines to his published works.

justice done to persons who without such intervention would have fared badly indeed, from the corrupt system of judicial administration. It was no doubt this determined honesty which proved a bar to his advancement; for time after time his applications for vacant places to which he might reasonably aspire were refused, and after a year and a half of unrewarded toil he resolved to resign his situation, and commence practice as an advocate at the Stuttgart bar. It was shortly after taking this step that he found a publisher for his collected poems. He had tried some four years before, and offered them to Cotta's firm, but without success; and he appears at that time to have almost relinquished the notion of ever appearing as an independent author; but the representations of his friend Wangenheim, a man of high taste and matured judgment, seem to have been instrumental in inducing the Cottas to enter on an undertaking which must have turned out most profitably to themselves, seeing that scarcely a year has passed since then without leaving its mark on the title-page of a new edition of Uhland's poems.

On the general merits of these poems we purpose to say a few words further on; but in entering (as we are just now doing) upon a consideration of Uhland's political career, we shall take the opportunity of briefly explaining the purpose and origin of those patriotic poems, which, just in proportion as being special, local, and personal, they excited the greatest interest amongst his immediate countrymen, are the least comprehended at the present time by general readers. A glance at the pieces printed under the title '*Vaterländische Gedichte*' will show that the *great* Fatherland was not intended, but that their reference is altogether to the kingdom of Würtemberg. The poems which refer to universal Germany, such as the well known '*Vorwärts!*' '*Siegesbotschaft*,' and others, dictated by the course of the War of Liberation, and penetrated by the enthusiasm of the period which produced them, are to be found in a different division of the book; but it is in the *patriotic pieces*, with this limitation of sense, that we must look for the source of Uhland's extraordinary political influence, and to understand the poems themselves must take a cursory glance at the state of his native country, Würtemberg, at the period (1817) of their publication. We quote Professor Jahn's account of the '*situation*' to which we refer:—

'Shortly after the downfall of Napoleon an acrimonious contest arose in Würtemberg relative to the reconstruction of the state. King Frederic, in December, 1805, relying on the support of Napoleon, from whom he had received his royal title, abrogated the ancient constitution of the realm, which had braved so many storms, had been sworn to by so many successive rulers, and to which he himself was pledged

pledged upon his princely word and honour; this perfidy, which his ministers styled "crushing the serpent's head," was accomplished under the pretext that the old constitution was no longer adapted to the altered circumstances of the time.

'Frederic himself was a man of excellent judgment and penetration, of remarkable energy, and unbounded selfishness. He recognised no limits even to his vices, regarded his ever-varying whims and fancies as his only rule of conduct, and held in sovereign contempt all doings and designs beside his own. Unembarrassed by a parliament he would not summon, supported by well-managed finances, practised officials and disciplined soldiers, he laboured to accomplish his deliberate purpose of making every Würtemberger completely dependent on his government, and independent of every control or bond unsanctioned by himself. His harsh and cruel rule, carried out by all means known to crafty despotism, was pressing the tormented country into the new mould of absolute monarchy, and the occasional introduction of a sensible and useful measure could not atone for his systematic violation of his people's rights.

'When, at the Congress of Vienna, it was desired to secure to separate states representative constitutions, King Frederic strenuously protested against any interference by the Confederation with the internal government of particular states. Finding his resistance ineffectual, he thought it better to anticipate compulsion by granting a constitution based on his own ideas, and framed according to his own instructions. This constitution (though, as Vischer says, in many respects an improvement on the "gute alte Recht") was refused by the people with singular unanimity, and in an address, protesting against the innovation, a formal demand was made for its withdrawal and the restoral of the old. And now began that determined contest for the so-called "good old charter" against a better one, the complicated details of which we cannot here undertake to follow.\*

The unwillingness of the Würtembergers to accept this constitution arose not so much from its matter as from the manner in which it was imposed upon them. They had no idea of receiving as a favour that which seemed to abrogate their right; nor were the antecedents of their sovereign such that either love or reverence could inspire them with the smallest confidence of any favour lasting when their right was gone. We have known a man threaten a parish with a lawsuit for building a bridge over where a ford had been, as terminating his right to wade through the water; and his objection, though absurd, still had its origin in just such a natural feeling as King Frederic's subjects entertained at having a constitution unceremoniously thrust upon them as a favour.' This feeling Uhland most admirably expressed in

\* Jahn, pp. 48 *et seqq.*

his poem 'Nachruf,' written on the rejection of the so-called constitution by the parliament, and its consequent dissolution.

'No man on earth was e'er so great,  
No monarch yet was throned so high,  
As, when for freedom nations thirst,  
Their thirst, at will, to satisfy,' &c.\*

It was the thorough heartiness with which Uhland entered into this struggle on the popular side, and the unflinching honesty and steadfastness he showed throughout his whole career, which made him so influential among his compatriots; yet we must also attribute his opportunities of distinguishing himself in the political arena at all to the effect produced by his poems referring to the contest, which, 'short, sharp, and decisive' as they are in style, exactly expressed the popular feeling, and became line by line familiar watchwords in the people's mouths. Uncompromising and persistent though he was, he yet ever showed himself a gallant, generous-minded opponent, ready at all times to acknowledge the true merits of an adversary, if making an adversary even out of a friend; for in this contest he found himself opposed from conviction to two at least of his most valued friends, namely Friedrich Rückert and Freiherr von Wangenheim. We see the tenderness with which he feels for their interrupted friendship, even while he assails the policy of Wangenheim most severely in No. 8 of the 'Vaterländische Gedichte'; there all the welcome of a hospitable and generous heart, all the full appreciation of intellectual merit, all the finest sympathy for his opponent's sufferings, speak forth in cordial language; it is the last verse which carries the sting; a sting, after all, solely political, and separated so naturally from the personal as to show that the piece, 'Hausrecht,' was really the true utterance of a good heart, which could honour the human friend in the political foe.

It is impossible, even could it be thought profitable, to occupy the space necessary to set the full history of this constitutional struggle clearly before our readers; and we must only refer those of them who desire further information on the subject to the works at the head of our article. Suffice it to say that Uhland's political course, as depicted by Professor Vischer, was that of true and unswerving defender of constitutional right; and through all his public career he proved himself as exemplar

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\* 'Noch ist kein Fürst so hoch gefürstet  
So auserwählt kein ird'scher Mann,  
Dass, wenn die Welt nach Freiheit dürstet  
Er sie mit Freiheit tränken kann,' &c.

a specimen of patriotic integrity as can be cited, even sacrificing to his sense of patriotic duty the congenial post to which he had aspired for years.\* He was no orator, in the ordinary sense of the word, yet few were better listened to, or carried more personal weight in debating. His mind was thoroughly practical, his matter simple, his argument clear; there was no fluency of speech, no peculiar roundness of period; but his being known to speak only when he had something to say made men feel that when he spoke he deserved attention.

We may close our summary of Uhland's political career by stating that in the year 1848 he took a leading part in the proceedings of the Frankfort parliament, having been deputed as representative of Württemberg to that assembly. Jahn's account of his speech in the Riding School at Tübingen, on the breaking out of the revolutionary ferment, is spirited and striking:—

'When the "Western tornado"† broke forth, it was resolved to hold a meeting at Tübingen on the 2nd of March, in order to entrust the demands of the people to a deputation who should lay them before the government. The spacious riding-school, unwillingly cleared for the occasion by the authorities, was rapidly filled by citizens and students. The gallery served as a platform, on which, amongst others, Uhland was invited to ascend. He undertook the drawing-up of a trenchant address, which declared "the grand error of all German rule to lie in the absence of the popular element, of popular free action, and of popular representation." The first words of his speech were uttered in a low, hesitating, and scarcely audible voice; but

\* The circumstance here referred to is worthy of narration. The chair of German Literature in the University of Tübingen had never been filled up, and Uhland, having vainly sought it some years earlier, was appointed in the year 1830. He was received with most gratifying welcome, and found himself in a post hardly less fitted to his tastes than his qualifications were to it. It was necessary for a professor, if returned to the house of representatives, to obtain leave of absence from his post to attend the sittings of parliament. In the year 1833 Uhland was returned for the second time by the town of Stuttgart; he thereupon applied, as a matter of course, for renewed leave of absence. It might be imagined that a government which had left a professor's chair for many years unoccupied would have seen no difficulty in acceding to his request; but Uhland was in opposition, nay, was as good as a whole opposition in himself, and the government declared that his valuable services were '*indispensable to the University.*' Uhland felt his independence compromised, and sent in his resignation as professor, which *the same government* immediately accepted, to use their own words, '*with great satisfaction.*' This step Goethe presumed to blame: he said, 'Stuttgart might find another representative, long before Tübingen could find another professor like Uhland.' But it was not left for Uhland to consider whether he made a better deputy or professor; the question to be determined was this, whether for the sake of retaining any appointment he should submit to so discreditable a coercion. We think few men of independent mind would have hesitated, when treated as he was, to do as he did; and, in fact, it is hard to think that Goethe could ever seriously have given it as his opinion that such submission was Uhland's higher duty.

† The French revolution of 1848.

gradually warming with his subject, a sort of inspiration lifted him out of all his natural diffidence, his figure seemed to dilate, his eye to flash, each separate sentence came forth short and sharp, each phrase containing a definite idea, each idea expressed in the most fitting terms; and so he spoke till an hour had passed. The unpretending simplicity of his address, his extraordinary earnestness, the quickly following powerful strokes of his weighty argument, produced an indescribable impression; involuntarily, as he ended, the whole assembly bared their heads, and as if by general impulse sang his own well-known lines, beginning—

“Wenn heut ein Geist herniederstiege.”

It was an hour of noble triumph for the champion of intellectual liberty.’

He took no part in the later meetings, but, the popular demands being promptly granted, was chosen as one of the seventeen *Vertrauensmänner*, and sent to Frankfort, on his own express stipulation, unfettered by any instructions whatever. He sat as deputy for Tübingen in the National Assembly, voted in the minority on the question of the exclusion of Austria, and on that of the hereditary empire, and refrained from voting on the proposition for placing the King of Prussia on the Imperial throne, a measure brought forward on the 28th of March, 1849. When the greater portion of the deputies, finding the purpose of their session frustrated, withdrew from the Assembly, Uhland, not feeling himself justified in quitting his post, drew up the ‘Address to the German People,’ of the 26th of May, upholding the rights and duties of the Assembly, and accompanied the remnant of the Parliament to Stuttgart, though individually opposed to its removal.

From that period of disappointment Uhland took no active part in politics, but lived retired in his picturesque house at Tübingen, devoted to the last to his philological studies and investigations.

It is now time, before closing our article with some anecdote characteristic of the man, that we should say a few words on the subject of his literary doings and merits. We have already endeavoured, in passing, to touch upon some of the leading peculiarities of his poetic style, which may be summed up in a few words. Romantic without sentimentality, terse without ruggedness, simple without silliness, his poetry was the essential reflex of his own noble, upright, full-hearted, and modest nature. We greatly doubt that he ever considered himself pre-eminent as a great poet; but may be sure that he felt his poetic aims were always good, and his poetic execution always above the average. The very simplicity and spotlessness of his life has been made

a sort of literary reproach to him ; and the fact, that as a man, and a Christian man, he kept himself 'unspotted from the world' has been adduced, even by his admirers, as a reason why he failed more or less in his dramatic works, which, however beautiful in isolated passages, certainly want sustained interest and concentration ; better a thousand times, however, that a poet's dramas should prove uninteresting, than that their excellence should spring from their author's worthlessness. And in this respect Uhland presents a marked and useful contrast to the lackadaisical, sentimental, *Weltschmerz* school, the poets of which trade on their own pretended misery, and, cunningly enough, suggest that their poems must be touching and true in proportion as the authors set themselves forth as peculiarly skilled in bitterness of heart and badness of life. Healthy, sober, frank, and honest, the utterances of Uhland's muse commend themselves to all who value, instead of sneering at, such attributes ; and at least no false feeling is excited by their perusal. An admirable comparison between the two schools, or rather between Heine and Uhland as their respective representatives, is given by Professor Vischer, in the spirited allegory with which his essay concludes.

An extraordinary excellence in Uhland's pieces is their remarkable truthfulness of construction. Whatever the character be which he portrays, whatever the period described, whatever the circumstances related, there is always a striking appropriateness. In 'The Hostess's Daughter,' for instance, how completely we have the character of German students depicted, in the mere manner of their address, as well as in the naturalness of their turning in for 'beer and wine' at the end of their little excursion 'across the Rhine !' Have we not the very swagger of the callow, slender-legged youngsters, the creak of the Kanonen-stiefel, the jingle of the spur, the comical cock of the embroidered muffin-cap ? And in the very start which the hostess's answer gives, have we not also before us the exact picture of the quiet, familiar German housewife, who knows the measure of her noisy guests, and treats them as the boys they are ; who speaks no cringing word, and runs no eager errand ; and seems to take her sorrow as she takes their tumult, as a thing concerning which the fewest words are best ? Take again such a lyric as 'Der gute Kamerad : ' have we not before us in those three stanzas as real a picture as any that our eyes have ever seen of a pair of comrades, as they march, as they fight, as they part ? How the soldier's philosophy—'every bullet has its billet' is indicated in the abrupt exclamation, almost as the ball is in its flight—'Gilt's mir, oder gilt es dir' ! What a reality in the action

action described! The dying comrade at his feet holds out his hand for a last grasp of his friend's, but the friend is loading his musket:—

‘Kann dir die Hand nicht geben,  
Bleib 'du im ew'gen Leben  
Mein guter Kamerad.’

Again, in the ‘Schifflein,’ how exactly he describes the fellowship of music, which seems such a pulse of German existence. A boat full of passengers, silent, none knowing another. One takes out a horn and plays; another puts a flute together and joins the strain; and the shy and timid girl, stirred by the influence of that marvellous mesmerism, chimes in with full, sweet voice upon the melody; while the rowers beat the time, and the boat rocks with the music; and while the verses which tell it make a music which in itself is sweet to hear, with what reality the concluding stanza breaks off the flowing tune! We seem to hear the grating of the gravel under the bows:—

‘Hart stöszt es auf dem Strande,  
Man trennt sich in die Lande,’

and the passengers—strangers once, but strangers no more—exclaim, as they each take their different path—

‘When, *brothers*, when  
Shall we together sail again?’

These are really the most random instances of one of Uhland's chief and prominent merits; for whether he present to our mind the prince or the peasant, the knight or the serf, the citizen or the soldier—whether his scene be laid in camp or castle, in cottage or in hall—whether his period be that of *Holmgång* or crusade, legend or history, there is everywhere and always fitness and accuracy, which, while they prove the talent of the poet, prove also the industry of the student, and display the advantage, to any poetic mind, of many-sided learning and careful storing of various information.

We have left ourselves but little space in which to touch upon an interesting part of Uhland's writings, namely, his essays on Ancient Poetry. That on the ‘Old French Epic Poetry’ for the first time established the distinction which should be made between the ‘*Chansons de geste*,’ meant for singing, and the ‘*Contes*,’ only intended for recitation. His monograph on ‘*Walther von der Vogelweide*,’ published in 1822, is original and valuable in the highest degree; and, according to Jahn (a mean authority), ‘inaugurated the study of the individual elements in ancient German poetry’—in plainer words, led to a more careful study.

study of the influence of individual poets on the literature of their day. His 'Sagenforschungen,' published in 1836, contains the result of his studies, and the opinions to which they led him on the subject of the whole Scandinavian myth of Thor, which he interprets altogether in a physical sense. A second volume was to have appeared on the subject of Odin, and is said to have been actually in the printer's hands, but to have been withdrawn by its author for the purpose of further corrections. It is to be hoped that it may still appear amongst the collected works.

What he himself, however, regarded as his chief philological and antiquarian work was his 'Collection of Old High and Low German Volkslieder,' the first volume of which, containing the text of the pieces, appeared in the years 1844 and 1845. It is much to be desired that the second volume, containing the fruits of his mature and comprehensive critical research on so interesting a subject, may also be given to the world.

It remains for us to add a few words as to the person and character of the poet whose works we have been considering. In stature he was not above the middle height; nor at first sight was there anything to indicate the presence of a bardic instinct. His hair, blond in youth, and snow-white in age, curled round a head whose most striking feature was a fine expansive forehead, which early baldness made still more remarkable. Prominent brows, shading expressive blue eyes, contributed, with a straight-cut, close-set mouth, to give an air of singular firmness and decision to the whole countenance; while the very gait and bearing of the man impressed a beholder with the idea of immoveable firmness and decision, an idea which closer acquaintance never failed to confirm. His physical constitution was sound and vigorous, as his physical frame was lithe and wiry; and till his last illness he retained an activity almost marvellous at his advanced age. He was accustomed year by year to making journeys of pleasure or research (or rather of both united, since research formed his pleasure) to places which his studies made specially interesting to himself. No distance was too great, no fatigue too formidable for him to undertake, if with the prospect of elucidating some moot point of inquiry, or illustrating some historical or philological subject. Throughout his life he was a striking example of determined perseverance.

Uhland has been often called—by just the class of people who have the least right, with the greatest readiness, to pronounce opinions on eminent personalities—cold, unimpressionable, almost repellent, in manner. On the mere lion-hunter, disturbing a man of study solely for the gratification of an impertinent curiosity, he may have produced such an impression many a time

time—for such a class was his abhorrence; and he was not the man to look pleasant when he felt bored; but among those whom he knew and valued, he was a different creature; his taciturnity, often increased by natural diffidence, would melt away when fully at his ease, and he could appear in his more natural character as the mirthful, genial companion, ready and able to please and to be pleased in that sort of intellectual sociality which is the scholar's Eden upon earth. His 'Schattenlied' (written as a sort of charter-song for the little club of kindred spirits which used to meet in Stuttgart at the sign of the Shadow) shows how, while entering in the happiest sense into the spirit of hearty enjoyment, he could interweave noble and kindly thoughts with his merry verses as harmoniously as they were interwoven with his genial nature. To such a man the little supper we are about to record must have been a real treat. When all Germany was congratulating him by telegraph, by addresses, by complimentary verses and serenades, on the completion of his seventy-fifth year, a letter came to hand bearing a Northern post-mark, but without signature. The writer, a lady, stated, that on the Festival of the Assumption, while on her way to mass, on a most lovely morning, the thought of his beautiful lines in 'The Pilgrim'—

'Blieb der goldne Himmel offen  
Als empor die Heil'ge fuhr?  
Blüht noch auf den Rosenwolken  
Ihres Fusses lichte Spur?' &c.

'Remains the golden heaven unclosed  
As when on high the Virgin sped?  
Glow's still upon each roseate cloud  
The vestige of her gentle tread?' &c.

had so come home to her heart that she could not refrain from writing her thanks as a tribute to his birthday, and sending him a present; but that from her distance she had no other way of accomplishing her wish than by enclosing him a piece of gold, which she hoped he would expend on a bottle (or two, if possible) of first-rate wine, and drink it for her sake. A good bottle of wine was never wanting in Uhland's house, and his excellent wife proposed to give the money to the poor. 'Twice as much, if you like,' he said, 'but that especial ducat is my own, and it shall go as it was meant to go.' And so it did, and, as he himself declared, gave him as much pleasure as many a higher compliment.

An anecdote of his remarkable modesty may be quoted. When just coming into public notice as a writer, he happened to be at Carlsruhe, when a gentleman sent in his card with a request to see him; the stranger entered, and after exchanging a few common-places, withdrew with the apology that 'he had mistaken him for the poet Uhland,' and was allowed to depart without a word of explanation. Much the same sort of thing once happened to him on a steamboat, when a phrenologist, having

having examined his head, pronounced him beyond all question to be a watchmaker, an error which the poet never attempted to correct. He so detested anything like public notice as persistently to refuse sitting for his portrait, and an artist having once visited him for the purpose of taking a likeness by stealth, found his endeavour frustrated by his host turning his back to him while continuing the conversation on which they had entered. It is not difficult to understand, and indeed to excuse, one most unromantic act of which he was guilty. Having been once caught in passing through a town, and presented with a laurel crown, he hung it up on the first tree he passed after recommencing his journey. But, after all, such a fate is but a question of time with all such embarrassing gifts; probably Horace did much as Uhland with the

‘ . . . . doctarum hederæ præmia frontium,’

though it seemed to give him rank with the high Olympians.

This modesty of Uhland's was at times united with singular delicacy and consideration, of which the following may afford example. Having heard that the so-called Klingenberg Chronicle had been discovered in the library at St. Gallen, he hastened thither to inspect it, in the hope of finding there some reference to the legends of William Tell, a subject he was then investigating; he returned home, stating that the MS. contained nothing on the subject. ‘Did you read it?’ asked his friend Pfeiffer. ‘No,’ he replied, ‘as the person from whom I enquired did not offer it me for perusal, I thought it possible he might be thinking of writing something on the same subject, and did not like to ask.’

A man in the truest sense single minded, he was firm as rock and honest as gold; a lover of truth and justice, whom no self-interest could mislead, and no corruption contaminate, he held fast the affection of many, and gained the full respect of all. Unassuming and modest at all times, he shrank from personal prominence, while fearing the notice or the censure of no man in the discharge of public duty; high-hearted and noble in purpose, pure in thought, and honest in act, he was a firm friend and a gallant enemy, a hater of falsehood, an upholder of right. As a lad, exposed to the temptations of a city like Paris, the old portress of his lodgings could exclaim ‘Happy the mother of so virtuous a son!’ as an old man, when the grave closed over him, his country echoed with witness to his excellence. His views at times may have been mistaken, they were never insincere; his conduct may occasionally have appeared obstinate, none ever presumed to doubt its being honest. Contented

tented in his natural sphere of middle life, he had no ambition beyond that of serving his country to the best of his power. Office or rank possessed no charm for him that could outweigh his attachment to a tranquil home, and those intellectual pursuits which became the ruling passion of his existence. Even distinctions justly earned by his literary merits, and solicited for him by fellow-labourers as eminent as Jacob Grimm and Alexander von Humboldt, he could decline from a fear of in any way being judged to have abandoned principles of independence to which he had ever adhered. Blest with a happy home, competent means, a partner of whom it suffices to say that for more than forty years she proved in every sense a worthy helpmate, able to appreciate his labours and to requite his affection, surrounded by a circle of tried and valued friends, with leisure for his studies and study for his leisure, he lived in honour and he died in peace. His last illness was occasioned by his attendance at the funeral of his life-long friend, Justinus Kerner, and he died at Tübingen on the 14th of November, 1862, in his seventy-sixth year, as sincerely regretted as he was widely known and loved.

We have not entered in our article at any length on the criticism of Uhland's works; the greater part of them are so well known as to need but little remark; we may perhaps have helped some readers to a better comprehension of part of his productions, in indicating the circumstances under which they were written; but our object has been more to set forward in our presentment of Uhland, the man, a contrast to a too general notion of a poet and a German poet. He could stir a nation without parading his individual agonies, and could contemplate more important and more patriotic matters than 'his own great wounded heart.'\* He could set forth in sweet and noble song thoughts which shall not perish, and poetry which can never pall upon a healthy taste, without dabbling in petty blasphemies, or flavouring his lines with atheistical innuendos; he, in outspoken, unaffected strains could move men's hearts without embittering them, shocked no prejudice by parading

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\* See in the fourth stanza of the 'Wandering,' a powerful and well-deserved sarcasm on poetic egotism:—

Ich schritt zum Sängerswalde,  
Da sucht' ich Lebenshauch;  
Da sass ein edler Skalde  
Und pflückt' am Lorbeerstrauch;  
Nicht hatt' er Zeit, zu achten  
Auf eines Volkes Schmerz,  
Er konnte nur betrachten  
Sein gross, zerrissen Herz.'

'I sped to the grove of the singers  
Some breath of life to breathe,  
A noble bard was seated there,  
And plucking a laurel wreath;  
He had no time to think upon  
A suffering nation's smart,  
He only could contemplate  
His own great, wounded heart!'  
impiety,

impiety, and gained wide sympathy without instilling cynicism. He was a man whose character should be known in these days as well as his works, and whose guileless nature should be honoured wherever his genial writings make their way. Few poets on their dying beds can feel, as Uhland might have felt, that of all the many words their brain had sown upon the earth there were so few of which they had to cry in lamentation, *Fugit irrevocabile!*

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ART. III.—1. *A Critical History of Free Thought in reference to the Christian Religion.* By Adam Storey Farrar, M.A. London, 1862.<sup>2</sup>

2. *Essays and Reviews—Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750.* By Mark Pattison, B.D. London, 1860.

**T**OLAND, Collins, Tindal, Woolston, Morgan, Chubb, Annet. What kind of recollection do these names call up in the minds of English readers of the present day? Are they, to the majority, anything more than a bare catalogue of names—‘Alcandrumque Haliumque Noëmonaque Prytanimque’—known, perhaps, in a general way as Deistical writers, much as the above-mentioned Virgilian, or rather Homeric, worthies are known as soldiers; but, in other respects, not much more distinguished as regards personality and individual character? Yet these were men of mark in their day, the Essayists and Reviewers of the last century, attracting nearly as much attention, and receiving nearly as many criticisms, as their successors are doing at present. Nor were some of them without confident hope of the lasting effects which their works were destined to produce. Tindal prefaces his ‘Christianity as Old as the Creation’ with the declaration that he ‘thinks he has laid down such plain and evident rules as may enable men of the meanest capacity to distinguish between Religion and Superstition, and has represented the former in every part so beautiful, so amiable, and so strongly affecting, that they who in the least reflect must be highly in love with it.’ And, towards the conclusion of the work, he sums up his estimate of its argument in terms equally flattering: ‘For my part, I think, there’s none who wish well to mankind, but must likewise wish this hypothesis to be true; and can there be a greater proof of its truth, than that it is, in all its parts, so exactly calculated for the good of mankind, that either to add to or to take from it will be to their manifest prejudice?’ Chubb, in the preface to his ‘True Gospel,’ asserts that he has ‘rendered the Gospel

Gospel of Christ defensible upon rational principles.' Annet tells his readers that his end is 'to hold forth the acceptable Light of Truth, which makes men free, enables them to break the bands of creed-makers and imposers asunder, and to cast their cords from us; and to set at liberty captives bruised with their chains; to convince those that believe they see, or that see only through Faith's optics, that their blindness remaineth.\*' Woolston boasts that he will 'cut out such a piece of work for our Boylean Lectures as shall hold them tug so long as the ministry of the letter and an hireling priesthood shall last.†' And truly, if temporary popularity were any security for lasting reputation, Woolston had good grounds for his boast. His Discourses are said to have been sold to the extent of thirty thousand copies, and to have called forth in a short time as many as sixty replies.‡ Swift's satirical lines testify to his popularity; while in other respects they might pass for a description of a Right Reverend critic of the present day.

'Here's Woolston's tracts, the twelfth edition,  
 'Tis read by every politician;  
 The country members, when in town,  
 To all their boroughs send them down;  
 You never met a thing so smart,  
 The courtiers have them all by heart.  
 Those maids of honour who can read  
 Are taught to use them for their creed.  
 The reverend author's good intention  
 Has been rewarded with a pension.  
 He does an honour to his gown  
 By bravely running priestcraft down:  
 He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,  
 That Moses was a grand impostor.'

Other authors of the same school attained to a like celebrity. Against Collins's 'Discourse of Freethinking,' according to the boast of the author himself, no less than thirty-four works were published in England alone;§ and the list of antagonist publications enumerated by Thorschmid amounts in all to seventy-nine in various languages. Tindal's 'Christianity as Old as the Creation' gave occasion, according to the same diligent collector, to as many as a hundred and fifteen replies.

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\* 'The Resurrection of Jesus Considered,' p. 87.

† 'Fifth Discourse on the Miracles of Our Saviour,' p. 65.

‡ Lechler, 'Geschichte des Englischen Deismus,' p. 294.

§ Thorschmid, 'Freydenker Bibliothek,' vol. i. p. 155. In the *Acta Eruditiorum Lipsiens.*, A. 1714, it is said that as many as twenty answers appeared in the same year with the Discourse itself.

At this time, when we are again startled by a similar phenomenon—when we once more see writings, whose literary merits, to say the least, are by no means sufficient to account for the notice they have attracted and the apprehensions they have excited, pushed into an adventitious celebrity by the subject of which they treat, and the circumstances under which they were written—our attention is naturally drawn to the parallel furnished by the last century; and we feel an interest in asking why it is that men so celebrated and so dreaded in their own generation should be so utterly forgotten in ours. And the interest is increased when we become aware of the existence of other parallels in other countries. The same state of things which existed in England in the early part of the eighteenth century was repeated in France in the latter part of the same century, and in Germany at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth. In France, the names of La Mettrie and De Prades, and D'Argens, and D'Holbach, and Damilaville, and St. Lambert, and Raynal, are almost as much forgotten as those of their English predecessors. In Germany, those of Tieftrunk and Henke, and Eckermann, and Paulus, and Röhr, and Wegscheider, represent men who once exercised a living influence on the theology of their day, but whose works are now little more than the decaying monuments of a dead and buried rationalism.

These, it may be objected, are neither the only nor the greatest names that can be cited as examples of freethinking in their respective countries; nor are they entitled to be considered as its chief representatives. Yet they are fair representatives, not indeed of the highest amount of ability or influence that has at any time been combined with freethinking tendencies, but of the class of writers whose reputation rests principally or solely upon those tendencies. Men like Hume and Gibbon, or even Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, in England, like Voltaire and Rousseau in France, like Lessing and Wieland in Germany, may have written in the same spirit, and may have been as heterodox in their belief as their less distinguished countrymen; but they so little owe their literary reputation exclusively or principally to their heterodoxy, that that reputation would now in all probability be as great or greater than it is, had their thoughts on religion never been given to the world. If we are to compare the freethinking of individuals with the teaching of the Church, in respect of its permanent influence on the minds of men, we must compare them, as Plato compares justice and injustice, in themselves, and not in their accidental accompaniments. We may perhaps add that by so doing we shall find a closer parallel to the writers who  
have

have excited the greatest religious panic among ourselves at the present day.\*

These three schools of England, France, and Germany, however differing in the spirit and details of their teaching, have this feature in common—that they are all, to a great extent, of native growth in their several countries, and sprang up under, or were modified by, the influence, rightly or wrongly understood, of a native system of philosophy. In England, in the early part of the last century, both the assailants and the defenders of Christianity borrowed their weapons from the armoury of Locke. In France, the prevailing religious unbelief took much of its tone from the philosophy of Condillac; and the rationalism of Germany, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, allied itself, as regards its main principles, with the system of Kant. In every case, also, the theological deductions were rather inferred from than contained in the philosophical systems with which they were connected, and, in some cases, were neither intended nor admitted by the authors of those systems. Locke, to use the words of his friend Molyneux, took an early opportunity of ‘shaking off’ Toland. Condillac, devoting himself chiefly to philosophical speculations, carefully avoided all application of his principles to questions of morals or religion; and, while he allowed no other source of knowledge than the experience of the senses, he was at the same time so far removed from the materialism of his later followers that his system has even been regarded as logically identical with the idealism of Berkeley.† In the philosophy of Kant we may discern two opposite tendencies: the rationalism which his practical philosophy encourages is refuted by his speculative philosophy; and, while it must be admitted that the Kantian rationalists could find some support for their views in the later writings of their master, it must be admitted also that they are supported by one portion only of his philosophy, and that portion not the one on which his fame as a thinker principally rests.

The English and French movements were in this distinguished from the German,—that in the former, political interests and influences were largely mingled with the religious and the philo-

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\* The apologist for the ‘Essays and Reviews’ in the ‘Edinburgh Review’ of April, 1861, compares the excitement caused by that work to such ‘religious panics’ as that on the prospect of the admission of Dissenters to the Universities in 1834, that on the Education Scheme in 1839, and those caused by the Hampden and Gorham controversies, and by the Papal aggression. It would have been more just to compare it with the interest excited by the Deistical works of the last century, but such a comparison would have overthrown the Reviewer’s argument.

† See Diderot, ‘Lettre sur les Aveugles,’ *Œuvres* (1821), tom. i. p. 321.

sophical.

sophical. In Germany, the rationalist theories were of the closet rather than of the world. They were the production of men who applied themselves calmly, and with little more than a speculative interest, to discuss as an abstract question the bearings of certain philosophical speculations on religious belief,—religion itself being little more than a branch of philosophy. In England and France, on the contrary, the philosophical speculation mingled with an existing political current, carried along in its motion and coloured by its hue. The English freethinking of the eighteenth century was in part the offspring of the English Revolution: the French infidelity was one of the movements which prepared the way for the French Revolution; and this difference may go some way towards explaining the difference of temper manifested in the respective controversies. Revolutions are not made with rosewater, nor do they impart a rosewater flavour to the events which follow them while the ocean is still heaving with the scarcely-subsidied storm. The German philosopher might calmly discuss his thesis as a statement of abstract truth, which, if not immediately acknowledged, had only to bide its time. In England and in France the question was one involving or seeming to involve immediate action, dealing with persons and institutions, not merely with theorems and proofs. In passing from the controversies of the last century to those of the present, we may note a decided improvement in the temper of the disputants; but at the same time it may be questioned whether the gain is all on one side. Our taste may be less offended by rude language and injurious imputations; yet it may be doubted whether all the coarse language which a recent writer has so severely censured in the English apologists of the last century \* contained anything so revolting to the moral sense as the proposition which was calmly and philosophically advocated by Röhr at the close of his 'Letters on Rationalism,' and which has been revived in more than one quarter at the present time,—namely, that a clergyman is at liberty, while retaining his office in the Church, to accept the formularies of that Church in a new sense, and to teach them in that sense to his congregation.

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\* Mr. Pattison allows one exception in the case of Shaftesbury, 'to whom,' he says, 'as well after his death as in his lifetime, his privileges as a peer seem to have secured immunity from hangman's usage.'—'Essays and Reviews,' p. 311. It may be doubted whether the peerage had anything to do with the matter. Shaftesbury's work was not directly theological, and his occasional allusions to religious doctrines were not, like the more directly Deistical publications, an open challenge to controversy. At any rate Bolingbroke's peerage did not save him from some pretty severe treatment at the hands of Warburton and Leland; and Shaftesbury himself fared little better under the criticism of Skelton.

The characteristic feature of English Deism in the last century was, that it was not merely a promulgation of certain opinions on the subject of religion, but also an attack on a body of men, and on the church of which those men were ministers. The idea which the Deistical writers laboured most earnestly to impress on the mind of the English nation, was that priests are knaves and their congregations fools; that the shepherds fleeced the flock for their own benefit, and the sheep were simple enough to submit to the process. The attack, it is true, was sometimes masked under the form of an attack on heathen or Popish priests, sometimes coupled with an ironical exception in favour of the orthodox ministers of the Establishment; but these transparent disguises were not calculated, and probably were not intended, to deceive any one as to their real purport. The words which Bishop Berkeley puts into the mouth of his Alciphron, exactly represent the general tone of the free-thinkers of his age:—

‘Take my word for it, priests of all religions are the same: wherever there are priests there will be priestcraft; and wherever there is priestcraft, there will be a persecuting spirit, which they never fail to exert to the utmost of their power against all those who have the courage to think for themselves, and will not submit to be hoodwinked and manacled by their reverend leaders. Those great masters of pedantry and jargon have coined several systems, which are all equally true, and of equal importance to the world. The contending sects are each alike fond of their own, and alike prone to discharge their fury upon all who dissent from them. Cruelty and ambition being the darling vices of priests and churchmen all the world over, they endeavour in all countries to get an ascendant over the rest of mankind; and the magistrate, having a joint interest with the priest in subduing, amusing, and scaring the people, too often lends a hand to the hierarchy, who never think their authority and possessions secure, so long as those who differ from them in opinion are allowed to partake even in the common rights belonging to their birth or species.’

This determined hostility to the clergy as a body was the distinguishing feature of the Deistical movement from first to last; and it is necessary to bear this circumstance in mind, if we would form a just estimate of the attitude taken by the party assailed. The Church of England had but recently recovered from two political attacks, threatening her very existence. She had actually been subverted for a time by Puritanism under the Commonwealth; she had been threatened with a second subversion by Popery under James II. When a new movement presented itself in a similar form, embodying not merely a discussion of doctrines, but an assault upon men and institutions, it was inevitable that a personal character should be imparted to the controversy;

controversy; that the defenders of the Church should feel that they were contending, not merely against a speculative error which might be met by argument, but against a political assault which was endeavouring to stir up all the bad passions of men against them. A new Martin Marprelate seemed to have arisen, to make war, not only against prelacy, but against a clerical order of any kind; and, so far as past experience furnished any augury of the future, it might well be feared that if his hostility were suffered to reach its climax, the struggle would not be for victory, but for existence. That such a fear was not altogether groundless, was terribly shown at the close of the century in a neighbouring country; and the tree which bore fruit in France was sown in England.

The coarseness and virulence with which this attack was carried on, can be appreciated fully only by those who will take the trouble to search into the now happily forgotten publications of the period. The task is not a pleasant one; but we have lately heard so much censure of the apologetic writers for want of politeness towards their opponents, that it becomes a duty to inquire what manner of men these opponents really were. A few extracts from their writings will answer this question better than any description.

Toland, the leader of the band, was, after his fashion, a poet as well as a philosopher, and attacked the priests in verse as well as in prose. His earliest work was a poem entitled 'The Tribe of Levi,' the beginning of which is a tolerably fair specimen of his poetical powers and of his controversial temper.

'Since plagues were ordered for a scourge of men,  
And Egypt was chastised with her ten,  
No greater plague did any state molest  
Than the severe, the worst of plagues, a priest.'

His theological system is summed up in some equally meritorious verses in a later work, the 'Letters to Serena':—

'Natural religion was easy first and plain;  
Tales made it mystery, offerings made it gain;  
Sacrifices and shows were at length prepared,  
The priests ate roast-meat, and the people stared.'

His prose is to the same effect. In his 'Christianity not Myste-rious,' which, in point of language, is one of the most moderately written of his works, he cannot forbear telling his readers that it was 'through the craft and ambition of priests and philosophers' that mysteries were introduced into Christianity;\* and if he does

\* See 'Christianity not Mysterious,' p. 168, ed. 1696.

not extend the condemnation in full measure to the clergy of his own day, it is only because he charitably allows that they may be well-meaning dupes instead of designing knaves.\* So again, when, in 1713, he came forward as the antagonist of Sacheverell, he was not content to deal with that hot-headed ecclesiastic on his own merits, but availed himself of the occasion to attack the clerical order in general; prefixing to his pamphlet the inflammatory title, 'An Appeal to Honest People against Wicked Priests,' denouncing the clergy generally as the enemies of good government, and even justifying on this ground the persecution of Christianity by the Roman Emperors, because 'the emulation and ambition of Christian priests had made the Christian religion seem incompatible with good policy.' That this kind of language was not merely the expression of individual petulance, but was part of the ordinary and systematic warfare of this class of writers, will be sufficiently shown by the following passages from other authors of the same school.

*Tindal*, 'The Rights of the Christian Church Asserted,' 1707, p. 23:—

'The tacking the priests' preferments to such opinions not only makes 'em in most nations, right or wrong, to espouse them, and to invent a thousand sophistical and knavish methods of defending 'em to the infinite prejudice of truth, but is the occasion that humanity is in a manner extinct among those Christians who by reason of such articles are divided into different sects; their priests burning with implacable hatred, and stirring up the same passions in all they can influence against the opposers of such opinions.'

*Ibid.* p. 103:—

'Here one's at a stand which to admire most, the mad insolence and daring impiety of the clergy, or the gross stupidity and wretched abjectness of the laity; one in thus imposing and t'other in being imposed upon.'

*Ibid.* p. 235:—

'This cursed hypothesis had perhaps never been thought on with relation to civils, had not the clergy (who have an inexhaustible magazine of oppressive doctrines) contrived it first in ecclesiastics, to gratify their insupportable itch of tyrannizing over the laity and over one another.'

*Collins*, 'Discourse of Freethinking,' 1713, p. 88:—

'Priests have no interest to lead me to true opinions, but only to the opinions they have listed themselves to profess, and for the most part into mistaken opinions. For it is manifest that all priests, except the orthodox, are hired to lead men into mistakes.'

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\* See 'Christianity not Mysterious,' p. 127.

*Ibid.* pp. 91, 92 :—

'The great charge of supporting such numbers of men as are necessary to maintain impositions is a burden upon society. . . . The charge alone, therefore, of supporting such a number of ecclesiastics is a great evil to society, though it should be supposed that the ecclesiastics themselves were employed in the most innocent manner imaginable, viz., in mere eating and drinking.'

*Ibid.* p. 93 :—

'Besides, they who have an interest to enlarge their sect and keep it united, know that nothing tends so much to its increase and union as the toleration of vice and wickedness to as great a degree as they can conveniently ; for by that means they are sure to engage all the rogues and vicious (and by consequence the fools, who will ever be led by them) in their party. And therefore, wherever the power of the priest is at the height, they proceed so far in the encouragement of wickedness as to make all churches sanctuaries or places of protection.'

*Woodston*, 'Fifth Discourse on the Miracles,' 1728, p. 70 :—

'According to the aforesaid articles of this my faith, I am so fully convinced, not only of the error of the ministry of the letter, but of the mischiefs and inconvenience of an hireling priesthood, that having set my shoulders to the work, I am resolved, by the help of God, to endeavour to give both a lift out of this world. This is fair and generous warning to our clergy to sit fast and look to their own safety, or they may find me a stronger man than they may be aware of. And tho' I don't expect long to survive the accomplishment of so great and glorious a work, yet I am delightfully ravished and transported with the forethought and contemplation of the happiness of mankind upon the extinction of ecclesiastical vermin out of God's house, when the world will return to its primogenial and paradisaical state of nature, religion, and liberty, in which we shall be all taught of God, and have no need of a foolish and contentious priest, hired to harangue us with his noise and nonsense.'

*Woodston*, 'Defence of his Discourses on the Miracles,' 1729, p. 23 :—

'And why should not the clergy of the Church of England be turned to grass, and be made to seek their fortune among the people, as well as preachers of other denominations? Where's the sense and reason of imposing parochial priests upon the people to take care of their souls, more than parochial lawyers to look to their estates, or parochial physicians to attend their bodies, or parochial tinkers to mend their kettles? In secular affairs every man chooses the artist and mechanic that he likes best ; so much more ought he in spirituals, inasmuch as the welfare of the soul is of greater importance than that of the body or estate. The church-lands would go a good, if not a full, step towards paying the nation's debts.'

*Morgan*, 'The Moral Philosopher,' 1738, p. 96 :—

'In short, this clerical religion is a new thimble-and-button, or a powder-le-pimp, which may be this or that, everything or nothing, just as the jugglers please. And yet all this, in their different ways, if you can believe them, is Divine Institution and immediate Revelation from God. All which can amount to no more than this, that the several passions and interests of every party, and of every man, are divinely instituted by immediate revelation; and this is the privilege of the orthodox faith and of being religious in the clerical way.'

*Ibid.* p. 100 :—

'The generality of the clergy of all denominations, from the very beginning, have been continually palming upon us false coin under the authority of God, and when they are convicted of it, they cry out, that this is but now and then, in a few particular instances, and only here and there a piece; and they think it hard, very hard, that they cannot have credit upon such small matters.'

*Ibid.* p. 101 :—

'In the meanwhile, how are our political State-Divines everywhere caressed and flattered; and how happy is it for them that they have an interest much superior to Truth and Reason, Religion or Conscience! And the ground of all this is certainly a clerical religion above reason and above all possibility of proof.'

*Chubb*, 'The True Gospel of Jesus Christ Asserted,' 1738, p. 170 :—

'The enlarging the revenues of the Church not only introduced a *useless*, but also a *superfluous* Clergy, or a set of Clergymen who, with respect to their offices in Christian societies, have answered very little or no good purpose to the Gospel of Christ or the souls of men, whatever plausible pretences may have been made in their favour. These superfluous Clergymen have been dignified and distinguished by pompous titles and vestments, which have served to introduce a groundless veneration and respect to their persons, whilst their principal business has been to possess great revenues, to live in pomp and grandeur, assuming and exercising dominion over their brethren, whom they have endeavoured to keep under the power of ignorance and superstition, as it has been the ground and foundation of their wealth and sovereignty; whose power has been employed to the very great hurt and damage of Christian people, and has been highly injurious to the Gospel of Christ.'

*Ibid.* p. 174 :—

'To this I may add that the possessing the Clergy with wealth and power, which was first introduced by men's great liberality in giving their goods both moveable and immoveable to the Church, this introduced not only a *useless*, a *superfluous*, and a *supernumerary*, but also an *injurious* ministry, or a ministry which were *directly* and *immediately* highly injurious to the Gospel of Christ, and to the souls of

of men. I shall not here take notice of the numberless evils and mischiefs, and the miseries which have been brought upon multitudes of our species by their means, by their wicked, perfidious, and barbarous practices, and by their procurement; for were all these to be entered upon record (allowing me to use the same figure of speech which St. John has used before me), I suppose the world itself would not contain the books which might be written; but this is beside my present purpose. What I observe is, that the introducing of wealth and power into Christian societies, introduced with it a ministry which were directly and immediately *highly injurious* to the Gospel of Christ, and to the souls of men. For as the clergy were set upon increasing their wealth and power at all hazards, so they, in order to answer those purposes, have introduced *such doctrines*, and such a multitude of *superstitious practices*, and assumed to themselves *such power*, as took away the persuasive influence of the Gospel, and rendered it of none effect.'

*Annet*, 'Judging for Ourselves; or, Freethinking the great Duty of Religion,' 1739, p. 8:—

'If the *mysteries* of the *spiritual craftsmen* were exposed by reason, no man would buy their merchandize any more. Depend upon it, when you are hoodwinked with *mysteries supernatural*, there is *fraud* in the case; 'tis but another word for it; the meaning is the same. Whatever is imposed on men to believe, which will not bear the light of honest inquiry, is all craft and guile.'

*Ibid.* p. 11:—

'The *Buyers* and *Sellers*, the *Bigots* and *Priests*, will unite again: the trade is likely to continue to the end of the world; for men being born ignorant, perverted by education, prepossessed with notions before they have sense or reason to judge of them, which some never have capacities to do, and others thro' cowardice or idleness never make use of the capacities they have, there is no fear but the mystery-mongers will always find fools enough to buy their sophisticated wares.'

Among many rude and some unjust things which disfigure the controversial writings of Warburton, there is one remark at least which most readers of the above extracts will allow to be, not, indeed, politely expressed, but most richly and thoroughly deserved; and that is the passage in his 'Dedication to the Freethinkers' in which he describes their 'scurrilities, those stink-pots of your offensive war.'

If from the language of the Freethinkers we turn to the matter of their teaching, we shall find something to remind us of some of the popular theories of the present day, and much more to warn us of the tendency of such theories when pursued to their natural results. The first step in the rationalism of that age was an attempt to eliminate from the doctrines of Christianity all that

that is above the comprehension of human reason: the second was an attempt to eliminate from the contents of Christianity all statements of facts which cannot be verified by each man's personal experience: the third was an attempt to get rid of Christianity altogether, as having no proper claim to respect or obedience. 'No Dogmatic Christianity,' may be taken as the watchword of the first stage: 'No Historical Christianity,' as that of the second: 'No Christianity at all,' as that of the third. The representative book of the first period was Toland's 'Christianity not Mysterious:' of the second, Chubb's 'True Gospel of Jesus Christ Asserted:' of the third, Bolingbroke's *Essays and Fragments*. The first represents revealed religion as brought down to the level of philosophical speculation, and to be tried by philosophical tests: the second subjects it to the judgment of the rough common sense of the many: the third represents it as tried and condemned by the verdict of the scorner and the profligate.

Toland, the disciple of Locke, and himself, in his own estimation, a philosopher of no mean order,\* found a criterion of religious truth in the principles, or what he supposed to be the principles, of his master. 'The exact conformity of our ideas with their objects,' was his ground of persuasion and measure of belief; the origin and nature of these ideas being explained according to the philosophy of Locke. Chubb, the journeyman glover, was the advocate of a Gospel to be judged in all things by the uneducated intelligence of working men. With him, no 'historical account of matters of fact' can be any part of the true Gospel; for a Gospel preached to the poor must be plain and intelligible, and level to the lowest understanding. Bolingbroke, the brilliant and profligate man of the world, attempted to exhibit religion in a form adapted to sinners of rank and fashion, imposing no unpleasant restraints on gentlemanly vices, by precepts to be observed in this life or punishments to be dreaded in the next. Accordingly the purport of his system, so far as so inconsistent a writer can be said to have a system at all, appears to be to deny the possibility of any revelation distinct from the law of nature, and to interpret the law of nature itself in the manner most favourable to the pursuit of pleasure. At the same time, combining the politician with the epicurean, he finds it convenient to recognise so much of religious obligation as may be neces-

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\* His estimate of his own merits may be judged from his epitaph, written by himself. Molyneux, no unfriendly witness, speaks of the 'tincture of vanity' which appeared in the whole course of his conversation. Bishop Browne tells us that he 'gave out he would be the head of a sect before he was thirty years of age.'

sary to serve as an instrument of civil government, and to act as a check on the more unruly vices of the lower orders.

The relation of Toland to Locke is a question of far more than mere historical interest. It is a question affecting the character of English Theology during the greater part of the eighteenth century; it marks the point of departure at which the religious teaching of that century separates from that of the preceding age; it helps to explain the difference, which no student can fail to observe, between the one and the other; it suggests some useful considerations as to the best mode of meeting similar questions at other times. For though we have spoken of the philosophy of Locke as furnishing the weapons employed alike by the Deists and by their opponents, this remark is strictly applicable only to the later stages of the controversy. The earlier opponents of Toland, such as Stillingfleet, Norris, and Browne, were also direct antagonists of Locke, and combated the positions of his philosophy no less in themselves than in the conclusions which his disciple professed to deduce from them. Afterwards, when the system of Locke became the reigning philosophy of the day, it numbered disciples among believers and unbelievers alike; and the later apologists were thereby enabled to contend with the freethinkers on their own ground and with their own weapons. In this, they did no more than justice to the personal piety and sincere Christian belief of Locke: they employed his philosophy for the purpose for which he would himself have wished it to be employed; and they adopted the most effectual means of obtaining an immediate triumph over their antagonists. But they broke off, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, from that grand old catholic theology which had been the glory of the English Church in the preceding centuries; and the point of their separation, apparently minute and indifferent in itself, was in fact the leaven which has leavened the whole course of English religious thought, for good or for evil, ever since.

Will our readers pardon the introduction of so much of metaphysics as may be necessary to explain this point? Small as the change may seem at the beginning, it is an instance of how great a matter a little fire kindleth. It relates to a question, one of the most important that man can ask,—that of the right use of reason in religious belief; and it is not wholly alien to some controversies which have been raised concerning the same question in our own day.

Locke wrote his great work without reference to theology, and probably without any distinct thought of its theological bearings. When challenged on account of the relation of his premises to Toland's conclusions, he expressly repudiated the connection, and

and declared his own sincere belief in those mysteries of the Christian Faith which Toland had assailed. No one who knows anything of Locke's character will doubt for an instant the sincerity of this disclaimer; but our question does not relate to Locke's personal belief, but to the admissions which may be unconsciously involved in some of the positions of his philosophy, and which, perhaps, had they been foreseen, might have led to a modification of those positions themselves,—a modification, we may add, which might easily have been made without injury, or even with benefit, to the integrity of the work as a system.

'Simple ideas, derived from sensation or reflection, are the foundation of all our knowledge.' This is the assumption which is common to Locke with Toland, and is acknowledged to be so by Locke himself. Is this assumption true in itself, and has Locke so handled it as to warrant in any way the consequences which Toland deduced from it?

That we think by means of simple ideas, is true in the same sense in which it is true that we breathe by means of oxygen and azote. The simple ideas, though they are the elements of which thought is composed, are elements elicited only by an artificial analysis of objects which naturally present themselves in a compound state. 'I see a horse,' said Antisthenes to Plato, 'but I do not see horseness.' 'True,' replied Plato; 'for you possess the eye of sense which sees the one, but not the eye of intellect which sees the other.' In like manner, and with more reason, an adversary, judging with the eye of sense alone, might urge against Locke, 'I see a white horse, or a white sheet, or a white snowball; but whiteness, apart from the horse, or the sheet, or the snowball, I do not see.' Whatever distinction may be made between our original and our acquired perceptions at a time before distinct consciousness begins, at the later stage, when sight has become a recognised fact of consciousness, and we are able to give an account of what we see, the objects presented to it are presented as complex ideas, not as simple ones. We do not see colour alone, but colour in connection with a certain extension and a certain shape, and generally with certain other accompaniments. When Locke asserted that complex ideas are made by the mind out of simple ones, and that knowledge is the perception of the agreement or disagreement of two ideas, he overlooked the fact that the most important of our sensitive perceptions consist of a plurality of ideas given in conjunction; and that the act of the mind is more often an analysis by which simple ideas are elicited from the compound, than a synthesis by which complex ideas are formed out of simple ones.

But

But this admission involves a further consequence. If our intuitive and spontaneous judgments are not formed by the mind out of previously existing simple ideas, but are given already formed out of ideas in combination, it follows that our natural apprehension of a thing or object is not merely that of an aggregate of ideas, but of ideas in a particular combination with and relation to each other. And hence the logical conception of an object, as based on and reflecting the character of this intuitive apprehension, implies not merely the enumeration of certain ideas as constituents of the object, but likewise the apprehension of their co-existence in a particular manner as parts of a connected whole. To conceive an object as a whole, we must know something more than that its definition may be expressed by certain words, each of which is separately intelligible and represents a known idea: we must also be able to combine those ideas into an unity of representation; we must apprehend not merely each idea separately, but also the manner in which they may possibly exist in combination with each other.

For example: I can define a triangle as a rectilinear figure of three sides. But I can also, as far as a mere enumeration of ideas is concerned, speak of a rectilinear figure of two sides, and call it by the name of a *biangle*. Now what is the reason that the one object is conceivable and the other inconceivable? It is not that the separate ideas in the one definition are less intelligible than in the other; for the idea of two is by itself quite as intelligible as that of three. It is because in the one case we are able, and in the other case unable, to represent to ourselves the several ideas as co-existing in that particular manner which we know to be necessary to constitute a figure. So again, I may speak of a being who sees without eyes and hears without ears; and the language in each of its separate terms is quite as intelligible as when I use the word *with* instead of *without*; yet the nature of such seeing and hearing is to me inconceivable, because the manner in which it takes place cannot be apprehended by me as resembling any manner of seeing or hearing with which I can be acquainted by my own experience. And as it is in the simplest instances of conception, so it is in those more complicated instances in which we explain a number of phenomena by reference to a general law. When, for example, we refer the motions of the planets to the law of gravitation, we do not thereby determine what gravitation is, and how it acts upon bodies; we only represent to ourselves the motion as taking place in a certain known manner—as being of the same kind as that with which we are already familiar in the fall of the apple from the tree:—

‘ That

‘That very law which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.’

Now the defect of Locke’s philosophy in this respect is, that, by representing a complex idea merely as an accumulation of simple ones, and not as an organised whole composed in a certain manner, he leaves no room for a distinction between those groups of ideas whose mode of combination is conceivable or explicable from their likeness to other instances, and those which are inconceivable or inexplicable, as being unlike anything which our experience can present to us. Hence there is no room for a further distinction between the *inconceivable* or *mysterious*, and the *absurd* or *self-contradictory*; between ideas which may be supposed to co-exist in some manner unknown to us, and those which cannot co-exist, as mutually destroying each other—in brief, between those complex ideas of which we cannot conceive how they are possible, and those of which we can conceive how they are not possible. Regarded merely as heaps of ideas in juxtaposition, any combination is possible of which the parts do not destroy each other; but, within these limits of possibility, there may be some combinations of which the mode is conceivable, as resembling others; and there may be some of which we can only say that they may possibly co-exist in some manner unknown to us.

This defect is most apparent when the method of Locke comes to be applied to invisible things—to mental philosophy in the first instance, and through that to theology. The idea of an immaterial spirit, he tells us, is gained by ‘putting together the ideas of thinking and willing, or the power of moving or quieting corporeal motion, joined to substance of which we have no distinct idea,’ just as the idea of matter is gained by ‘putting together the ideas of coherent solid parts, and a power of being moved, joined with substance, of which likewise we have no positive idea.’\* In thus appealing to our obscure apprehension of material substance, by way of illustrating that of spiritual substance, Locke realised the remark of his great rival Leibnitz—‘Les hommes cherchent ce qu’ils savent, et ne savent pas ce qu’ils cherchent.’ He wandered into the region of existence in general, in search of the abstract and remote conception of a *spirit*, when the witness of his own consciousness was close at hand to supply him with the concrete and immediate conception

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\* Essay, ii. 23, 15.

of a person. Our consciousness presents to us, not merely the ideas of thinking, willing, and the like, but also the combination of these several mental states into one whole, as attributes of one and the same personal self. I am conscious, not of thinking merely, but of myself as thinking; not of perceiving merely, but of myself as perceiving; not of willing merely, but of myself as willing. And in this apprehension of myself as a conscious agent, is presented directly and intuitively that original idea of substance, which, had it not been given in some one act of consciousness, could never have been invented in relation to others.

In neglecting the conception of a Person, whose unity is given, to seek for that of a Spirit, whose unity has to be invented as a 'supposed I know not what,' Locke adopted the chief error of the scholastic psychology, and transmitted it, modified after his own manner, to his successors. The same conception of the soul, not as a power manifested in consciousness, but as a substance assumed out of it, accounts for nearly all the deficiencies which critics have noticed in Butler's Argument on a Future State;\* and, long before Locke's time, the bewildered student, in old Marston's play, owed to the same mode of investigation most of the perplexities of which he so humorously complains.†

\* In justice to Butler, however, it should be observed that the defects in his argument arise from restrictions necessarily imposed upon him by the purpose of his work. The human consciousness is a thing *sui generis*, and therefore the positive evidence which it furnishes in behalf of the immortality of the soul has nothing to do with analogy. Arguments derived from a comparison of the soul with other objects must for the most part be, as Butler's are, of a merely negative character.

† 'I was a scholar: seven useful springs

Did I deflower in quotations

Of crossed opinions 'bout the soul of man:

The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.

*Delight*, my spaniel, slept, whilst I bawled leaves,

Tossed o'er the dunces, pored on the old print

Of titled words; and still my spaniel slept.

And still I held converse with Zabarell,

Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw

Of antick Donate; still my spaniel slept.

Still on went I; first, *an sit anima*;

Then, an 't were mortal. O hold, hold! at that

They 're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain

Pell-mell together; still my spaniel slept.

Then, whether 't were corporeal, local, fixt,

*Ex traduce*; but whether 't had free will

Or no, hot philosophers

Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,

I staggered, knew not which was firmer part,

But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pryed,

Stuffed noting-books; and still my spaniel slept.

At length he waked and yawned; and by yon sky,

For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

*What you Will*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

The

The false method thus applied to the apprehension of the nature of finite spirits was carried on by a natural transition into the domain of theology; and it is here that we find the connecting link which unites Locke's teaching, in effect if not in intention, with that of Toland:—

'It is infinity,' says Locke, 'which, joined to our ideas of existence, power, knowledge, &c., makes that complex idea whereby we represent to ourselves, the best we can, the Supreme Being. For though in his own essence (which certainly we do not know, not knowing the real essence of a pebble, or a fly, or of our own selves) God be simple and uncompounded, yet I think I may say we have no other idea of him but a complex one of existence, knowledge, power, happiness, &c., infinite and eternal; which are all distinct ideas, and some of them, being relative, are again compounded of others; all which being, as has been shown, originally got from sensation and reflection, go to make up the idea or notion we have of God.\*

The argument thus left Locke's hands in the form, 'We know not the real essence of God, as we know not the real essence of a pebble or a fly.' In the hands of Toland, by a slight transformation, it comes out with a positive side. We understand the attributes (or nominal essence) of God as clearly as we do those of all things else; and, therefore, 'the Divine Being himself cannot with more reason be accounted mysterious in this respect than the most contemptible of his creatures.'†

How completely this assertion reversed the catholic teaching of the Church in all ages might be shown by a series of quotations from theologians of various ages and languages, from the second century to the seventeenth. One such only our limits will allow us to give, from the writings of a great English divine of the latter century; and we select it from many others because its language, from the similarity of subject, is peculiarly adapted to shew the contrast to which we refer; and because it also by anticipation exactly points out the error which Locke planted and Toland watered. In a sermon on the text, 'Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness,' Bishop Sanderson says—

'Herein especially it is that this mystery doth so far transcend all other mysteries. Μέγα, ὁμολογουμένως μέγα: a great, marvellous great mystery. In the search whereof reason, finding itself at a loss, is forced to give it over in the plain field, and to cry out, *O altitudo!* as being unable to reach the unfathomed depth thereof. We believe and know, and that with fulness of assurance, that all these things are

\* Essay, ii. 23, 35.

† 'Christianity not Mysterious' (1696), pp. 88, 89.

so as they are revealed in the Holy Scriptures, because the mouth of God, who is Truth itself, and cannot lie, hath spoken them; and our own reason upon this ground teacheth us to submit ourselves and it to the obedience of faith, for the *τὸ ὄν*, that so it is. But then for the *τὸ πῶς*, Nicodemus his question, *How can these things be?* it is no more possible for our weak understandings to comprehend that, than it is for the eyes of bats or owls to look stedfastly upon the body of the sun, when he shineth forth in his greatest strength. The very angels, those holy and heavenly spirits, have a desire, saith St. Peter—it is but a desire, not any perfect ability—and that but *παράθυραι* neither, to peep a little into those incomprehensible mysteries, and then cover their faces with their wings, and peep again, and cover again, as being not able to endure the fulness of that glorious lustre that shineth therein.\*

Sanderson's distinction between the *τὸ ὄν*, that it is, and the *τὸ πῶς*, how it is, indicates the exact point which Locke overlooked, and which Toland denied. When the older theologians declared the essence of God to be mysterious and incomprehensible, they were not thinking of Locke's Real Essence, of which they knew nothing, but of that logical essence which is comprised in attributes, and can be expressed in a definition, and which Locke calls the Nominal Essence. This is most distinctly stated in the language of Aquinas: 'The name of God,' he says, 'does not express the Divine essence as it is, as the name of man expresses in its signification the essence of man as it is,—that is to say, by signifying the definition which declares the essence.'† The ground of this distinction was the conviction that finite things cannot indicate the nature of the infinite God otherwise than by imperfect analogies. 'The attributes of God,' it was argued, 'must be represented to our minds, so far as they can be represented at all, under the similitude of the corresponding attributes of man. Yet we cannot conceive them as existing in God in the same manner as they exist in man. In man they are many: in God they must be one. In man they are related to and limit each other: in God there can be no relation and no limitation. In man they exist only as capacities at times carried into action: in God, who is *purus actus*, there can be no distinction between faculty and operation. Hence the Divine attributes may properly be called mysterious; for, though we believe in their co-existence, we are unable to conceive the manner of their co-existence.'

When we examine the controversy between Locke and Stillingfleet, and observe the frequent complaints of the latter against 'the new way of ideas,' we see that Stillingfleet's theological

\* Sanderson's Works, vol. i. p. 233.

† 'Summa,' Pars i. Qu. xiii. Art. I.

learning had enabled him to discover the true source of Locke's error; though his inferiority to his adversary in philosophical acumen and controversial dexterity prevented him from making sufficient use of his discovery. A very few years afterwards, Locke's great philosophical rival, Leibnitz, in an argument directed, not against the intellectual dogmatism of Toland, but against the intellectual scepticism of Bayle, points out the just medium between the two, in language exactly coinciding with that already quoted from Sanderson :

‘Il en est de même des autres mystères, où les esprits modérés trouveront toujours une explication suffisante pour croire, et jamais autant qu'il en faut pour comprendre. Il nous suffit d'un certain *ce que c'est* (τὶ ἐστὶ), mais le comment (πῶς) nous passe, et ne nous est point nécessaire.’\*

The attitude, if not of antagonism, at least of indifference, to dogmatic theology, which was thus assumed indirectly, and perhaps unconsciously, in the philosophical positions of Locke's Essay, appears more plainly and directly in the latitudinarian terms of Church Communion advocated in his ‘Reasonableness of Christianity.’ In this work, written, it is said, to promote the design entertained by William III. of a comprehension with the Dissenters, and published in 1695, the year before Toland's book, Locke contended that the only necessary article of Christian belief is comprised in the acknowledgment that Jesus is the Messiah; that all that is required beyond this consists entirely of practical duties, of repentance for sin, and obedience to the moral precepts of the Gospel. On these practical duties of Christianity, and on the new authority given by it to the truths of natural religion, Locke dwells earnestly and at length; but all points of doctrine, all distinctions between sound and unsound belief are, with the exception of his one fundamental article, either passed over without notice or expressly declared to be unessential. The teaching of the Epistles is separated from that of the Gospels. ‘It is not in the Epistles,’ he says, ‘that we are to learn what are the fundamental articles of faith;’ and again: ‘There be many truths in the Bible which a good Christian may be wholly ignorant of, and so not believe; which perhaps some lay great stress on and call fundamental articles, because they are the distinguishing points of their communion.’ And two years later, in his ‘Second Vindication of the Reasonableness of Christianity,’ Locke retorts the accusations of his antagonist Edwards, in a manner which virtually concedes the entire position contended for by Toland. ‘It is ridiculous,’ he says, ‘to urge that anything is

\* ‘Théodicée, Discours de la Conformité de la Foi avec la Raison,’ § 56.

necessary

necessary to be explicitly believed to make a man a Christian, because it is writ in the Epistles and in the Bible, unless he confess that there is no mystery, nothing not plain or intelligible to vulgar understandings in the Epistles or in the Bible.' The reasoning by which he supports this assertion is identical in substance with that which had just before been advanced by Toland; namely, that a proposition, to be believed, must be expressed in intelligible terms; and that if the terms are intelligible, the thing signified cannot be mysterious. In this case, however, it is possible that Locke may have been driven beyond his deliberate judgment by the heat of a controversy which offered many temptations to retaliation.

If we have dwelt somewhat at length on a dry and abstruse subject, we trust that its importance may be accepted as an excuse. The philosophy of Locke constitutes the diverging point at which the religious thought of the eighteenth century separates itself from that of the preceding ages; and to examine that thought at its source and in its purest condition is necessary, not only to a just judgment of the past, but to a right conduct as regards the present. The experiment of the last century is being repeated in our own day, upon the foundations of our own belief. We have a like independence of authority, a like distrust of, if not disbelief in, the supernatural, a like appeal to reason and free thought, a like hostility to definite creeds and formularies, a like desire to attain to practical comprehensiveness by the sacrifice of doctrinal distinctions. In the spirit, and almost in the language of Locke, we are told by distinguished writers of our own day, that in the early Church no subscription was required beyond 'a profession of service under a new Master, and of entrance into a new life;' and again that, in points of doctrine, to regard the teaching of the Epistles as an essential part of Christian doctrine, is to 'rank the authority of the words of Christ below that of Apostles and Evangelists;' and in so doing 'to give up the best hope of reuniting Christendom in itself and of making Christianity a universal religion.' Under these circumstances, it is no mere question of literary curiosity, but one of practical and vital interest, to ask what was the effect of Locke's influence on the generation which succeeded him, and how far the benefits arising from it were such as to warrant us in looking hopefully on a repetition of the same attempt.

The tendency, if not the actual result, of Locke's philosophy, as applied to religious belief, pointed, as we have seen, in two directions: first, to a distrust of, if not to an actual disbelief in, the mysterious and incomprehensible as a part of religious belief; secondly, to a depreciation of distinctive doctrines in general, as

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at least unessential, and to a dislike of them, as impediments to comprehensive communion. Both these tendencies found their gradual development in the religious thought of the succeeding generation. The open denial of mysteries, commenced by Toland, was carried on in a coarser strain by Collins, the personal friend and warm admirer of Locke, but a man of a very different spirit. From the mysterious in doctrines the assault was extended to the supernatural in facts, in the attacks of Collins on the Prophecies, and of Woolston on the Miracles. And, finally, when the supernatural had thus been entirely eradicated from Christian belief, the authority of the teachers naturally fell with the evidences of their divine mission; and Christianity, in the hands of Tindal and Morgan, appears simply as a scheme of natural religion, to be accepted, so far as it is accepted at all, solely on the ground of its agreement with the conclusions of human reason, but having no special doctrines of its own, distinct from those discoverable by the light of nature, and no special authority of its own, as a ground on which it can lay claim to belief.

Collins's earliest theological work, 'An Essay concerning the Use of Reason in Propositions the Evidence whereof depends upon Human Testimony' (1707), reads almost as if it were intended as a second part to Toland's unfinished 'Christianity not Mysterious,' though the name of Toland is not mentioned in the book. Like Toland, Collins follows Locke, in making all knowledge to consist in a perception of the agreement or disagreement of two ideas; and like Toland, he differs from Locke, in making such perception the sole condition of all assent, whether in matters of science, or of opinion, or of faith. Where this perception does not exist, he regards the mind as absolutely inert and void. 'That which falls not within the compass of our ideas,' he says, 'is nothing to us.' Like Toland also, Collins refers the belief in religious mysteries to the craft of the clergy; and, as if to leave no doubt of the application of his theory, he selects, as a special instance for animadversion, Bishop Gastrell's 'Considerations on the Trinity.' Finally, as if to mark the work still more clearly as a sequel to Toland, Collins concludes his essay with an attempt to carry out Toland's unfulfilled promise of 'solving very easily' the difficulties connected with the idea of eternity; though his solution, in fact, consists in little more than a simple denial that such difficulties exist.

The once-celebrated 'Discourse of Freethinking,' by the same author, is principally taken up with abuse of priests and praise of freethinkers; but these congenial topics are now and then agreeably diversified by an oblique sneer at the mysteries of the Christian faith. Thus he tells us, 'The Bonzes of China have books

books written by the disciples of Fo-he, whom they call the God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all men's sins. The Talapoins of Siam have a book of Scripture, written by Sommonocodom, who, the Siamese say, was born of a virgin, and was the God expected by the universe.' Of such scarcely disguised blasphemy as this, the most candid critic can hardly pronounce any other judgment than is given in a paper in the 'Guardian,' attributed, with some probability, to the gentle Bishop Berkeley:—

'I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work, but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of Scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above these, are so much concerned in this matter that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of a Discourse of Freethinking.\*'

Eleven years later, when the controversy had extended itself from the doctrines to the evidences of Christianity, a third work of Collins, the 'Discourse of the Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion,' and its sequel, the 'Scheme of Literal Prophecy considered,' attempted, under show of an interpretation of the Old Testament Prophecies, to undermine the foundations of Christianity by a method of insinuation similar to that which the author had previously employed against its distinctive doctrines. The whole proof of Christianity, Collins maintained, rests upon the Prophecies. If this proof is valid, Christianity is established; if it is invalid, Christianity has no just foundation, and is therefore false. He does not openly deny that the Prophecies have any reference to Christ; but asserts that they can only be so referred in a mystical and allegorical sense, which is not their literal and proper meaning, nor that in which they were originally understood by the Jews; among whom, as he asserts, the expectation of a Messiah did not arise till a short time before the coming of Christ. 'His inference,' says Mr. Farrar, 'is

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\* A different judgment has been given by a recent critic in the case of *Bentley against Collins*. 'The dirt endeavoured to be thrown on Collins,' says Mr. Pattison, 'will cleave to the hand that throws it.' We doubt whether any amount of dirt could be thrown which would not amalgamate sympathetically with the ingredients of Collins's own book. The 'Discourse of Freethinking' is one of those works which cannot be judged of by extracts: it must be read as a whole, and estimated according to the impression produced by its general tone and *animus*. Our own impression is that a more dishonest or a more scurrilous publication has seldom issued from the press. Mr. Pattison censures Bentley for treating Collins as 'an Atheist fighting under the disguise of a Deist.' If we may trust an anecdote recorded, on the authority of Bishop Berkeley, in Chandler's 'Life of Samuel Johnson, D.D.,' p. 57, Bentley may have had some reason for suspecting that this was really the case.

stated as an argument in favour of the figurative or mystical interpretation of Scripture; but we can hardly doubt that his real object was an ironical one, to exhibit Christianity as resting on apostolic misinterpretations of Jewish prophecy, and thus to create the impression that it was a mere Jewish sect of men deceived by fanciful interpretations.\*

In the argument of Collins it is easy to trace the influence of Locke's 'Reasonableness of Christianity,' and to see how the position originally advanced in support of latitudinarianism has degenerated, in the hands of a less scrupulous disciple, into a weapon for the service of unbelief. Collins, indeed, avowedly commences his argument from Locke's thesis. 'The grand and fundamental article of Christianity,' he says, 'was that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah of the Jews, predicted in the Old Testament; and how could that appear, and be proved, but from the Old Testament?' † But if his premise is an echo of Locke, his conclusion reads like an anticipation of one of the writers in 'Essays and Reviews.' The interpretation of prophecy which Dr. Williams, with the aid of Bunsen, has rendered familiar to English readers of the present day, Collins, with the aid of Surenhusius, rendered almost equally familiar to English readers of nearly a century and a half ago. If the former writer says of the early fathers, that, 'when, instead of using the letter as an instrument of the spirit, they began to accept the letter in all its parts as their law, and twisted it into harmony with the details of Gospel history, they fell into inextricable contradictions; ‡ the latter undertakes, with still more confidence, to assure us that 'the Prophecies cited from the Old Testament by the authors of the New do so plainly relate, in their obvious and primary sense, to other matters than those which they are produced to prove, that to pretend they prove, in that sense, what they are produced to prove, is to give up the cause of Christianity to Jews and other enemies thereof, who can so easily shew, in so many un-

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\* 'Bampton Lectures,' p. 190. A censure of this kind from Mr. Farrar has more significance than from most theological writers. His Lectures exhibit in a remarkable manner how a firm and unhesitating belief on the part of the author in the great truths of the Christian faith may be combined with a spirit of the utmost gentleness and tenderness towards those whose religious errors he is compelled to notice and to deplore. Where Mr. Farrar censures, the reader may be sure that the censure is well deserved, and has been pronounced, after every allowance which the most liberal and kindly criticism can make, consistently with the interests of truth. We regret that the plan of our article will not permit us to notice these Lectures as fully as they deserve. They contain a fund of learning and valuable information on one of the most important departments of Church history, and afford a striking proof that a candid and honest study, in a religious spirit, of the history of free thought, is one of the best antidotes against freethinking.

† 'Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion,' p. 12.

‡ 'Essays and Reviews,' p. 64 (2nd Edition).

doubted instances, the Old and New Testament to have no manner of connection in that respect, but to be in an irreconcilable state.\* If the former enumerates among the merits of his guide, philosopher, and friend, that 'he can never listen to any one who pretends that the Maiden's Child of Isaiah vii. 16 was not to be born in the reign of Ahaz;† the latter is equally sure that 'the words as they stand in Isaiah, from whom they are supposed to be taken, do, in their obvious and literal sense, relate to a young woman in the reign of Ahaz, King of Judah.‡ If the former states it as 'beyond fair doubt' that Daniel's 'period of weeks ended in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes;§ the latter assures us that 'Dodwel, in a posthumous work, does (with the learned Sir John Marsham) refer even the famous prophecy in Daniel about the weeks to the times of Antiochus Epiphanes.¶ If the former insists on the necessity of 'distinguishing the man Daniel from our Book of Daniel;|| the latter is equally convinced that 'the famous Daniel mentioned by Ezekiel could not be the author of the Book of Daniel.\*\* If the former cannot shut his eyes to the fact that the Deliverer predicted by Micah as coming from Bethlehem 'was to be a contemporary shield against the Assyrian;†† the latter quotes the same prophecy with a similar remark, 'which words are so plain as not to need the least comment to shew them to be inapplicable to the peaceable times and to the person of Jesus.'‡‡ If the former says of Baron Bunsen's arguments for applying Isaiah lii. and liii. to Jeremiah, 'their weight in the master's hand is so great that if any single person should be selected, they prove Jeremiah should be the one;§§ the latter with a like hesitating adhesion says, 'Part of the words of the text are literally applicable to Jeremiah, to whom Grotius applies the whole prophecy.'||| An argument is not necessarily the worse for being old; but at any rate it is well that readers should know that a good deal of what is paraded as a demonstration of modern German erudition is in substance a *réchauffé* of the forgotten criticisms of one of our old English deists.

The method applied by Collins to the Prophecies of the Old Testament was carried on, with a still thinner disguise, by Woolston in relation to the Miracles of the New. Like his predecessor, he writes as a nominal Christian, and professes only to destroy the literal interpretation of the Gospel narrative that

\* 'Grounds and Reasons,' &c., p. 48.

† 'Grounds and Reasons,' p. 41.

‡ 'Grounds and Reasons,' p. 49.

\*\* 'Scheme of Literal Prophecy Considered,' p. 149.

†† 'Essays and Reviews,' p. 68.

§§ 'Essays and Reviews,' p. 73.

† 'Essays and Reviews,' p. 69.

§ 'Essays and Reviews,' p. 69.

¶ 'Essays and Reviews,' p. 76.

|| 'Essays and Reviews,' p. 149.

‡‡ 'Scheme,' &c., p. 201.

||| 'Scheme,' &c., p. 220.

he may establish Christianity more securely on a spiritual interpretation. But the coarse and ribald blasphemy of the work betrays at almost every page the unbeliever and scorner. In this respect Woolston's work marks a new phase in the literature of Deism,—a phase represented subsequently by Bolingbroke in England, and by the general tone of French infidelity in the latter part of the century. The earlier Deists carried on their attack under the cover of a reverence for primitive Christianity, and confined their personal scurrilities to the clergy, whom they professed to regard as corrupters of the faith. The ribaldry of Woolston was openly directed against the person and works of the Saviour Himself, as depicted in the Gospels. Though differing in its tone and in its positive object, the work on its negative or destructive side pursues a method identical with that carried out in the present century in the more elaborate criticism of Strauss; the aim of both assailants being to discover or invent improbabilities and discrepancies in the Scripture narrative, which may hinder its reception as a true history.

The above-named writers laboured chiefly in a negative direction, striving to set aside the distinctive or specially revealed doctrines of Christianity, in themselves, or in the evidences on which they rest. Having done its utmost in this respect, it was natural that the same effort should be continued in a positive direction, by an attempt to sum up the results of the destructive criticism, and to exhibit the residuum that was left to constitute the actual contents of Christianity as an undogmatic religion. This was accordingly done in the works which form the two next steps in the progress of Deism—Tindal's '*Christianity as old as the Creation*,' and Morgan's '*Moral Philosopher*.'

Tindal, who assumed to himself the title of a *Christian Deist*, was a man whose life, if we may trust contemporary testimony, was equally a scandal to Christianity and to any respectable form of Deism.\* He had previously distinguished himself as the author of the '*Rights of the Christian Church asserted*.' The ostensible purpose of this work was to prove that there is no such thing as a spiritual power distinct from the temporal, and that the Church is nothing but the creature of the State: its actual

\* The most definite statements on this point are to be found in a pamphlet published in 1735, entitled, '*The Religious, Rational, and Moral Conduct of Matthew Tindal, LL.D., late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, by a Member of the same College*.' The pamphlet is too scurrilous to be received as unexceptionable evidence; though the author mentions some facts, such as the public reprimand of Tindal by the authorities of his College, which even a libeller would hardly have ventured to invent. But other witnesses corroborate the testimony. Swift, in 1708, in his *Remarks on Tindal's 'Rights of the Christian Church*,' speaks of his antagonist as 'one wholly prostitute in life and principles;' and Skelton, in the 8th Dialogue of his '*Deism Revealed*' (1749), speaks to the same effect.

purpose

purpose was to serve as the vehicle for a torrent of invective against the clergy, of which some specimens have been already quoted. Tindal's later and more famous work, 'Christianity as old as the Creation,' is remarkable, not merely on its own account, but also as having been probably the work which, more than any other of that day, gave rise to the 'Analogy' of Bishop Butler. No two works could be more opposed to each other, in their method as well as in their results. While Butler reasons inductively, endeavouring to illustrate the course of God's Providence in spiritual things from the actual features of the same Providence as manifested in temporal things, Tindal 'nobly takes the high *priori* road,' commencing with a conception of the Divine nature and attributes, and endeavouring to deduce from that conception what the course of God's Providence ought to be, and therefore what it actually is. 'No religion,' he argues, 'can come from a Being of infinite wisdom and perfection but what is absolutely perfect. A religion absolutely perfect can admit of no alteration, and can be capable of no addition or diminution. If God has given mankind such a law, he must likewise have given them sufficient means of knowing it: he would otherwise have defeated his own intent in giving it; since a law, as far as it is unintelligible, ceases to be a law.'\* Natural religion being thus absolutely perfect, revealed religion, according to Tindal, cannot differ from natural in any portion of its contents, but only in the manner of its being communicated; and therefore Christianity can be nothing more than a republication of the law of nature.

The contents of this law of nature may be briefly summed up in the precept, 'act according to your nature.' 'Whoever,' says Tindal, 'so regulates his natural appetites as will conduce most to the exercise of his reason, the health of his body, and the pleasure of his senses, taken and considered together (since herein his happiness consists), may be certain he can never offend his Maker, who, as he governs all things according to their natures, can't but expect his rational creatures should act according to their natures.'† All positive precepts, distinct from this injunction to follow nature, Tindal regards as merely arbitrary, 'as not founded on the nature and reason of things, but depending on mere will and pleasure.'‡

Tindal did not live to publish the second part of his work, which was intended to shew that all the truths of Christianity were nothing more than a republication of this law of nature;

\* See 'Christianity as old as the Creation,' p. 3.

† Ibid. p. 17.

‡ Ibid. p. 114.

though his sneers at Christian doctrines, under the pretence of exposing heathen errors, sufficiently indicate the spirit in which his task would have been executed.\* The unfinished design was in some degree carried out by his successor Morgan, in the 'Moral Philosopher.' This writer, who, like Tindal, styles himself a *Christian Deist*, adopts Tindal's principle of the absolute perfection of natural religion, though he admits the need of a republication of it. The question, however, whether Christianity can be regarded as such a republication, is answered by simply excluding from Christianity all that is usually believed to be included in it. Both the Jewish religion, as contained in the Old Testament, and the Christian, as contained in the New, are tried by the criterion of the moral sense and rejected. His system, as Lechler has remarked, has more resemblance to Gnosticism than to Christianity. He regards Judaism and true Christianity as irreconcilably opposed to each other; and maintains that the first disciples corrupted and interpolated the books of the New Testament, in order to give Christianity a leaning towards Judaism.† The acknowledgment of Jesus as the Messiah, which Locke had declared to be the one fundamental article of the Christian faith, is regarded by Morgan as a Jewish Gospel, and the Christianity based upon it as 'nothing else but a political faction among the Jews, some of them receiving Jesus as the Messiah, and others rejecting him under that character.'‡ In this perverse reasoning we may recognise at least the important admission, that the so-called Christianity of Deism is not the Christianity of the New Testament.

The greater part, however, of Morgan's work consists of a bitter onslaught on the Jewish religion, which he describes as 'a wretched scheme of superstition, blindness, and slavery, contrary to all reason and common sense, set up under the specious popular pretence of a divine institution and revelation from God.'§ And in his work, as in that of Collins, it is instructive to observe how many of the conclusions which are now put forward as the discoveries of the criticism and learning of the present day, are the repetition of *à priori* guesses, flung out at random by an uncritical and by no means learned Deist of the last century. In Morgan we find Abraham's great act of faith explained on the ground that these Hebrews always looked upon human sacrifices, from the very beginning, as the highest and most acceptable acts of devotion and religion; and that Abraham 'had strongly wrought himself up into such a persuasion, that he con-

\* See 'Christianity as old as the Creation,' especially p. 87 *seqq.*

† 'Moral Philosopher,' vol. i. pp. 440, 441.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 354.

§ Ibid. p. 71.

cluded God in reality required it of him and expected it from him' \*—much as, in a recent Essay, we are told that 'the fierce ritual of Syria, with the awe of a Divine voice, bade Abraham slay his son.' † In Morgan we find the notable discovery that Samuel is the author, or at least the compiler, of the Book of Genesis, ‡—a discovery which Bishop Colenso has revived in our own day, and extended to other portions of the Pentateuch. In Morgan we find the narrative of the Exodus criticised in the spirit of the same fastidious prelate, and the later Jewish history reconstructed from the depths of the writer's moral consciousness, in a manner worthy of the ingenious author of the 'History of the Hebrew Monarchy.' § In Morgan we find the special instances of Divine Providence in the same history explained away on the ground that the Hebrew mind was accustomed to ascribe all remarkable events to the interposition of God—an explanation recently revived by Dr. Williams in his Sermons on 'Rational Godliness.' || In the same writer we find also the hint, developed by Strauss, that portions of the New Testament may be regarded as the mythical deposit of Jewish Messianic ideas; ¶ and we find also the germ of that contrast between the Christianity of St. Paul and that of the other Apostles, which has been resuscitated in our own day as one of the products of the critical insight of the Tübingen school. \*\*

The effect of such criticism as that of Tindal and Morgan was to eliminate from Christianity, not only all mystery and all distinctive doctrine, but even all connection with the person and earthly life of Christ. In strange contradiction to the Creeds of the Church, it was virtually maintained that the Death, the Resurrection, the Ascension of Christ, are no portions of Christian belief. For if Christianity is but a republication of natural religion, and contains nothing which cannot be verified by each

\* 'Moral Philosopher,' vol. i. p. 132; iii. p. 96.

† 'Essays and Reviews,' p. 61.

‡ 'Moral Philosopher,' vol. ii. p. 70.

§ For instance, he tells us that the rejection of Saul was owing to an intrigue of Samuel, in revenge for Saul's having deposed him from the High Priesthood; that the command to destroy the cattle of the Amalekites was a plot laid by the Prophet, to make the army mutiny against the King; that the idolatry of Ahab was the result of a benevolent design to destroy the intolerance of the Prophets, and to establish a religion more friendly and beneficent to mankind; that Jezebel slew the Prophets with a view to establish liberty of conscience, as enjoined by the law of nature and nations. In his third volume, this historical criticism descends to libellous insinuations against those whom the Scriptures honour. He intimates that Abraham was ready to prostitute his wife, to secure a settlement in Egypt; that Joseph possibly 'made up the matter' with Potiphar's wife; that Moses forged God's covenant with Abraham for political purposes; that Hannah committed adultery with one of the sons of Eli.

|| 'Moral Philosopher,' vol. i. p. 256; iii. p. 95. Cf. 'Rational Godliness,' p. 295.

¶ 'Moral Philosopher,' vol. i. p. 440.

\*\* Ibid. p. 359, *seqq.*

man's moral consciousness, it is evident that facts dependent upon testimony, no less than doctrines above reason, are excluded from its creed. And accordingly we find Morgan asserting that he 'cannot receive any historical facts as infallibly true;'<sup>\*</sup> and in the same spirit his contemporary Chubb more explicitly declares, 'The Gospel of Jesus Christ is not an *historical account of matters of fact*. As thus, Christ suffered, died, rose from the dead, ascended into heaven, &c. These are *historical facts*, the *credibility* of which arises from the strength of those evidences which are or can be offered in their favour; but then those facts are not the *Gospel of Jesus Christ*, neither in whole nor in part.'<sup>†</sup> The same position is maintained a few years later, in 1744, in the work entitled 'The Resurrection of Jesus considered, by a Moral Philosopher,'—a work which was for some time attributed to Morgan, but which was really the production of Peter Annet. This writer follows Morgan and Chubb in the rejection of 'Historical Christianity.' 'My aim,' he says, 'is to convince the world that an Historical Faith is no part of true and pure religion, which is founded only on truth and purity; that it does not consist in the belief of any History, which, whether true or false, makes no man wiser nor better.'<sup>‡</sup> Annet's writings were collected and published in 1766, under the title of 'A Collection of the Tracts of a certain Free Enquirer, noted by his sufferings for his Opinions.' On a separate title the author is designated as 'P. A., Minister of the Gospel.' The pamphlet called 'Social Bliss considered,' which forms part of this collection, is a sufficient proof that free inquiry, in the hands of this author, was as impatient of the restraints of morality and decency as of those of religion.

In Annet the Deism of England had reached its lowest point. His work does not, like those of most of the earlier Deists, profess a respect for Christianity as a whole, while attacking it in parts. It rather marks the commencement of a new phase in the progress of unbelief, which, having undermined the substance of the faith, finds it no longer necessary to profess allegiance to the shadow. 'It indicates,' as Mr. Farrar remarks, 'the commencement of the open allegation of literary imposture as distinct from philosophical error, which subsequently marked the criticism of the French school of infidelity, and affected the English unbelievers of the latter half of the century.'

The same spirit of revolt from all Christianity is also the predominant character, as far as so inconsistent a writer can be

<sup>\*</sup> 'Moral Philosopher,' vol. i. p. 411.

<sup>†</sup> 'True Gospel,' p. 43.

<sup>‡</sup> 'Resurrection of Jesus considered,' p. 87.

said to have a character at all, of the writings of Bolingbroke. Like his successor Gibbon, Bolingbroke generally makes his attack rather by way of sneer and insinuation than of direct accusation: he sometimes even condescends to speak respectfully and patronisingly of Christianity; but his real purpose is not the less discernible for being in some degree disguised. Bolingbroke's opinion of the Divine authority of Christianity may be gathered from his sneering comparison between it and Platonism: \* his estimate of one portion at least of the Christian Scriptures may be seen in his language concerning St. Paul, whom he describes as having 'carried with him, from the pharisaical schools, a great profusion of words and of involved unconnected discourse'—as being 'often absurd, or profane, or trifling'—as teaching things 'repugnant to common sense and to all the ideas of God's moral perfections.' † Bolingbroke distinguishes, indeed, as Morgan had done, between the teaching of St. Paul and that of the other Apostles; but in a different manner and for a different purpose. According to Morgan, the Judaizing Apostles corrupted the true Gospel by their Messianic traditions; while St. Paul represents the Christian Deist who preached it in its purity and universality. According to Bolingbroke, the Gospel was intended by Christ for the Jews only; and St. Paul was the first who saw the necessity of extending it to the Gentiles, ‡ while he was at the same time the great corrupter of its original simplicity. The true Gospel he describes in general terms, after Tindal, as a republication of the law of nature; while at the same time he does not hesitate to set aside its doctrines and precepts in detail, whenever they impose an inconvenient restraint on the inclinations of men. Polygamy he regards as a 'reasonable indulgence to mankind,' and its prohibition as 'a prohibition of that which nature permits in the fullest manner.' Monogamy is only reasonable when accompanied by an unlimited facility of divorce, without which it is an 'absurd, unnatural, and cruel imposition.' The precept of our Lord in this matter is spoken of as sanctioning 'a new interpretation of the law, founded on a grammatical criticism;' and the Christian law of marriage as 'a new jurisprudence, the child of usurpation, of ignorance and bigotry.' § Marriages within certain degrees of consanguinity and affinity (the degrees include even that of brother and sister) 'are forbid by political institutions and for political reasons, but are left indifferent by the law of nature.' || Future rewards and punishments, which he admits to be sanctions of the evangelical law, he maintains never-

\* 'Bolingbroke's Works, vol. iv. p. 341. † Ibid. pp. 326, 331.

‡ Works, vol. iv. pp. 305-306. § Ibid. vol. v. pp. 160-171.

|| Ibid. vol. v. p. 177.

theless to be a doctrine invented by men, and one which it is impossible to reconcile to the Divine attributes.\* Even the immortality of the soul, though not absolutely denied, is treated as being at best an invention of men, and of very doubtful truth. 'It was originally an hypothesis; and it may, therefore, be a vulgar error. It was taken upon trust by the people who first adopted it, and made prevalent by art and industry among the vulgar, who never examine, till it came to be doubted, disputed, and denied by such as did examine. . . . It was communicated from Egypt, the mother of good policy as well as superstition, to Greece.'† Against the belief in particular providences, he urges that such providences are inconsistent with the government of the world by general laws; and he hints that this belief, and that of the efficacy of prayer, are an invention of priestcraft. 'To keep up a belief of particular providences,' he says, 'serves to keep up a belief, not only of the efficacy of prayer and of the intercession of saints in heaven, as well as of the Church on earth, but of the several rites of external devotion; and to keep up a belief that they are few, and that the providence of God, as it is exercised in this world, is therefore on the whole unjust, serves to keep up a belief of another world, wherein all that is amiss here shall be set right. The ministry of a clergy is thought necessary on both these accounts by all; and there are few who see how difficult it is to make the two doctrines, which these reverend persons maintain, appear in any tolerable manner consistent.'‡ On the whole, the tendency of Bolingbroke's scheme, the close and the consummation of the freethinking of his age, is not unfairly exhibited in the summary of Leland. 'Man, according to his account of him, is merely a superior animal, whose views are confined to this present life, and who has no reasonable prospect of existing in any other state. God has given him appetites and passions; these appetites lead him to pleasure, which is their only object. He has reason indeed; but this reason is only to enable him to provide and contrive what is most conducive to his happiness; that is, what will yield him a *continued permanent series of the most agreeable sensations or pleasures*, which is the definition of happiness. And if no regard be had to futurity, he must govern himself by what he thinks most conducive to his interest, or his pleasure, in his present circumstances. The constitution of his nature is his only guide: God has given him no other, and concerns himself no farther about him, nor will ever call him to an account for his actions. In this constitution his flesh or body is his all: there is no distinct im-

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\* Works, vol. v. pp. 512-516.

† Ibid. pp. 351-352.

‡ Ibid. p. 419.  
material

material principle: nor has he any moral sense or feelings naturally implanted in his heart; and therefore to please the flesh, and pursue its interest, or gratify its appetites and inclinations, must be his principal end. Only he must take care so to gratify them, as not to expose himself to the penalties of human laws, which are the only sanctions of the law of nature for particular persons.' \*

Bolingbroke's works may be regarded as the last utterance of the philosophical Deism which attacked Christianity by appeals to reason and natural religion; and also as the partial commencement of a new phase of unbelief, which appealed to historical criticism and the testimony in behalf of facts. In both characters, they produced but little effect; for the old Deism was virtually refuted and worn out before their publication; and the new, in Bolingbroke's hands, was too slight and trifling to attract serious attention. But in the former aspect, at the close of half a century of infidel speculations, these writings have a significance for us which they had not in their own day. They exhibit the natural result of a current of unbelief of English origin, which ran its course and did its work in its native soil once; and may, under similar influences, run a similar course once again. They exhibit the natural tendency of the combined influences of Empiricism and Latitudinarianism, of a philosophy impatient of the supernatural, and a polity hostile to creeds and articles and formularies of faith. They shew how the cry for a reasonable belief and a comprehensive communion, set on foot, with the best intentions, by men of persuasive genius and amiable character and sincere Christian belief, became a weapon in the hands of coarse ignorance and elegant profligacy, to destroy, first the doctrines and facts of Christianity, and then its precepts and moral restraints.

The history of English Deism, thus exhibited, is of itself sufficient to explain the fate which has attended the writings of its chief representatives. They were men pushed into adventitious celebrity for a time by the magnificence of their promises, and then consigned to deserved oblivion by the worthlessness of their performances. They acquired a transitory reputation under the specious pretext of reforming and purifying Christianity: they sank to their proper level when it was discovered that the true result of their principles was not to reform, but to destroy. Such will ever be the fate of that spirit of minute cavil and negative inquiry, which applies itself to overthrow the hope and the trust of ages, to substitute in its place, not a belief, but the criti-

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\* 'View of the Principal Deistical Writers,' vol. ii. p. 44, ed. 1796.

cism of a belief. Powerless alike as a source of good and as a defence against evil, powerless alike to satisfy the religious needs of the longing soul and to restrain the violence of unruly passions, it may stand for a while in the calm weather of a lethargic rationalism, 'too proud to worship and too wise to feel;' but it falls prostrate as soon as the sense of spiritual want is awakened in the heart, and men begin to ask, with trembling, 'What must I do to be saved?'

We have described with some detail, as our main subject, the progress of the unbelief of the last century, as regards its direct antagonism to the doctrines of the Church. But the parallel between that age and the present, and the lesson to be learned from that parallel, would be incomplete, did we not also bear in mind another feature of the movement, of which our limits will permit only a passing notice; namely, the indirect antagonism by which the same doctrines were assailed through the securities which constitute their external safeguards. The Church of England at that day, here again offering a remarkable parallel to her condition at the present time, had lost, by the secession of the Nonjurors, much of the zeal and learning, and yet more of the Catholic spirit which still lingered round the close of the golden age of her theology; and the extravagance which disfigured this spirit in some of its later representatives fostered the reaction which political causes had introduced. And thus, side by side with the progress of Freethinking within and without the Church, there arose, as its natural accompaniment, a series of attempts to evade or abolish those Subscriptions and Declarations of Belief, which, so long as they exist, constitute a distinct self-condemnation on the part of those who remain in the ministry of the Church while rejecting her doctrines. These attempts may be regarded as commencing with the proposal of Tillotson, at the time of the Commission in 1689, to substitute, in the place of all former declarations and subscriptions required of the clergy, a mere promise to *submit* to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Church of England—a proposal which strongly reminds us of that ingenious casuistry of the present day which maintains that a man may 'allow,' as a law, articles which he would 'be horror-struck' to have enacted. To this succeeded the pleas of Clarke and Sykes in behalf of Arian Subscription, and Hoadly's denial of all authority in the Church to legislate or interpret in religious matters; while, about the same time, the 'Independent Whig' propounded the notable discovery, which an Oxford Professor has not been ashamed to revive in the present day, that subscription to definite statements

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of doctrine is a hindrance to the attainment of truth.\* The movement reached its culminating-point half a century later, in the 'Confessional' of Archdeacon Blackburne, and the Feathers Tavern Petition. The language of Burke, when this last document was presented to the House of Commons in 1772, might almost have been uttered yesterday, so exactly does it describe the position of those who are now complaining of a similar grievance.

'These gentlemen complain of hardships. No considerable number shows discontent; but, in order to give satisfaction to any number of respectable men, who come in so decent and constitutional a mode before us, let us examine a little what that hardship is. They want to be preferred clergymen in the Church of England as by law established; but their consciences will not suffer them to conform to the doctrines and practices of that Church; that is, they want to be teachers in a church to which they do not belong; and it is an odd sort of hardship. They want to receive the emoluments appropriated for teaching one set of doctrines, whilst they are teaching another. . . . The matter does not concern toleration, but establishment;

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\* The 'Independent Whig' was a periodical publication commenced in the year 1720, and principally devoted to the laudable purpose of abusing the clergy. Its authors were Thomas Gordon (the *Silenus* of the *Dunciad*), John Trenchard, and Anthony Collins. Its contents are characterised by Mr. Pattison—certainly not an unfavourable judge—as 'dull and worthless trash.' Those who have read Professor Goldwin Smith's 'Plea for the Abolition of Tests in the University of Oxford,' may judge for themselves how far the learned Professor's argument and temper are anticipated in the following extract from this 'dull and worthless trash':—

'I think I may therefore safely affirm that whatever body or society of men are most restrained by themselves or others from reasoning freely on every subject, and especially on the most important of all, are the least qualified to be the guides and directors of mankind. I will now examine how far this is the circumstance of the clergy in most countries. They are no sooner discharged from the nurse or the mother, but they are delivered over to spiritual pedagogues, who have seldom the capacity, and never the honesty, to venture at a *free thought* themselves, and must consequently be improper channels to convey any to their pupils. From hence they are sent to the Universities (very commonly upon charity), where they are hamstrunged and manacled with early oaths and subscriptions, and obliged to swear to notions before they know what they are. Their business afterwards is not to find out what is truth, but to defend the received system, and to maintain those doctrines which are to maintain them. Not only their present revenues and subsistence, but all their expectations are annexed to certain opinions, established for the most part by Popes and Synods in corrupt and ignorant ages, and even then often carried by faction and bribery, in concert with the designs and intrigues of statesmen, but become sanctified by time, and now to be received without inquiry. . . . As clergymen, so educated, cannot, for the reasons aforesaid, be fair and impartial judges themselves of what is truth, so their authority can give but little weight to such doctrines as they may think fit to teach to others. The first question asked of a suspected witness, in every court of judicature, is, whether he gets or loses by the success of the cause; and if either appears, he is constantly set aside, and not trusted with an oath.'—'Independent Whig,' No. V., Feb. 17th, 1720; compare 'Plea for the Abolition of Tests,' p. 88 *seqq.*

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and it is not the rights of private conscience that are in question, but the propriety of the terms which are proposed by law as a title to public emoluments; so that the complaint is not that there is not toleration of diversity in opinion, but that diversity in opinion is not rewarded by bishoprics, rectories, and collegiate stalls.'

In the present day, when the voice of religious doubt is again making itself heard in English literature and in English society, there are not wanting those who tell us that the best mode of dealing with such a state of things is to permit and encourage 'free inquiry' among the ministers of the Church; to abandon those obligations which record the existence of definite religious doctrines as essential parts of the Catholic faith and which bind the clergy to teach according to that faith; and to substitute in their place a sort of roving commission to a body of chartered libertines to seek for the truth as their consciences may dictate, unfettered by adhesion to the foregone conclusions of a traditional belief. As yet, this advice is presented to us for the most part in its fairest and most attractive aspect, advocated by accomplished and estimable men, adorned with all the glorious hues and brilliant polish with which genius and refinement can invest it, recommended by the charm of good purposes and pure intentions. We say for the most part; for there are not wanting, even at this moment, threatenings of a rougher treatment and a more hostile temper; and in one instance, at least, the claims of free inquiry have been advocated in a spirit of rudeness and bitterness towards the clergy in general, which is, perhaps, the nearest approach which the manners of the present day will permit towards the coarse invectives of a Tindal or a Collins. But whether the means be blandishment or bullying, promises or threats, the end proposed is the same,—that, namely, which in the last century was ushered in by Collins under the plausible name of Free Thinking; and which, now that that name has acquired a somewhat evil reputation, is offered to us, with a very slight change of style, under the imposing titles of 'free handling in a becoming spirit,' and 'honest doubt,' which has 'more faith than half the creeds.'

It is, unhappily, only too true that religious unbelief is widely prevalent at the present time; but it is neither so novel nor so significant a phase of religious thought as its apologists would have us believe. In much of what is now presented to us as the fruit of the superior knowledge and conscientiousness of the present day, we recognise an old acquaintance in a new dress: much of the teaching which boasts of its freedom from traditional methods of treatment is but the revival of an obsolete tradition, which became obsolete because it was worthless. The English  
Deism

Deism of the last century, like the English gentleman of the same period, has made the grand tour of Europe, and come home with the fruits of its travels. It has reinforced the homely bluntness of its native temper by the aid of the metaphysical profundities and ponderous learning of Germany, and the superficial philosophy and refined sentimentalism of France. Yet under a good deal of foreign lacquer and veneer, we may still recognise some of our own cast-off goods returned upon our hands; and discover that free thought, no less than orthodoxy, may have its foregone conclusions and its traditional methods of treatment.

We are now told that the right mode of dealing with this state of things is to endeavour to repeat under happier auspices the latitudinarian movement which marked the close of the seventeenth century; to throw away distinctive doctrines and exclusive formularies, and to welcome within the pale of the Church the roving spirit of doubt, provided it retains a nominal allegiance to some kind of Christianity. If this be the true remedy, latitudinarianism is indeed like the spear of Achilles, which can heal the wounds it has itself inflicted. The history of English Deism is the history of a latitudinarian movement which commenced under the recommendation of qualities not less estimable than those by which it attracts us now. If brilliant intellectual endowments, a high personal character, a conciliatory and amiable temper, are the chief qualifications needed in a teacher of the truth, there is no name among our English worthies which has a better claim to be selected as the representative of these qualities than that of John Locke. And the fruits of the system which Locke and his fellow-latitudinarians inaugurated, is to be found in the history of the greater part of the eighteenth century, the age of rational religion and undogmatic Christianity; an age whose spirit, so far as it manifested itself in hostility to the Church, may be seen in the writers whose works we have been reviewing, and whose spirit within the Church may be described in the language of one who reviewed, nearly at the end of the century, some of the later phases of its influence.

‘A just abhorrence,’ says Bishop Horsley, ‘of those virulent animosities which in all ages since external persecution ceased have prevailed among Christians, especially since the Reformation, among Protestants of the different denominations, upon the pretence, at least, of certain differences of opinion in points of nice and doubtful disputation, hath introduced and given general currency to a maxim which seemed to promise peace and unity by dismissing the cause, or rather the pretence, of dissension—namely, that the laity, the more illiterate especially,

especially, have little concern with the mysteries of revealed religion, provided they be attentive to its duties. Whence it hath seemed a safe and certain conclusion, that it is more the office of a Christian teacher to press the practice of religion upon the consciences of his hearers, than to inculcate and assert its doctrines.

‘Again, a dread of the pernicious tendency of some extravagant opinions, which persons, more to be esteemed for the warmth of their piety than the soundness of their judgment, have grafted, in modern times, upon the doctrine of Justification by Faith—a dread of the pernicious tendency of these extravagant opinions, which seem to emancipate the believer from the authority of all moral law, hath given general credit to another maxim, which I never hear without extreme concern from the lips of a divine, either from the pulpit or in familiar conversation—namely, that practical religion and morality are one and the same thing; that moral duties constitute the whole, or by far the better part of practical Christianity.

‘The rules delivered may be observed to vary according to the temperament of the teacher. But the system chiefly in request with those who seem the most in earnest in this strain of preaching, is the strict, but impracticable, unsocial, sullen moral of the Stoics. Thus, under the influence of these two pernicious maxims, it often happens that we lose sight of that which is our proper office, to publish the Word of Reconciliation, to propound the terms of Peace and Pardon to the penitent; and we make no other use of the high commission we bear, than to come abroad one day of the seven, dressed in solemn looks and in the external garb of holiness, to be the apes of Epictetus.’\*

The Church of that day, as has been truly observed by a recent writer, became practically if not openly Unitarian; because, in the religion then taught under the name of Christianity, there was no proper need for a Trinity; because the belief in the Trinity, dissociated from the related doctrines of the guilt of sin, atonement by the blood of Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost, necessarily lost its importance, and hung round the faith of the age as an encumbrance and a superfluity.† To such a state we may expect to see the Church of England again reduced, if she consent to listen again to the voice of the charmer, to be allured again by the promise of peace and unity, and to abandon the reaction, which the present century has happily witnessed, towards the Catholic teaching of her earlier and better days. The history of the last century, the least Catholic period of English Theology, lies before us for our example or our warning. If the philosophy of that century is a model of elevated and

\* ‘Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of St. David’s, 1790,’ pp. 5-8.

† See Dr. Fairbairn’s Appendix to the English Translation of ‘Dorner on the Person of Christ,’ p. 405.

comprehensive thought, if its theology is a model of pure and devout belief, if its practical religion is a model of all that is excellent in Christian life, then let us listen reverently and obediently to the teaching of those who are labouring to re-establish among us the principles by which that century was formed. But if the history of which we have attempted the preceding slight survey teaches us an opposite lesson, it behoves us to remember that like effects may be expected to follow from like causes.

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- ART. IV.—1. *The Trans-Caucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omer Pasha.* By Lawrence Oliphant. London, 1856.
2. *Patriots and Filibusters.* By Lawrence Oliphant. London, 1860.
3. *Trans-Caucasia.* By Baron von Haxthausen. London, 1854.
4. *Papers respecting the Settlement of Circassian Emigrants in Turkey.* Presented to the House of Commons by command of Her Majesty. 1864.

A GRIEVOUS calamity has befallen a brave nation little known to the British public, but invested with that romantic interest which always attaches to deeds of daring, to an unstained cause, and to an unequal struggle, maintained by a nation in defence of its liberty and independence. 'It is apparent,' Lord Napier writes on the 23rd of May last, 'that the Russian Government have long taken an absolute resolution at any risk to remove the whole of the (Circassian) mountaineers still in arms from their native places. The system pursued has been for two years past to move the troops and the Cossack forts and settlements slowly but surely up the valleys which pour their waters northwards to the basin of the Kouban, dispossessing the indigenous inhabitants at every step until at last the highest fastnesses have been reached, and the people inhabiting the watershed have been pushed over into the valleys sloping southward to the Black Sea, and have carried the savage\* and sequestered people of those regions in masses to the coast.' From the coast, as we know, they are flying by tens of thousands across the sea, to perish by famine and disease under the well-meant but clumsy and inadequate protection of the Turkish Government. But, although attention has now been for the first time generally called to what is passing in the Caucasus, it would be a mistake to

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\* We do not concur in Lord Napier's use of this term.

suppose that the depopulation by Russia of the regions lying about those venerable mountains has only now begun.

After the Allies left Sebastopol, the Tatar population of the Crimea found their condition unendurable, and they were the first to fly from the Russian yoke, and to seek refuge on the hospitable soil of Turkey. They did not come in very large numbers, so that this emigration was comparatively manageable, and a number of them were located in the Dobroja, in a new town or settlement called Mejidieh, where, on the whole, they have prospered.

Next came the emigration of the Tatars of the Kouban in 1861-62, caused by an order given by the Russian Government. This order was one of unexampled and needless severity. A large population was compelled to leave the Russian territory at a fixed date. These unfortunate people were compelled to abandon their homes, to travel with their wives and children, and to land in a new country in mid-winter. The fixing of a term at the expiration of which they were obliged to depart had the effect of depriving them of all their property, for they could obtain no price, or but a vile price, for their cattle and such things as their neighbours saw that they must abandon, since they could not transport them. They landed at Constantinople and other parts of Turkey in the midst of snow, sleet, and rain, and the mortality among them was excessive. At that time it was not possible to take a walk in the afternoon at Constantinople without meeting numerous coffins of little children. Those Turks who were familiar with the exaggerated statements of the Russian organ '*Le Nord*,' and with the humanitarian cry so sedulously fostered by Russian diplomacy, for edicts giving equality to the Rayahs, made bitter remarks upon the reciprocity shown by Russia, and upon the indifference of Europe, and asked if the humanity of which they had heard so much ought not to have interfered here. This expulsion of the Tatars was unnecessary, for they were a harmless and pacific people. The pretext assigned by Russia for the measure was, that they maintained communications with the mountaineers, and assisted them in defying the Imperial power; for these Tatars occupied the country to the north of the Caucasus, between it and the river Kouban, and their expulsion was a strategic measure taken with a view of circumscribing and hemming in the mountaineers of the Caucasus. Other Tatars, however, besides those of the Kouban, have been driven away or have followed their brethren, and the Muscovite proprietors of the Southern provinces of Russia complain of the loss of a sober and

and industrious agricultural population whom it is not easy to replace.

These wholesale expulsions are traditional with the Russian Government. In the last century, during the reign of the Empress Catharine, the Kalmuks were driven by the tyranny and petty persecutions of Russian officials to migrate from the shores of the Volga, and to seek refuge in the Chinese dominions. When they set out they filled twenty-eight thousand tents, but only half their number reached the Chinese territory.

In considering these acts of systematic barbarity perpetrated by the Russian Government, it is impossible not to remember the expulsion of the Moors from Spain in 1610. History has already condemned the severity and impolicy of that measure. According to the most trustworthy calculations, of more than a million of Moors who were expelled, only a fourth survived. The Jews were driven from Spain in 1492, by a decree of Ferdinand and Isabella; many of them found shelter at Constantinople, and to this day half the Israelites in that capital and in Smyrna speak the Spanish language; the other half, who also fled from persecution, are of a later immigration, and speak Polish. But with the severity of these measures the parallel ends: the Russian Government cannot plead in excuse the fierce fanaticism which animated the Inquisition before whose mandates the Spanish monarch found it necessary to bow. Spain, moreover, was ejecting those whom she considered as intruders in spite of eight hundred years of occupation of the soil; but Russia is herself the intruder into the Tatar steppes and Circassian mountains, and if there is any teaching in the progress of time, the Muscovite Government, at the end of two centuries and a-half, is far less excusable than that of Spain. It may not be too much to say that the indifference of Europe to the expulsion of the Kouban Tatars emboldened Russia to proceed to the conscription at Warsaw, by which she forced the Poles into insurrection, and thereby furnished herself with a pretext for the extensive deportations of Poles to Siberia—to be followed, shortly, perhaps, by the expulsion of the population from whole provinces, if it should appear that there is no limit to the apathy and endurance of Europe.

From ignorance of the ethnography of the Caucasus, much misapprehension exists with regard to the Circassians, and consequently blame was unfairly cast upon them at the time of the Crimean War for not supporting us more efficiently. When Englishmen talk of Circassia, they use that term for the Caucasus, which they consider as one country; whereas the Eastern and Western Caucasus, which are divided by the pass of Vladi-Kavkas, are entirely distinct, and

the Eastern and Western Caucasians again are subdivided into nations which are by no means homogeneous. The error of the prevailing ideas respecting the Caucasus will be understood at once if we imagine ourselves as considering the inhabitants of Chamouni, the Tyrolese, and the people about Laybach as one nation, from whom a common and combined action was to be expected. Four distinct languages are spoken in the Alps between Geneva and Laybach, and in the greater range of the Caucasian chain the various dialects are far more numerous. Sheikh Shamyl is usually spoken of as a Circassian, whilst in reality he had no relations with the Circassians. He was himself a Tchetchen, and had united the Lesghis, the Tchetchenes, and the Daghestanlys in a confederation against Russia; the proper name for the region of his exploits is Daghestan, which is a general expression for the Eastern part of the Caucasus, and there is little communication between Daghestan and Circassia or the Western part of the Caucasus running from Anapa to Batum, so that during the war it would have been very difficult for any one from the West to reach Sheikh Shamyl. The name Circassian is derived from Tcherkess, and designates the people dwelling in the mountains overhanging the Black Sea, and Mingrelia, or the country watered by the Phasis. These are the tribes whose unfortunate fate we have now to deplore.

The Circassians proper are Mussulmans, as are also the Lesghis and Daghestanlys; there are some Christians among the Ossetes, and some of the mountaineers are said to be in a primitive state of ignorance, but it would perhaps be more correct to say of those whose creed is doubtful, as of the Arnauts, that their national sentiments weigh more with them than those of religion. The chief characteristic of the Caucasians is personal courage, and indifference to enormous odds against them in a fight. It happened some years ago that nine or ten Circassians in the Russian service escaped into Prussia, where they thought themselves safe, but on their being claimed as deserters, the Prussians undertook to deliver them up, and readers of the newspapers may remember how they refused to surrender and were all killed, after having destroyed many times their own number of Prussian soldiers. For many years the Russian post from Georgia had to be escorted through the pass of Vladi-Kavkas, by a strong detachment with artillery. The struggle between Russia and the mountaineers has, as is well known, been going on for many years, and although the stronger nation has been gradually advancing, yet except when the Russians have succeeded in taking a village the loss has always been greater on the side of the aggressors. Last year some

some cannon and ammunition were introduced into Abkhasia, and though the people were not able to make much use of the artillery from want of practice, the stimulus given by this encouragement and succour was such that after receiving it they won nine successive victories over the Russians. Nevertheless, since that time murrain amongst their cattle and famine have utterly ruined their cause; they have not been conquered, but have been reduced by starvation to the lamentable condition which is exciting the pity and horror of Europe.

In considering the political state of the Caucasus, two questions present themselves: Why has England abandoned the Circassians, in spite of the sympathy wrung from us by their perseverance in a patriotic struggle? and why has Russia persisted so long, and at such an expenditure of men and treasure, in the attempt to extend her dominion over barren mountains, the inhabitants of which could not leave their strongholds to attack her, even had they the desire to do so?

It will be remembered that shortly after the Porte declared war against Russia, in 1853, news arrived that the Turkish troops had taken Shefketil or Fort St. Nicolas, the nearest Russian military post to the Turkish frontier; after that, a British naval force acting with the Circassians reduced the other Russian forts along their seaboard; and, lastly, Anapa was taken, and the mountaineers came down into that place, which, however, was restored to Russia at the peace. Let us now recall what was done by the British Government with regard to Circassia, either with a view to securing its independence, or for the immediate object of carrying on the war. In the spring of 1854, a military officer, a colonel in the Bolivian service, was appointed British Commissioner to the Circassians, and proceeded to Constantinople. His qualifications for this appointment were summed up by a diplomatist in these words—‘that the Andes are very high mountains in Bolivia, and that the Caucasus is also a chain of very high mountains.’ Whilst at Constantinople the Colonel had interviews with some of the Circassian envoys, upon whom he tried to make an impression in the following manner. He laid a dollar upon the table, and then attempted to transfix it with a Sheffield bowie-knife. The first attempt was more detrimental to the Embassy mahogany than to the dollar. After these diplomatic arguments, not taken from precedents in Wicquefort, the Colonel proceeded to the Crimea, where he was seized with cholera, and returned to Therapia to die. A Captain in the navy was next sent out. This appointment was not much happier than the former one—for the Captain had no knowledge of the country or its people,

people, and was physically incapacitated for the rough life in Circassia. His diplomatic education seems to have been derived from the same source as that of the Colonel, for, on arriving in Circassia, he, with much pomp and circumstance, loaded a six-barrel revolving rifle before the assembled Circassians, and fired it off. All the six barrels, it is said, went off at once, and the Circassians raised a shout of derision. Now these mistakes arose from national prejudice, and the European would be at a disadvantage in both cases; for Caucasian daggers and swords are of better temper than the Sheffield blades, Leaghi gun-barrels are famous throughout the Caucasus and in Persia, and a Circassian horseman, even at full gallop, would use his rifle with more effect than would most Europeans. Towards the end of the summer of 1854, however, a better appointment was made, and Mr. Longworth, whose character and previous career fully qualified him for the post, was sent to Anapa. As this town is at the Western extremity of the Caucasus, he could have no communication with the Daghestanlyys under Sheikh Shamyl at the other end of the chain. It is necessary to bear this absence of communications in mind with reference to the peace made by Sheikh Shamyl with the Russians,\* for it was alleged in the House of Commons as the reason why no provision had been made for the Circassians of the Black Sea coast in the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris, that they had not assisted us efficiently. Meantime, other circumstances operated so as to neutralise the advantages which might have been derived from the Circassians, and such as diminished both their energy and the sympathy felt for them in England. In the first place, no proclamation or manifesto was put forth calling upon them to co-operate with the Allies, and promising to include them in the negotiations which should take place at the end of the war. Some jealousy was shown by the allies with regard to the supremacy of the Ottoman Porte, notwithstanding that this was more prominently put forward by the Circassians themselves than by the Porte. But the most impolitic measure of all was that at this time some good people thought the opportunity one not to be neglected, for putting down what they called the Circassian slave-trade, and pressure was put upon the Porte, and a firman obtained prohibiting the trade. The consequence was intense disgust at Constantinople, which was, perhaps, felt still more strongly by the Circassians, who considered that the Western Allies were interfering with them, and were as

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\* This was after he had arranged the ransom of his son in exchange for his prisoners the Georgian Princesses and their French governess, whose account of that transaction has been published.

little friendly to them as the Russians. Even if the trade had been such as the Allies supposed, surely this was not the moment to raise the question. But the fact is, this interference arose from the misapprehensions which grow out of names wrongly applied. Europeans have given the name of slave to the Circassian damsels who come to Constantinople, and have invested them with that interest and compassion which justly belongs to those victims whom no law protects from the caprice of a master in the United States of America. The truth is far otherwise.

‘The purchase and sale of women,’ says Baron Haxthausen (p. 8), ‘is deeply rooted in the customs of the nation; every man buys his wife from the father or from the family.\* On the part of the woman no shame is attached to the transaction, but rather a sense of honour. . . . In her own country a Circassian girl lives in a state of slavish dependence on her father and brothers, her position is therefore raised when a man demands her in marriage, and stakes his fortune to obtain her. The Eastern girl sees in her purchase-price the test of her own value; the higher the offer, the greater her worth. The purchase of women being the common practice among the Circassian tribes, the slave dealers, to whom they are sold, are to be regarded simply as agents, who dispose of them in marriage in Turkey. Their parents know that a better lot awaits them there than at home, and the girls willingly go to Turkey, where, as this traffic has existed for years, they constantly meet their kindred.’

We are, therefore, not surprised when the Baron tells us that on one occasion when he was himself present, a vessel having been captured with some Circassian girls on board, the girls were offered their choice—to be sent back to their own country under safe escort, to marry Russians or Cossacks of their own free selection, to go with the Baron to Germany where all women are free, or to accompany the captain of the ship who would sell them in the slave-market at Constantinople—unanimously, and without hesitation they exclaimed, ‘To Constantinople to be sold.’

Our own traveller Mr. Oliphant says of some Circassian damsels whom he saw at their mountain-home,—

‘We laughingly asked some of these young ladies if they would come with us to Stamboul; and their eyes sparkled with delight at the idea, as they unhesitatingly expressed their willingness to do so. A Circassian young lady anticipates with as much relish the time when she shall arrive at a marketable age, as an English young lady does

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\* The Circassian buys his wife, but at the same time he is obliged, *pro forma*, to steal her, and carry her off privately. This is the only reputable manner of obtaining possession of the bargain.

the prospect of her first London season. But we have prevented the possibility of their forming any more of those brilliant alliances which made the young ladies of Circassia the envy of Turkeydom. The effect is, in fact, very much the same as that which an Act of Parliament would have in this country, forbidding any squire's daughter to marry out of her own parish, thus limiting her choice to the curate, the doctor, and the attorney, and the result in all probability will be anything but beneficial to the morality of the community.'

The truth is, that the Circassians are in the habit of sending their daughters to Constantinople for an establishment, an inducement which is commonly supposed to have some weight even in England. The girls upon their arrival at Constantinople are almost without exception respectably married, and it is ridiculous to use the words 'slaves' or 'slavery' in such cases.\*

Having effected this sentimental reform, we left the Circassians to their fate. The causes which led to their abandonment by England may be summed up in these words—absence of policy on the part of the Government, and ignorance and indifference on the part of the nation. As we have seen, no means were taken by a judicious choice of agents to ascertain the condition of Circassia, and to direct public opinion towards what ought to have been done for that country and what it was practicable to do. The Turkish army was uselessly detained in the Crimea, instead of being left free to act in a congenial field of operations; and when at last it was permitted to leave Sebastopol, the season was already too far advanced, and the rains compelled Omer Pasha to put an end to his campaign in Mingrelia, which had begun favourably. When the period of negotiation arrived, it is singular that whilst we were tenacious as to Bolgrad and in keeping Russia away from the mouths of the Danube, not a word was said about stipulations binding the Russians not to resume their blockade of the Circassian coast, and preventing their rebuilding the forts which had been destroyed. Such policy was like leaving one door open whilst making great efforts to close the other. No voice was raised in behalf of the Circassians at the Congress; the opportunity was lost for recognising their rights as a free and unconquered nation; they were abandoned by England, after all the encouragement she had given them, and her silence confirmed

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\* The first attempt that was made, perhaps from benevolent motives, but certainly under a thorough mistake, to interfere with the so-called Circassian slave-trade, was in the time when Lord Ponsonby was our Ambassador at Constantinople. It is said that he replied that he did not well know how he could execute his instructions, for the Turkish Foreign Minister and two of the other Ministers were themselves Circassian slaves, and it would be difficult for him to tell them, or to make them understand that they held a degraded position.

the privilege claimed by the Muscovites of hunting down one of the noblest races of mankind.

But to return to the inquiry why the Russians have spent so much blood and treasure in conquering the barren Circassian mountains. The mountains of the Caucasian chain are of no value in themselves, and their acquisition can only be looked upon as a means to an end. A wide extent of territory inhabited by Tatars intervened between the Caucasus and the provinces inhabited by a Russian population, so that the Russian empire had no danger to apprehend from the Circassians; but Russia had obtained by fraud the Christian kingdom of Georgia.\* The Russian yoke is not sufficiently light to reconcile a nation to submit to it for ever, especially a nation which has a history and a church dating from the fourth century, and has maintained its separate existence through the wars of Timur and of the Persian monarchy; and Russia has reason to fear that Georgia will reassert her independence under some one of the surviving heirs of her ancient kings. With the Caucasus for a bulwark and its mountaineers for their allies, the Georgians might have again enjoyed national independence; but their chances of success will be very much diminished when the Caucasus shall have been depopulated, or its population so reduced as to be no longer capable of offering any resistance. But it is not merely for the sake of holding Georgia that the Tsar seeks to rivet his chains upon that country. Russia has no superabundant population to dispose of, and Siberia affords her a means of getting rid of disaffected subjects, so that her army of the Caucasus is not a political necessity for her, but only an expedient, and the advantages to be derived from the revenues of Georgia cannot be such as to counterbalance the expenditure for an army seldom less than a hundred and fifty thousand men, unless there were another object in view. This army in Georgia is a menace against Turkey and Persia; it presses especially upon Persia, and the continual fear of Russia has checked the progress and development of that country, which in the last few years, since it has been left more to itself, has laid down telegraphs and in other respects has been steadily advancing. Friends of Russia say that she has civilized Georgia; but beyond introducing the French language amongst the upper classes of Tiflis and erecting a theatre there, it is difficult to say in what way Georgia has been benefited by the Russian occupation. What Russian civilisation is there, may be learned from Lermontoff's

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\* The Queen mother and her son King George XIII. were induced to leave Georgia and proceed to Russia, where this last of the Georgian kings surrendered his inheritance and the independence of his country to the Tsar Paul; and in 1801 Georgia was united to Russia.

‘Life in the Caucasus,’ which has been translated into French and English, and of which it may fairly be said that it equals in iniquity the worst of French novels.

But Russia has an ulterior object in subjugating the Caucasian mountaineers, and this one more especially concerns England. So long as the Circassians and Daghestanlys could maintain their strongholds, and were in a position to occupy the passes of the Caucasus, Russia could not make use of Georgia as a safe base of operations against India; and of this we were repeatedly warned, whilst there was yet time to have done something by treaty stipulations to avert the evil. Alas! that the warnings should have been unheeded.

Although Sheikh Shamyl is not a Circassian, and his people have never combined with the mountaineers near the Black Sea, yet as he has so long been the protagonist in the Caucasian drama, it would be impossible not to mention him in writing of the Caucasus. His life offers a singular parallel to that of another man who has similarly occupied the attention of Europe. He and Abd-el-Kader both struggled at the head of their people for many years against overwhelming military force. Sheikh Shamyl (or Shamuyl, as his name should be spelt, for it is the same as Samuel), has shown much more power of organization and a higher military capacity than the Algerine Emir, but he had a mountain fastness into which he could retire to prepare for another blow; whilst Abd-el-Kader could only retreat into the shifting sands of the desert, and disperse his followers in order to reunite them at some other point. These two men have alike closed a noble career ingloriously, and the motive with both has been personal ambition. Sheikh Shamyl was not the hereditary chief of the confederation of which he was the soul. He owed his authority solely to his religious character, and to his military capacity: he wished to bequeath this chieftainship to his son. The tribes were not willing to acquiesce, and being disappointed in these expectations, Shamyl treated with the Russians, and, instead of dying at his post and bequeathing to history an unsullied name, which would have ranked with that of William Tell, he unfortunately preferred to become a pensioned prisoner of the enemy whom he had so long defied. If he had been only wearied with a hopeless struggle, and anxious to save his countrymen from further sufferings, it was open to him to have bid them make terms for themselves, and to have taken refuge in some other part of Asia, closing his days in devotion, thus ending his life as he had commenced it. Again, although Abd-el-Kader had been imprisoned in France in violation of the plighted word of a French

French General and of a son of the French King, yet when a Sovereign of another French dynasty set him again at liberty, gratitude required him not to take part or to act against his liberator. These feelings did not, however, make it necessary for him to become a flatterer of the French, and an agent of France, on account of the prospect of the Government of Syria that was dangled before his eyes. In short, both Sheikh Shaml and Abdel-Kader have preferred the part of Themistocles to that of Leonidas.

The prestige of the diplomacy of Russia is far greater than that of her army, and it has not been in any way lessened by the events of late years; whilst on the contrary the ideas formed of the Russian army in 1812 and 1815 have been materially modified. The almost uniform success of the Russian schemes has given rise to the erroneous belief that the generality of Russian diplomatic agents are superior to those of other countries, and particularly to those of England. The success of Russia is owing as much to her having an undeviating policy, and to the sleepless activity and concentrated attention of her Foreign Office, as to the somnolent indifference of the rest of the world. Russians as individuals are not only not superior, but they cannot claim to be equal to educated Englishmen: their education does not admit of it. For instance, they pass for the first linguists of Europe, because they learn from their nurses and governesses to talk German, English, and French with fluency; but it is notorious that at the Court of the Emperor Nicholas, their own language was entirely neglected, and many ladies were actually unable to speak it at all. To be a linguist it is necessary to be a grammarian, and there is no other road to that accomplishment than to plod through the Latin grammar; so that it was not without good reason that Joseph de Maistre drew the boundary of civilised Europe there where Latin ceased to be taught. Russian diplomacy has an advantage in the entire concurrence of action on the part of her agents, and their unswerving obedience to their orders,—backed by the fear of Siberia. This is wanting in England, as it must be in all free countries; but in the occasional independent advice and action of such men as Lord Ponsonby and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and in the energy and freely expressed opinions of unofficial persons, our country finds much to counterbalance the unfitness of many of our public agents. We extract a valuable and striking passage from Mr. Oliphant's account of Omer Pasha's Transcaucasian campaign, published before the peace:—

‘Both these objects (the promotion of English and Mingrelian interests), as it appears to me, might be gained by stipulations which should have the effect of abolishing those mercantile restrictions which

which have retarded the progress of the province, and of doing away with that monopoly of trade which Russia purchased at Redout Kalah alone, but which she most unjustly exercises throughout the whole length of the coast. By throwing Mingrelia open to commercial enterprise, a new and profitable market would be created for our manufactures, whilst the resources of the country would be developed, and the prosperity of the population proportionately advanced. It does not seem that in making these demands we should be asking, either with respect to Abkhazia or Mingrelia, more than we have a right to expect; but whether we make peace and obtain independence for one, and free trade for the other, or make war and gain only a valuable strategical position for ourselves, let us hope that those political and military men who have hitherto riveted their delighted gaze upon the shattered docks of Sebastopol may extend the range of their mental vision to the opposite shore of the Black Sea; and as they gradually acquire a hazy consciousness of the existence of Russia in that quarter, may admit that the campaign which has just been prosecuted in those newly discovered regions has not been altogether barren of political and military results.

But Mr. Oliphant wrote in vain. These considerations passed unheeded; the campaign *was* barren of all political results; and the Treaty of Paris having ignored the existence of the Circassians, Russia began again to carry on a war of extermination against them. Suffering more from famine than from the prowess of Russian arms, the Circassians, driven to despair, sent two deputies to England in 1862. One of these, Hajy Hassan Hayder, was at forty an aged man with eighteen wounds upon his body, and worn down with a life passed in privation and warfare ever since his childhood. These deputies addressed a petition to the Queen, dated the 26th August, in which they represented that their country was independent, that the Ottoman Government had never possessed it, and that therefore Russia could not pretend to claim it in virtue of any treaties with the Porte. They complained that Russia led Europe to believe that the Circassians were barbarians or savages, who, if left alone, would destroy their neighbour's property. This opinion Russia has certainly done her best to disseminate. It is reported that the late Said Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, was one day talking of the Circassians, and that the Russian Consul who was present would not lose the opportunity to make the observation, 'If a man steals a horse or a cow, we call him a Tcherkess.' Said Pasha replied, 'Yes; and if he seizes a whole province, then he is called a Tsar.'

The petition goes on to state that—

'The tyranny of the Russians was not confined to capturing our cattle, burning our dwellings and temples, and other unheard of atrocities, but in order to starve us on the mountains they destroyed all our

our growing crops in the plain, and captured our land.' . . . .  
 'If we were to emigrate, abandoning our homes for ages protected by our forefathers, who shed their blood for them, our poverty would prove a great obstacle to our doing so; in fact, how could we take away our own wives and children, and the widows, orphans, and helpless relations of those slain in this war? Such an undertaking would decimate the emigrants, and blot out for ever our Circassian name from the face of the earth.'

In the presence of these difficulties they implore the protection of the Queen, and pray her to interfere to prevent the extermination of a nation numbering a million of souls: these are the Circassians and Abkhasians. (We now know that these sad forebodings of the consequences of a forced emigration have been far surpassed by the reality, and that decimation is no word for the mortality that has overtaken the emigrants.) The only answer to this petition was a letter, dated September 12th, 1862, acquainting the deputies that 'Her Majesty's Government cannot interfere in the matter referred to in their petition.' Technically, perhaps, the Foreign Office could give no other answer, its hands being tied by the neglect of the Congress of Paris to establish the real position of Circassia towards Russia, and the false position assumed by Russia had apparently been acquiesced in; or, as Pozzo di Borgo said, 'The public opinion of Europe has given the Caucasus to Russia.\*' Similar indifference led Europe to acquiesce in the partition of Poland, which the British Minister of that day described as a curious transaction. There is this distinction, however, between the two—that England had had no special relations with the Poles before the partition; whereas we called upon the Circassians to co-operate with us, and they did make a diversion in our favour by attacking the Russian territory during the operations of the Turkish army. Russia has set a precedent, which might have been used in favour of Circassia, by her remonstrances in behalf of the Montenegrins, whom no one ever thought of disturbing until they descended from their mountains on head-hunting expeditions into the plain.†

The conduct and policy of Russia in Circassia and in Poland has been very similar; the cruelties exercised in Poland have

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\* Reference to the 'Correspondence respecting the Regulations issued by the Russian Government in regard to Trade with the Eastern Coast of the Black Sea,' presented to the House of Commons in February, 1863, will show that Lord Malmesbury did his best to turn to account the meagre stipulations of the Treaty of Paris, to the advantage of the Circassians, and that he commenced a policy which, had it been sustained, might have averted their downfall.

† We are glad to welcome Lady Strangford's pretty book, 'The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic,' in which an interesting account is given of the Montenegrins and their prince.

excited

excited more sympathy from being better known: yet that sympathy has been barren, because we are told that action is impracticable to us in a country which is washed by no sea. But as this objection does not hold in the case of Circassia, should we let the extermination of the mountaineers pass without remonstrance, the public opinion of Europe will have just cause for saying that in England, the will, rather than the power, has been wanting to withstand triumphant wrong.

The French, who during the Crimean war were so indifferent to the interests of their allies, and who prevented the departure of Omer Pasha's army from the Crimea till it was too late in the year for military operations in Transcaucasia, may now be sorry for the downfall of Circassia, which will enable the Russians to press still more heavily upon the unfortunate Poles. They will have yet more cause for regret should the Russian policy of depopulation now going on in the Caucasus be carried out also in Poland. We have already referred to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, and a further parallel may be drawn from that event. Henri IV., either from political motives or from Protestant feelings of opposition to the Inquisition, had opened some communications with the Moriscoes; but when they were actually expelled, he shrunk from rendering them any effective assistance, and left Spain to triumph in her cruelty, and to set an example which was in due time imitated by Louis XIV., under whom, upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Protestants, for whom his grandfather had struggled so long, were made to undergo all the horrors, the sufferings, and decimation experienced by the Moriscoes.

Even from the history of these earlier persecutions but a faint idea can be formed of the cold, the famine, the diseases which have been destroying the unfortunate Circassians while waiting upon a shore within the grasp of Russia, which will not suffer Ottoman or even English Commissioners to approach its victims, either to alleviate their misery, or to be witnesses of her own tyranny. And yet greater sufferings await them when they disembark on the Turkish coasts where no preparation has been made for them. Shall modern Europe, one of whose everlastingly recurring watchwords is the cry of humanity, submit to the disgrace of not being more enlightened than inquisitorial fanatics of the middle ages? We can scarcely endure to read of such cruelties in the records of distant ages; yet when they are repeated under our own eyes by a government which calls itself Christian,\* we cannot attempt to stay the hand of

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\* It appears from the Parliamentary papers respecting the settlement of Circassian emigrants, that the expulsion of the mountaineers has been the direct act of

of the oppressor; or to tell him that he who does such deeds can only be regarded—indeed, is already regarded—as an enemy of Mankind. But at least we may stretch forth our hands to relieve the misery which we have done nothing to avert, to aid with purse and with effective management the misdirected efforts of the Porte, to mitigate to the remnant of a brave and beautiful race those dreadful and unparalleled sufferings which have been entailed upon them solely by their righteous and steadfast defence of the hearths and homesteads of their fathers.

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- ART. V.—1. *Le Père Lacordaire*. Par le Comte de Montalembert. Deuxième Edition, revue et augmentée. Paris. 1862.
2. *Œuvres du R. P. Henri-Dominique Lacordaire, de l'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs*. Paris. 1858.
3. *Lettres du Révérend Père Lacordaire à des jeunes Gens*. Recueillies et publiées par M. l'Abbé Henri Perreyve. Paris. 1863.
4. *Lettres du R. P. Lacordaire à Madame la Comtesse Eudoxie de la Tour du Pin*. Publiées par Madame de \* \* \*. Paris. 1864.
5. *Correspondance du R. P. Lacordaire et de Madame Swetchine publiée par le Cte. de Falloux, de l'Académie Française*. Paris. 1864.
6. *Les derniers Moments du R. P. H. D. Lacordaire*. Par un Religieux de l'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs. Paris. 1861.
7. *Discours de Réception à l'Académie Française*. Par le R. P. H. D. Lacordaire, des Frères Prêcheurs, le 24 Janvier, 1861. Paris. 1861.
8. *Le Maudit*. Par l'Abbé \* \* \*. 3 Vols. Paris. 1863.
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of the Russian Government. That Government had, it is true, offered the mountaineers the choice of settling in the steppes of the Kouban, or of emigrating to Turkey. But had they accepted the former alternative, they would equally have suffered loss of home, ruin, decimation, and national annihilation. We find the following passage in the 'Bulletin du Caucase,' in the 'Journal de St Petersburg' of May 19, 1864:—'In the course of the month of March, thirty thousand individuals left Tounapré; about fifty thousand others await their turn to embark at Anapa, Novorossitsk, Djouba, and Tonapré, and at least as many more will go forth from the coasts of the Oubykh and Djighète territories. It is thus that the resistance of the last and most obstinate of the hostile tribes has been overcome, thanks to the perseverance and unheard-of labours of the troops of the Caucasus. Although it cannot be asserted that the war in the Caucasus is completely terminated until our soldiers shall have overrun all the mountain passes, and shall have driven out the last of the inhabitants, it is to be hoped that we shall no longer meet with any obstinate resistance anywhere, and that especially on account of their numerical weakness, the tribes that have remained in the defiles of the mountains can no longer be considered as the source of any danger to ourselves.'

THE

THE Romish Church was by no means popular in France during the times which preceded and immediately succeeded the Revolution of 1830. The tone of general literature was anti-clerical, and often irreligious. The number of Easter communicants in the metropolis had dwindled down to a quarter of what it had been under the Empire.\* The Archbishop's palace was sacked by the mob during the three July days, and subsequently destroyed; and for the first few months of Louis Philippe's reign no priest could show himself in the streets of Paris in the dress of his order.

This state of feeling is easily accounted for. The Government of the Restoration, especially under Charles X., had laboured to extend the influence of the Romish Church, to annul the effect of such laws as were obnoxious to the clergy, and to restore many of that body's ancient privileges.

'It had increased the number of bishops . . . given them seats in the Chamber of Peers; augmented their stipends as well as those of the priests; founded scholarships (*bourses*) in the greater and lesser seminaries; sanctioned the erection of an additional number of those establishments; encouraged and maintained the pomp of religious ceremonies; favoured (home) missions; . . . tolerated the formation of several (monastic) communities: in a word done all that a government could do by acts of favour.'†

^ In return for such substantial services, the clergy had not unnaturally thrown the weight of their influence into the political scale, and preached passive obedience and the doctrine of the right divine. Indeed, benefits were scarcely required to stir the Church's zeal. The burning remembrance of the spoliation and cruel wrongs she had suffered from the revolutionary governments, and of the tyranny with which she had been treated by the first Napoleon, was very fresh in her memory. She, as well as the nobility, looked back to the golden age prior to the catastrophe of 1789, and saw no hope of a second dawn of that good time unless the legitimate branch of the Bourbons remained in power.

Then, what had happened in England during the reign of Charles I. happened in France under Charles X. The close relationship between the Church and the State aggravated the unpopularity of both. The Government was detested for many reasons, some good and some bad, justly towards the last for its utterly unconstitutional spirit and measures. The Church was

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\* See Memorial presented to the Pope by the principal editors of the '*Avenir*,' and stated by La Mennais in his '*Affaires de Rome*' to have been drawn up by Lacordaire.

† Extract from Memorial already referred to.

disliked for its absolutist doctrines, and because the old infidel leaven was still working in the country. Men were so accustomed to regard it as a mighty corporation using its power to enslave the human race, that their hatred was increased by all the strength of their fear. Thus the Church was detested because it defended the State, and the State because it upheld the Church, and that union which in England has been a source of incalculable strength, had grown in France to be a source of mutual weakness. Both institutions shared the common hatred which found an expression in Béranger's stinging couplets, and a vent in the Revolution of 1830.

There was a small, but increasing and very able section of the clergy to whom it now appeared that the truest position which the Church could adopt, would be to separate entirely from the State, to proclaim loudly the liberties for which every one was clamouring, and not only to accept, but to invoke and defend, liberty of conscience, liberty of the press, and liberty of education.

For the purpose of advocating these views, a daily newspaper was established shortly after the Revolution of 1830, under the title of '*L'Avenir*,' and bearing as its motto the words '*God and Liberty*.' Not content with this step, the editors and literary staff soon afterwards formed themselves into an association, under the name of '*Agence Générale pour la Défense de la Liberté Religieuse*.' Its principal objects were to obtain redress, either from the Legislature or the law courts, for any acts of the Government or of its subordinates which might interfere with the clergy; to maintain Catholic schools, and defend them against the encroachments and interference of the University; to secure the right of uniting together for prayer, study, 'or any other legitimate end equally advantageous to the cause of religion, the poor, and civilisation.' This last article referred, we presume, to monastic institutions, which were not then legal in France. The *Agence* was directed by a council of nine persons, under the presidency of the Abbé de La Mennais, who was also principal editor of the '*Avenir*.' Among his most active fellow-workers, both in the direction of the *Agence* and of the newspaper, was a young priest of whose antecedents it is necessary that we should give some account.

Jean-Baptiste-Henri Lacordaire was born on the 12th of May, 1802, at Recey-sur-Ource, a village in Burgundy. His father, a medical man, died young in 1806, leaving a widow and four sons, of whom Henri was the second, besides a son by a former marriage. Such a loss is almost irreparable, but Madame Lacordaire showed herself equal to the difficulties

of her position. She was a woman of strong good sense, and unaffected piety, and although her means were exceedingly limited, she managed to give her children a good education. It speaks well for her training powers that they should all have succeeded in their various callings. The eldest became a traveller and naturalist of high repute, the second was the most celebrated preacher of his day, the third achieved some success as an architect and civil engineer, and the fourth rose to high rank in the French army. At the age of ten Henri entered the *Lycée*, or public school of Dijon, and remained there nine years. At first his progress was very slow; the boy was idle and combative, taking more delight in pugilism than in knowledge; but during the last years of his school-life he improved wonderfully, bore away nearly every prize, and left with the best character and the happiest prognostics for his future career. From the *Lycée* he went, after a short interval, to the 'Faculté de Droit,' or law college, in the same town. Here he obtained greater success than might have been expected from the imaginative character of his mind, then, as ever, better fitted to deal with theories than facts. Like most clever young men, he had turned his thoughts to poetry, and begun a tragedy. It was entitled 'Timoleon.' He had also translated several of Anacreon's odes into French verse. But his mother's prudent counsels prevented him from spending all his time in coquetting with the Muses. He studied the drier science of the law fervently, and earned the approbation of his fellow-students and of the Dean of the *faculté*, M. Proudhon, who, however, accused his pupil of too much theorising and generalising, and of being 'too metaphysical.'

It was at this time that Lacordaire joined an association of young men which bore the title of *Société d'Etudes*, and seems to have been a sort of mutual improvement club, for the discussion of subjects of every kind. He also belonged to a law debating society. In both his great readiness of speech gave him considerable advantages; and notwithstanding his youth, he was at once recognised as *facile princeps*. M. Lorain, from whose sketch\* of Lacordaire's early life our own is mainly drawn, and who, as an old school-fellow, must have had many opportunities of hearing him, speaks very highly of his juvenile eloquence.

'We still hear,' he says, 'those *improvisations* full of lightning-flashes, those arguments with their brilliant play of logic, their unex-

\* See the 'Correspondant' for the year 1847, tomes xvii. xviii. This is the organ of the party to which Lacordaire belonged, and M. de Montalembert's account of his life and labours originally appeared in its pages.

pected resources, their suppleness and their sudden sallies; we still see that fixed and sparkling eye, piercing and motionless as if its look were penetrating into the hidden folds of thought; we still hear that voice, clear, vibrating, thrilling, eager, intoxicated with its own power, listening to itself alone, and abandoning itself without restraint or reserve to the inexhaustible wealth of his rich nature.'

With all this the youth was studious and plodding, and very methodical and orderly, even in small things, such as the arrangement of every little article in his room.

There seems, at one time, to have existed a very general misapprehension concerning the religious opinions which Lacordaire held at this time, and which he was in the habit of advocating in these discussions. People were fond of representing him as having been a railer, and almost a blasphemer. M. Lorain gives a somewhat different account. He says that when Lacordaire left the *Lycée* he had quite lost his belief in the religious doctrines he had learnt at his mother's knee, and was, like most boys at that period, an infidel. But the discussions at the debating society seem to have exercised a beneficial influence upon him, and to have led him to think more seriously on religious subjects. And this is the more probable, because he tells us himself, in a memoir written shortly before his death, but only partially published, that most of the members were believers. He wrote about this time, in words which, though they are not those of a devout Christian, are still less those of a scoffer and railer—'I love the Gospel, because its morality is ineffable; I respect its ministers, because the influence they exercise is beneficial to society; but faith has not been given to me.'

In the autumn of 1822, when only twenty years of age, the young man came to Paris, and began his legal career, apparently as pupil to an advocate of the *Cour de Cassation*. The regulations did not allow the neophyte to plead until he had penetrated further into the mysteries of the law; but Lacordaire, with unbounded self-confidence, made light of such rules, saying that if the council of discipline took it into its head to reprimand him, it would only give him an opportunity for delivering a fine speech.

These bold beginnings had brought him into some notice. Berryer, the great advocate, whose voice still charms the Legislative Assembly of France, invited the young man to his house, and chatted with him for an hour. In the course of conversation he predicted that his youthful visitor 'would rise to the very first rank at the bar, if he only avoided the abuse of his facility of speech.'

Everything was going well, and a brilliant future seemed opening

opening before him; nevertheless, Lacordaire was unsatisfied, and ill at ease. The active life upon which he had scarcely entered appeared to lie dull and pleasureless before him.

He wrote—

“ I am feeble, discouraged, solitary in the midst of 800,000 men.” “ I feel little attachment to existence; my imagination has taken the colour out of it. I am satiated of all without having tasted anything. If you only knew how sad I am becoming. I love Sorrow and live much with her.” “ They speak to me of literary fame and public employment; I have occasionally certain desires that way; but frankly I despise fame, and can scarcely conceive why people should take so much trouble to run after such a little fool.” “ Where is the soul that shall understand mine ? ”

Without in any sense refusing to see the hand of God in the various causes which led to his becoming a priest, we may yet express our opinion that these morbid feelings, which often hang like a mist round the rising sun, would, in all probability, have been dispersed by advancing years, the prospect of a more definite future, and acknowledged success—all of which are perfectly compatible with the highest form of Christianity. But while yet in this stage, the young lawyer made the acquaintance of M. Gerbet, a priest well known in the Roman Catholic literary world, and through him the acquaintance of other priests. Though he himself says that ‘ No man, no book, was God’s instrument for my conversion,’ yet it is probable that his intercourse with these gentlemen developed the seeds sown in his mind by his pious mother, and by the debates in the Dijon Discussion Society. In the beginning of the year 1824 he wrote :—

‘ Will you believe that I am every day becoming a Christian? The progressive change which has taken place in my opinions is a singular thing.’

A little later, on the 15th of March, he says,—

‘ I have been led to my present Catholic belief through my social belief. And now nothing seems to me better proved than this consequence: Society is necessary, therefore the Christian religion is divine; for it alone has the means of leading society to perfection, by taking man with all his weaknesses and the social order with all its conditions.’

In a short autobiographical passage in the ‘ *Considérations sur le système philosophique de M. de La Mennais*,’ published in 1834, he speaks to the same effect, saying :

‘ If I seek in the depths of my memory for the logical causes of my conversion, I can discover none besides the social and historical evidences of Christianity—evidences which appeared to me in the

their fulness as soon as age had allowed me to cast aside the doubts I had inhaled with the atmosphere of the University.'

These extracts are worth noticing, as they show how early he adopted those social views of religion which formed the basis of his opinions, and the main subject of his teaching in subsequent years. But Lacordaire was never a man for half measures. To believe, was to adopt Christianity in the form that first presented itself. To do this was at once to become a priest. Notwithstanding his mother's prudent objections, he determined to abandon a profession for which he could never have felt very strong taste. On the 11th of May, 1824, he wrote to a friend that he intended entering the seminary of Saint-Sulpice on the following day.

In this, and the kindred establishment of Issy, Lacordaire remained for three years, spending his time in study, meditation, prayer, and the enjoyment of such rural charms as can be found in the neighbourhood of Paris. In one of his letters he describes Saint-Sulpice as an old building, 'with narrow corridors, dark storeys (*étages*), rooms nearly all gloomy, a court between four high walls, a little garden containing a few walks shaded with linden-trees, two flower-beds, a chestnut and a linden tree.' There is something calm and peaceful in this little picture—grey as the colouring of a French landscape painter—which harmonises well with the tone of Lacordaire's mind at this time, and with the sad cheerfulness with which he was abandoning his dreams of earthly ambition.

There is one incident of his *séminaire* life which, however, should not be forgotten, viz., the delivery of his first sermon. The following is his own humorous account:—

'I have preached; that is to say, in a refectory where one hundred and thirty persons were eating I have made myself heard amid the clatter of plates and spoons, and all the noises consequent on a repast. I do not think there can be any position more unfavourable for an orator than to have to speak to men who are eating; and Cicero himself could not have uttered his Catiline orations at a dinner of Senators, unless, indeed, he had made them drop their knives and forks with the very first sentence. What would it have been if he had had to speak to them on the mystery of the Incarnation? This is, nevertheless, what I had to do; and I confess that at the air of indifference which reigned on every face, at the aspect of men who did not appear to be listening to me, and whose whole attention seemed concentrated on their plates, I felt a constantly recurring desire to throw my square cap at their heads. I left the pulpit, therefore, with the fullest conviction that I had preached horribly badly. I dined in haste, and went into the garden. There I soon discovered that my discourse had produced some sensation, and that my hearers had been struck. I

confine

confine myself to this remark, which already shows quite vanity enough.'

It seems that he himself was really satisfied with the attempt, and felt convinced that 'pulpit eloquence was the line best suited to the development of his faculties.'

After Lacordaire's ordination, which took place on the 22nd of September, 1827, M. de Quélen, the Archbishop of Paris, wished to give him some charge in the parishes of Saint-Sulpice or the Madeleine; but he refused, and only accepted the humble position of chaplain to a convent of the Visitation. Thence, towards the end of the following year, he was at the Archbishop's request appointed assistant chaplain to the Collège Henri IV., one of the great public schools of the metropolis. Here he succeeded because he liked children, but nevertheless his activity was unsatisfied. He longed for some sphere in which he might serve God more effectually, though not more gloriously; for there is every reason to believe that he was little tempted by human ambition. He also probably felt that his opinions were distasteful to his superiors and to the great majority of his clerical brethren, as in becoming a priest he had not thought it necessary to abandon his liberal opinions, a fact which M. de Montalembert notes as a strange phenomenon at that time. Under these circumstances he formed the resolution which many great men have formed before him, of trying, not his fortunes, but his energies in the 'United States.' For this purpose he placed himself in communication with the Bishop of New York, who offered him a post of Vicar-General. Before leaving France, however, he wished to see something of La Mennais, who was then, as regards ability and intellectual influence, unquestionably the leading man of the French clergy. His friend, the Abbé Gerbet, whose name we have already mentioned, kindly undertook to further his wishes, and took him down to La Chenaie. This was La Mennais's country-house, deep hidden in the woods of Brittany, one of the few relics of his father's fortune, shipwrecked during the wars of the great Revolution. Though Lacordaire had already been casually introduced to this distinguished writer, and had read his works with much attention, he was not a disciple. He had, indeed, long resisted his influence, and struggled against his vigorous logic. On the 25th of June, 1825, he had written:—

'I like neither the system of M. de La Mennais, which I think false, nor his political opinions, which I think exaggerated. I am determined not to enter any coterie, however illustrious. I wish only to belong to the Church and to the Archbishop, my natural superior. My only desire is to live long in toil and obscurity, so as to allow the faculties

faculties I may have received from God to ripen, and to be thus enabled to turn them some day to the glory of His name. In this age men are in too great a hurry to appear in public—to devour themselves. It is only in retreat, in silence, in meditation, that can be developed men fitted to exercise an influence on society. I do not pretend to belong to the number. I am ignorant of what lies before me; but I am fully resolved not to write too soon—not to give a single article to the most Catholic newspaper in the world.'

These prudent resolves, however, vanished into very thin air before the personal influence of La Mennais. This strange and gifted man was now in his forty-eighth year, and in the zenith of his fame. Eloquent, dogmatic, ever carrying his arguments to their logical extreme, nature had formed him to be the chief of a party, and to exercise commanding influence over young and ardent spirits. He bore them away by the power and authority of his genius, and the intensity of his own convictions. His brother John had spoken less than the truth when he said: 'Alas! he will never enjoy perfect peace. God has made him a soldier: his life is a great battle against the enemies of the truth and their hatred is indefatigable.' He was not merely a soldier; he must be the leader of a forlorn-hope, and occupy the extreme point of an extreme position. Though his opinions had already undergone one marked change, and were destined to pass through another still more violent, he never learned toleration. He was ever ready to impute the basest motives to his political opponents, and to assail them with all the shafts of his indignant rhetoric. In his dealings with public authorities, or men with whom he was only brought officially into contact, he was often arrogant and unbending. Towards his personal friends, on the contrary, he was kindly and most affectionate. He would listen to their remonstrances with humility, however much they might be intellectually his inferiors. If we wished to describe his mind in a few words, we should say that it was intense, but singularly narrow.

Such as he was, there can be no doubt that his influence on young men was unbounded. Cardinal Wiseman, who will scarcely be suspected of partiality for the rebellious priest, and who, indeed, calls him a 'wretched man,' says:—

'Never had the head of a religious school possessed so much of fascinating power to draw the genius, energy, devotedness, and sincerity of ingenuous youth about him.'

He adds:—

'How he did so mightily prevail on others it is hard to say. He was truly, in look and presence, most contemptible; small, weakly, without

without pride of countenance or mastery of eye, without any external grace.'

As, however, his Eminence, in his florid way, goes on to describe how La Mennais would 'pour out streams of thought, flowing spontaneous and unrippled, as streams through a summer meadow,'\* the mystery—if there ever was one—seems to us easily explained. Young men, unless they belong to the *nil admirari* school, cannot venture with impunity into contact with men of genius. Before he had been long at La Chenaie, Lacordaire was made captive by the 'wretched man's' eloquence. The following is his own description of his visit :—

'We were very happy in our forests; there were fifteen or sixteen of us, mostly young men and laymen. We walked, talked, and played together like brothers. It brought to my mind those old times of Christianity, when the inhabitants of some great town would flock to the den of a famous solitary. Our hermit is infinitely good and simple, without charlatanism, in disgrace with Kings, and careless of such being the case.'

Though he did not at first give up his intention of leaving France, this visit to La Chenaie had sown in Lacordaire's mind the seeds of a friendship which was soon to be developed in a common undertaking. When the 'Avenir' was founded, La Mennais found a devoted and able coadjutor in his new disciple.

It was at this time also that Lacordaire first became known to M. de Montalembert, who had rushed from Ireland to take part in the new enterprise. The two young men immediately conceived an ardent affection for one another; an affection which was destined to last through life, and to be touchingly commemorated in the book before us. That book, however, only takes up the story of the great preacher's career from the latter portion of the year 1830. Of his youth and early manhood scarcely a single word is said; and it is the comparative difficulty of obtaining information on those years which has induced us to dwell on them at greater length than we otherwise should have done. And while we are on this subject, we will, once for all, express our grievances against M. de Montalembert, who, with all his great ability, has succeeded in writing one of the worst biographies we have ever read. We have not the slightest wish to deny the eloquence of many passages, or the fine, manly tone of the whole work; but there is at the same time a prevailing want of arrangement, a habit of omitting important facts, and a tendency to glide over whole periods, which are ill compensated by pages of panegyric. If instead of constantly losing himself in digressions M. de Mon-

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\* 'Recollections of the Last Four Popes,' p. 337.

talembert had condescended to write a consecutive narrative, and chronicle a few more facts, we should have been much better satisfied. As it is, Lacordaire's life remains to be written.

But to return to the 'Avenir.' A study of the general character of that periodical has shown us that it was grievously tainted with those defects of tone and language which disgraced French journalism during the reign of Louis Philippe and the existence of the Republic of 1848. Nothing but the violence and want of forbearance shown by the public papers during that period—with some few honourable exceptions—can explain the present state of the laws in France with regard to the press. The 'Avenir,' during its short life of thirteen months, was as bad, if not worse than most of its fellows; for, in addition to political acerbity, its editors displayed that proverbial intemperance which characterises the disputes of theologians. Lacordaire himself was ever in the thickest of the fight. Many of the most furious articles came from his pen. He it was who signed the most stirring appeals to the clergy to reject the ignoble pay of the State, and abandon, if need were, even their churches. At the slightest semblance of coercion or even of interference from the Government, he would pour forth streams of angry rhetoric and invective. The words oppression, tyranny, wrong, are ever on his lips. He was apparently quite incapable of understanding and making allowances for the difficulties which men in power have to contend against. That the Government should feel obliged to consult the feelings of a majority deeply hostile to the claims of the clergy, seems never to have struck him.

Before long Lacordaire's freedom of speech brought him into trouble. A very violent article written by him had appeared on the 25th of November, 1830, followed the next day by one equally strong from the pen of La Mennais. The cause of their anger was the appointment of some new bishops by the Government, in virtue of the Concordat of 1801, which the editors of the 'Avenir' considered no longer valid. The two articles were certainly rather strong, and the ruling powers, naturally irritated, determined to send the writers before a jury. They were charged with inciting their fellow-citizens to disobey the law, and striving to bring hatred and contempt on the King's Government. The case was tried before the Court of Assize on the 31st of January, 1831. La Mennais, being no speaker, was defended by counsel. Lacordaire argued his own case with distinguished success. His speech, from which M. de Montalembert gives an extract, and which is printed in full in the 'Avenir,' is to our mind abler than his articles. Lacordaire's genius was unquestionably oratorical, not literary. The two prisoners were  
acquitted

acquitted amid the acclamations of all present; and M. de Montalembert thus touchingly describes the close of the stormy day :—

‘The judgment was not pronounced till midnight.’ A large crowd surrounded and cheered the conqueror of the day. When the crowd had dispersed, we returned home alone, in the darkness, along the quays. ‘On the threshold of his door I hailed him as the orator of the future.’ He was neither intoxicated nor overwhelmed by his triumph; I saw that to him the little vanities of success were less than nothing—mere dust in the night. But I saw him eager to spread the contagion of devotedness and courage, and ravished by those testimonies of mutual faith and disinterested tenderness which in young and Christian hearts shine with a brilliancy purer and more beloved than all victories.’

This success, as M. de Montalembert truly remarks, was not calculated to cool the boiling courage of these adventurous spirits. One of the laws which the ‘*Avenir*’ was most violent in denouncing, and the ‘*Agence*’ in endeavouring to overthrow, was the educational monopoly of the University. The Charter of 1830 had promised that within as short a delay as possible a law should be prepared granting liberty of education; but the Government showed no disposition to hurry, and in the mean time the Roman Catholics complained bitterly that no school could be opened, or teacher appointed, without the sanction of an unbelieving body, such as the University. The law on the subject was plain enough; but the editors of the ‘*Avenir*’ cared very little for laws when they considered them bad; so on the 29th of April, 1831, they issued a prospectus announcing that on Monday, the 9th of May,\* a school would be opened without the Government permission, in which religion, French, Latin, Greek, writing, and arithmetic, would be taught gratuitously. M.M. de Coux, Montalembert, and Lacordaire were to act as instructors, and to take the responsibility of the concern. Accordingly the school was opened, and Lacordaire made a short introductory address, after which he took the Catechism and Latin grammar classes. The next day but one, at a quarter past three in the afternoon, a police agent (who had already shown himself on the preceding day) came and directed all present to retire. He first addressed the children, saying, ‘In the name of the law I call on you to depart!’ Lacordaire immediately cried, ‘In the name of your parents, whose authority I have, I order you to stay!’ The children, of whom there were eighteen present, and who probably enjoyed the fun, cried unani-

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\* M. de Montalembert says that the school was opened on the 7th of May. This is apparently a mistake according to the ‘*Avenir*.’

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mously, 'We will stay!' on which the police agent, with the help of his brethren, turned out every one except Lacordaire, who protested that he had hired the place, that it was his house, and that he would sleep there unless forcibly ejected. 'Leave me,' said he, seating himself on a camp-bedstead which stood in the room. 'Leave me: I remain here alone with the law and with my right.' But the policeman having touched his shoulder as a sign that constraint would be used if necessary, he retired, and seals were placed on the doors of the house.

Before the legal proceedings which the Government immediately instituted were ripe for judgment, M. de Montalembert's father died, and his son, though too young to take his seat, succeeded to the peerage.\* This gave him a right to be tried by the highest tribunal in the land, and as this right extended to those who were to be tried with him, the three *schoolmasters*, as they called themselves, appeared before the Chamber of Peers on the 14th and 15th of September.† It was a grand day for them and for their cause. All three spoke in their own defence, and spoke well. M. de Montalembert naturally says nothing of his own triumph, but it is well known that his speech on this occasion was a great success, and formed a fitting foundation-stone to his future reputation. Lacordaire's discourse, though perfectly suited to the occasion, is perhaps a little disappointing to the general reader. It is an able piece of pleading, but the orator felt that he was defending a cause rather than establishing what the law should be. Instead of rising to general principles, he endeavoured to prove that he and his friends had done nothing illegal. This was of course the right line to adopt, and M. de Montalembert expresses his belief that his friend's speech produced considerable impression on the assembled peers. The verdict, so far as the prisoners were concerned, was virtually an acquittal. They were merely condemned to pay a trifling fine of 100 francs; and though their cause was lost, and the free school closed, they had succeeded in creating an interest in the subject, and making their voices ring throughout France.

M. de Montalembert, whose scorn and hatred for the present state of things in France are unbounded, looks back with unavailing regrets to these strifes and struggles of his youth. Seen through the golden vapours of time, the past appears to him a period of noble earnestness—the present as one of degradation and decay. Thus thinks the great parliamentary orator, now fallen on evil times, gagged, calumniated, and oppressed. But one of his bitterest griefs must be to know that it was the rest-

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\* He was then only twenty-one.

† The 19th and 20th of September according to the 'Avenir.'

less, radical spirit shown by such parties as that of the 'Avenir' which sapped and ultimately overthrew a government under which he was at least allowed freely to express his opinions.

The 'Avenir's' short existence was, however, destined soon to expire. Its principles were equally distasteful to a clergy which was mainly Gallican and Legitimist, and to a kingly Government which was painfully striving to build a durable edifice. Accordingly, on the 15th of November, 1831, the editors announced that the paper was for the present suspended, and that three of their number, viz., M. M. de La Mennais, Montalembert, and Lacordaire, intended starting for Rome to submit all their opinions to the Pope. This idea had originated with Lacordaire, and bears the impress of his ardent and yet submissive mind.

The Roman Court, in its somewhat pusillanimous prudence, regarded the step with scarcely veiled dislike. Its one desire in the matter was to do nothing, and here were these injudicious friends compelling it to compromise itself. Accordingly, when the three 'pilgrims of God and liberty,' as they styled themselves, reached the Eternal City, they were not received as such. They were left, says La Mennais in his 'Affaires de Rome,' in complete isolation. Their request of an interview with the Pope was only granted on condition that no mention should be made of the matter that had brought them to Rome. After waiting for some weeks, La Mennais, never a very patient subject, began to lose his temper. Lacordaire, who was of a far less obstinate nature, and at all times inclined highly to respect the Papal authority, preached submission, but in vain. The very causes which irritated his companion filled him with admiration. The disposition to do nothing, which seemed to La Mennais the inertness of death, appeared to him as the unruffled majesty of eternity. He says in his 'Life of S. Dominic,' 'Those who come to Rome for the first time, bearing with them the unction of Christianity and the tenderness of youth, know the emotion which that sight produces.' And it is evident from many passages in his works, and especially from his 'Letter on the Holy See,' that he himself had been deeply struck. His imagination had formed a brilliant ideal of what the Papacy had done, was then doing, and was destined to do, for the human race. That the ideal by no means corresponded with the reality did not much matter. It seized the throne of his mind, and became the central point of his thoughts and the ruling power of his life. There is little of his subsequent teaching which has not some direct or indirect reference to it. As, however, La Mennais was far from participating in these views, and was growing indeed to regard the Papacy as what Mr. Carlyle would call a 'Solemn Sham,'

Sham,' all fellow feeling between himself and Lacordaire was brought to an end; and the latter, foreseeing that the doctrines of the '*Avenir*' were destined to condemnation, determined to return to France. He left Rome on the 15th of March, 1832, in deep sorrow at having to abandon his eloquent though insubordinate master, but feeling that his conscience required the step.

And here a circumstance occurred which we must not forget amid the more engrossing interests of religious politics. On his return to Paris, Lacordaire found the cholera raging with terrible fury; and 'with that cool and quiet courage which distinguished him, devoted himself to the sick and dying' in one of the hospitals. Braving the fear of infection, and the hostility of the authorities, he continued during the whole of that fearful time to administer ghostly consolations to such as needed them, and in his own words to 'gather in a scanty harvest for Eternity.' His heart was unquestionably in the right place.

But to return to our narrative. La Mennais and M. de Montalembert were by no means pleased with the step Lacordaire had taken. They refused to consider the Pope's silence a sufficient answer to their memorials, and determined to remain in Rome until some definite decision was proclaimed. A few more months, however, quite exhausted their small fund of patience. In the month of July they publicly announced their intention of resuming the '*Avenir*,' and started for France through Germany. At Munich a surprise awaited them. They happened to see on an hotel list the name of Lacordaire, who by the merest chance was travelling in the same country. They immediately of course joined company; and it was while there that the three friends received the Encyclical letter of the 15th of August, 1832, which Gregory XVI., goaded into action by La Mennais's parting threat, had at last fulminated against their doctrines. As this is one of the most important documents which have emanated from the Holy See during this century, we shall make no apology for stopping a moment to consider it.

If the Pope had contented himself with condemning whatever was exaggerated in the opinions of this hot-headed band of journalists—with showing them that their liberalism was inopportune, and their violence injurious to the cause of religion, there could be nothing to object to. That the Papacy should refuse to abandon her traditional policy, and to throw herself blindly into the arms of democracy, is perfectly comprehensible. But the Encyclical letter goes much further than this, and contains decisions which, if they are to be regarded as the infallible judgments of the Church, at once establish an impassable gulf between the Church and modern society. Not content with exhorting the faithful

faithful to abstain from rebellion, from innovations, from indifference, and from attempts to separate the State from the Church, the letter contains such utterances as the following :

‘From this putrid source of indifference flows that absurd and erroneous opinion, or rather that frenzy, that liberty of conscience is to be granted and guaranteed to every one.’

This happy idea is further developed in a whole paragraph, after which the Encyclical letter continues :

‘To this pertains also that terrible, detestable, and never-to-be-sufficiently-execrated liberty of printing whatever one will—a liberty which certain persons dare with such assurance to extend and promote.’

Our space prevents us from giving further extracts ; suffice it to say that a similar spirit breathes through the whole composition, as also through the letter which Cardinal Pacca, by direction of the Pope, wrote to La Mennais, enclosing the Encyclic. But we shall have to return to the subject.

Now we can afford to pass all this by with a smile. But to men who were passionately devoted to the principles which the Pope’s letter condemned, and who were yet in the habit of regarding the authority from which that letter emanated as infallible, the question presented itself as one of life and death. They submitted, however, and all the editors of the ‘Avenir’ signed a declaration that they bowed to the Papal decision, and that the Agency would be dissolved, and the ‘Avenir’ finally suspended. La Mennais retired to his house of La Chenaie, and Lacordaire followed him,

‘there,’ says M. de Montalembert, ‘to prepare himself in retreat and retirement for whatever God, by his Church or by the course of events, might direct him to do. But in this wild and melancholy spot he soon discovered that he was mistaken in supposing that the Abbé de La Mennais was resigning himself to his defeat, and would know how to profit by it, both for the service of the Church and for his own glory. Every day he saw that the space which separated them in their judgments on the past and the future was growing wider and wider ;’

and foreseeing truly that his master was entering on a course which would ultimately estrange him from the Roman Catholic communion, Lacordaire determined to flee from La Chenaie.

‘I left the place alone, and on foot,’ says he, in his still unpublished *Memoirs*,\* ‘while M. de Lamennais † was taking the walk which gene-

\* Quoted by M. Albert de Broglie, in his ‘Discours de Réception à l’Académie Française,’ when, according to custom, he uttered the eulogy of his predecessor.

† In the later years of his life La Mennais adopted this method of writing his name as being more democratic.

rally followed the dinner. At a certain point on my road I perceived him, through the copse, among his young disciples. I stopped, and after taking a last look at this unhappy great man, I went on my way without knowing what would become of me, or how God would estimate the act I was accomplishing.'

This flight took place on the afternoon of the 11th of December, 1832, and fittingly closes the first act of Lacordaire's life. Here, too, we bid farewell to the man who had exercised so great an influence on that life, as also on the history of the Roman Catholic Church in France. It is not our duty to follow La Mennais' mind in its vacillations between clerical submissiveness and the calls of liberty, or to examine the eloquent folly of the 'Paroles d'un Croyant,' and the exaggerations of the Encyclical letter which condemned it. With his democratic dreams we have naturally no sympathy. But it seems to us that in separating from the communion of the Romish Church he acted more logically—which does not mean more honestly—than that exceedingly respectable party which he originally founded, and which was and is represented by such men as Lacordaire, Ozanam, Montalembert, de Falloux, and Albert de Broglie. He said in effect, 'An authority I had been in the habit of thinking infallible has given a decision which, in my inmost conscience, I cannot but regard as wicked and absurd. The only conclusion I can come to is, that the authority was not infallible.' These other gentlemen spend or have spent their lives in contradicting the Papal letter, and yet proclaim loudly that the authority from which it proceeded cannot err. This does not seem quite reasonable. Let us examine one or two of them on the subject. M. Albert de Broglie, for whose general temperance of judgment we entertain high respect, seems to affirm that the Encyclical letter was merely Rome's way of asserting that she would not be dictated to by La Mennais. As he figuratively puts it, she was merely declaring, that 'perfect freedom is necessary to her, so that she may nowhere strike the precious vessel borne in her hands against the accidents of time and space.' He further denies that the terms of the Encyclic imply a separation between liberty and Roman Catholicism. As regards this latter opinion, we confess that we do not see what else the terms can mean. As regards the former, it seems to us a strange way of preserving one's liberty unfettered, to publish a series of extreme propositions, purporting to be infallible, in very violent language, and in a dogmatic tone which precludes subsequent modification. M. de Falloux, on the other hand, damns the Encyclic with faint praise, which, however, we think unmerited. He says: 'The Pope did it [condemned the extreme views of the "Avenir"] with regret, and in such measured

measured terms, that a few years later, in the pontificate of Gregory XVI. himself, . . . many bishops adopted the same general principles tempered by experience and a clearer comprehension of questions.\* 'Measured terms' are not, so far as our acquaintance with such documents extends, the prevailing characteristic of Papal missives. Even the two extracts given will show that moderation of language was not exactly the feature one would have selected for approval in the Encyclical letter of the 15th of August, 1832. Besides, it seems strange praise to say of a publication supposed to convey something like an infallible decision, that the weakness and ambiguity of its terms were such that it could be set at nought with impunity. Of M. de Montalembert himself, we will only say that his whole life has been a brilliant refutation of the exaggerated doctrines of Gregory XVI.; and it will be remembered that in the speech he delivered at Malines on the 20th of August last, before the Catholic Congress, he repudiated them altogether, for the year 1830 as for the present time.

Weary of the struggles of the last two years, wounded, and sore distressed, Lacordaire, after his final rupture with La Mennais, wished for rest. He longed for some peaceful home in a country parsonage, far from the turmoils and troubles of religious politics. He also felt that time would be needed to regain the good opinion of the clergy and of his superiors. The Archbishop of Paris, however, treated the young priest with more forbearance than might have been expected. He retained him in the diocese, and gave him the same modest chaplaincy in the convent of the Visitation which he had already occupied in 1827. Here Lacordaire dwelt three years, in that solitude which he loved so much, and to which he so frequently had recourse. His quiet days were spent in the duties of his office, in prayer and in study. It was here that he wrote his '*Considérations sur le système philosophique de M. de La Mennais*,' in answer to the '*Paroles d'un Croyant*.' It is written with great moderation of language, though little philosophical power. He was also meditating, if not collecting materials for, a great work on the '*Church and the World in the Nineteenth Century*,' the composition of which was to take him six years. It was here, we believe, that his mother died, and that he formed the acquaintance of his second mother, Madame Swetchine, to whose religious *salon* he had been introduced by M. de Montalembert. This lady's life has been gracefully written by M. de Falloux; it was that of a truly devout Christian woman. She soon formed a strong affection for Lacordaire, who says:

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\* '*Life of Madame Swetchine*,' vol. i. p. 348.

'I landed

'I landed on the shores of her soul like a waif broken by the waves; and I remember yet, after twenty-five years, what light and strength she placed at the service of a young man who was unknown to her. Her counsels preserved me at once from faltering and from self-confidence.'

It was in the spring of 1833, and in the church of S. Roch, that Lacordaire preached his first sermon in public. And here, strangely enough, the advocate who had won golden opinions, the clerical orator whose voice had rung in many a court of justice, and astonished the Chamber of Peers, failed completely. M. de Montalembert, who was present, tells us that every one went out saying, 'He is a man of talent, but he will never be a preacher.' Lacordaire, with his habitual humility, thought so himself. He declared that his only expectation was that 'he might one day be called to a work required by, and entirely devoted to youth.' Such an opportunity soon presented itself. He was invited to preach a series of sermons at the Collège Stanislas. The course was commenced on the 19th of January, 1834, and soon the chapel could not contain the crowds that flocked to its doors. But this triumph was of short duration. 'Denounced,' says his biographer, 'at Rome, denounced to the Government, denounced especially to the Archbishop of Paris, Lacordaire was compelled first to suspend the course, and then to abandon his intention of resuming it during the winter of 1834-35.' A fair description of the kind of persecution Lacordaire had to suffer at this time may be found in a book which has been recently creating considerable sensation in France. '*Le Maudit*' is a work of fiction purporting to be founded on fact, and to be the production of an Abbé. Of the truth of the latter statement there is considerable internal evidence. The story is that of a young priest, of pure life, noble aspirations, great ability and powerful eloquence, who endeavours to liberalize the Church of Rome, and fails miserably. Perfectly orthodox on all questions of doctrine, he places himself in opposition to the prevailing current of ecclesiastical opinion on the temporal power of the Pope, the celibacy of the clergy, and the desirability of extending the influence of the religious orders, especially the Jesuits. He naturally excites great opposition. The Jesuits bring all their masked batteries to bear upon him; his bishops regard him with hatred and distrust; and his clerical brethren cry fie upon him; and finally he dies excommunicated and broken-hearted.\* Lacordaire never advocated such extreme views as the imaginary

\* There is an English translation of this work, it is entitled '*Under the Ban.*' 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1864.

hero of the 'Maudit,' and he was besides very much more submissive ; but there is ample evidence in his life and letters that he had frequently to complain of attacks similar to those which the author of that work so graphically describes. His career furnishes many proofs that any priest who wishes to follow an independent course does not sleep on a bed of roses. In his correspondence with Madame Swetchine there are several passages in which he bitterly complains of the Archbishop of Paris, and the fact that by entering a religious order he would emancipate himself in a great measure from episcopal control was probably one of the minor reasons that subsequently induced him to take that step. Be that as it may, Lacordaire scarcely murmured, even to his most intimate friends, when his course of sermons at the Collège Stanislas was put a stop to. 'Obedience costs something,' he wrote ; 'but I have learned from experience that sooner or later it receives its reward, and that God alone knows what is good for us.' He did receive his reward ; the Archbishop soon afterwards invited him to preach in one of the first, if not the very first pulpit in Europe.

There is, apparently, some slight difference of opinion concerning the immediate manner in which this request was brought about. M. de Montalembert says it was at the desire of a deputation of law students, headed by Ozanam, one of the founders of the Society of S. Vincent de Paul, and subsequently Professor of Foreign Literature at the Sorbonne. M. de Falloux, on the other hand, gives the following account :

'In the autumn of 1834 M. Lacordaire was walking, sad and submissive, in an alley of the Luxembourg, when he was accosted by a priest with whom he had no previous acquaintance. "Why do you thus remain in idleness?" said his unknown interlocutor ; "why do you not go and see Monseigneur de Quélen?" The Abbé Lacordaire answered by a smile, and continued his solitary walk. After reflecting for a few moments, he asked himself the same question, and directed his footsteps mechanically towards the convent of S. Michael, in which Mgr. de Quélen had occupied an humble cell ever since the sack of the Archiepiscopal palace. He gained an easy admission, and found the Archbishop alone. . . . After a few words of ordinary conversation, Mgr. de Quélen kept silence for a moment, and then, as if taking a sudden resolution, he fixed his eyes with a grave, penetrating, affectionate look on Madame Swetchine's young friend, and said : "I give you the pulpit of Nôtre Dame, and in six weeks you will preach your first sermon." The Abbé Lacordaire started back in terror. The Archbishop pressed him in vain, and the consent of the eloquent apostle who felt his strength, but shrank from the responsibility, was only obtained after he had spent two days in prayer and meditation.'

The sixteen years during which Lacordaire's voice rang from the  
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the pulpit of Nôtre Dame were a period of intense excitement, culminating in 1848. Whether in politics, social economy, literature, or religion, it seemed as if nothing was settled—as everything rested on the shifting quicksands of individual opinion. The Government of Louis Philippe, born of a revolution, and destined to perish as it was born, carried through the eighteen years of its existence the radical vice of its origin. Founded in great measure by the efforts of the extreme democratic party, it had yet, from the nature of things, been unable to satisfy their expectations and requirements. That it was the best and freest rule which France had enjoyed for many generations formed no claim to the respect of men who hated the restraints of all government. But restless and uncompromising as political parties then were, there were stronger symptoms of the disease which was undermining the State. Never had there been a time when wilder theories had been advanced, and stranger doctrines found disciples. A rank and monstrous growth of Fourierisms, Saint Simonianisms, Socialisms, Communisms, Positivisms, had sprung and were springing up, marking how thoroughly vitiated was the soil; for in ordinary periods of disaffection men are content to assail individual rulers, or at most, some form of government; but here their attacks were directed against the framework of society itself. In literature the old landmarks of taste and criticism had been borne away by a flood of wonderfully brilliant and able writers, who had effectually freed themselves from all the trammels of tradition. That the Romantic movement was a salutary one, we have no wish to deny; but its first result had been a brilliant confusion. Nor was the voice of genius always, or even most often, raised in defence of law, order, religion, and morality. A band of novelists, unsurpassed for power and ability by those of any other age and nation, were industriously sapping the foundations of them all. Let it be read in the pages of Eugène Sue, George Sand, and Balzac. In religion the old contest between faith and unbelief was being waged with more than the old fury. But the latter had decidedly the upper hand. The ‘sons of Voltaire’ were more numerous, and certainly quite as able as the ‘sons of the Crusaders.’ The legacy of irreligion, which the godless eighteenth century had left to France, had not been repudiated. The morality both of public and private life was at a low ebb. It was a period of intense intellectual anarchy.

To the men composing this society Lacordaire cried, as a man who had been shipwrecked with many companions might cry to them through the darkness and through the noise of winds

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and waters, that he had found a rock. Standing on what he considered to be the immoveable infallibility of the Romish Church, he proclaimed its doctrines as the one solution of the doubts and difficulties that perplex mankind. He had, as we have seen, formed a strange conception of what the Papacy was and had been, and this he proceeded to expound with all the wealth and fertility of his eloquence. In an age of social disorganization, he considered that religion should be presented in its social rather than its individual aspects; and thus his sermons, unlike those of the preachers who, as Wesley and Whitefield, have produced most impression in England, were not appeals to the individual conscience, but apologies for religion. The following is the scope and main argument of his seventy-three Conférences, as described in the one which formed a fitting crown to his oratorical labours at Nôtre Dame.

‘It seemed to me that we should start neither from metaphysics nor from history, but take our stand on a living reality, and seek there for the traces of God: for God, said I to myself, can never at any time have turned His back upon mankind; He has been, He is, and He ever will be present in a visible work proportioned to the requirements of the times, and which should be His revelation to the eyes of all. It is there that we must seize Him, in order to show Him to those who see Him not, and then ascend from age to age to the first source of His action, making the light and unity of the whole illumine and strengthen every separate part.

‘Now, the Catholic Church is at present the great revealing wonder of God. It fills the stage of this world with a miracle that has now lasted for eighteen centuries. . . . It is, therefore, by the Church that we must begin our demonstration of the truth of Christianity. . . .

‘Then, that majestic and incomparable edifice being recognised as superhuman, we sought the author, so as to discover in His history whether the character of the workman answered to the character of the work. The annals of the world named Christ, and we studied Him in His private and public life, in His miracles, in the prophecies which from distant ages had heralded and prepared His coming, and by which He established an authentic connection with the whole past of the human race. Like the Church this man appeared to us to be unique in kind, and to be the only man who, having dared to call himself God, had really spoken, acted, and lived like a God.

‘This done, with the Church at my left and God at my right, the work and the workman both recognised as Divine, I entered boldly with you into the body of doctrines which we hold from these two sources: Christ and His Church, Christ the revealer, the Church the disseminator and interpreter. Then following step by step the obscure and yet luminous mystery of the Catholic doctrine, we visited all its depths. God, the Universe, Man, the Intercourse of Man with God, the Fall, the Restoration of Man, the Laws and the Results of the Divine Government—these were successively the objects of our investigation,

tigation, and to-day I have only to place the seal on my past labours by casting into your souls a ray of light which I have hitherto left to one side, and which is the crown of the whole of Christianity in so far as it is a body of truths.'

That these arguments, and the power with which they were advanced, produced a wonderful impression on the wearied and perplexed minds of his contemporaries there can be no doubt. From Lacordaire's first sermon, in 1835, to his last sermon, in 1851, there was an ever-increasing desire to hear him. Men would wait for hours at the doors of the cathedral, and long before his discourse began the place was crowded in every part. On these occasions the nave of the ancient edifice presented a magnificent and imposing spectacle. In the alternate light and shadow of arch and column sat an enormous and densely-packed assembly, composed chiefly of men, a strange phenomenon in a foreign congregation. Among these might be counted all the men of mark that Paris in a time of wonderful intellectual fertility contained. Artists, authors, journalists, preachers, poets, professors, cabinet ministers, parliamentary orators, diplomatists, all thronged to hear the eloquent Dominican. Mingled with these were crowds of young men who had yet their spurs to win, the students of the Paris University. Suddenly, as the preacher ascended the pulpit, there would be a hush of expectation, and all eyes would be turned upon the tall and white-robed figure, the majestic head with its fine regular features and shaven crown.\* His sermon had no text. Addressing first the Archbishop as 'Monseigneur,' and then the congregation as 'Messieurs,' he would launch forth, beginning generally with a reference to his last discourse. Then for an hour and more he would keep his hearers entranced by the power of his eloquence, now soaring in ambitious flight, and 'piling up a grand array of words;' now flashing forth with unexpected allusions and daring similes; now overwhelming his imaginary adversaries with a torrent of rhetoric; now piercing them through and through with the keen dagger of his sarcasm. Whether he were rolling forth a sonorous period, almost losing himself in subtle distinctions, or relating a telling anecdote, there was never any loss for word or thought. No art was neglected that might win the sympathies and attention of the congregation. Though his doctrines were as old as the exorbitant pretensions of the Papacy, and many of them as old as Christianity itself, he never used that conventional religious language which, from constant use, has come to mean nothing. The language he spoke was essentially

\* This description of course does not apply to the *Conférences* of 1835 and 1836, preached before Lacordaire had joined, and consequently adopted the dress of the Dominicans or 'Frères Prêcheurs.'

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that of Young France—of the men to whom it was addressed. It was coloured, epigrammatic, figurative, incisive, full of point, and not unfrequently had that polished kind of wit which the French call *esprit*. The action which accompanied and gave additional force to the speech was perfect; every attitude might have been studied by a sculptor. The clear metallic voice was faultless in intonation, now ringing out like a trumpet, now soft and tender as the voice of a woman. No wonder that at the termination of every glowing period, or when any particularly good point had been made, there would arise a deep hum of admiration, which, during the stormy days of 1848, occasionally deepened into uncontrollable applause.

Does all this mean that there are no faults to be found either with the form or matter of Lacordaire's oratory? Unquestionably not. Many accusations can with justice be brought against both; and we have by no means exhausted the catalogue when we say that he is in the constant habit of confounding Romanism and Christianity; of making silly and unfounded assertions concerning Protestantism; of confounding the forms of Protestantism which he knew imperfectly, with other forms of Protestantism of which he knew nothing; of arranging history in accordance with his prejudices; of adopting arguments apparently on the spur of the moment, without always considering their soundness; and of making definitions and distinctions which are merely fanciful. In addition to these defects, Lacordaire's sermons have those that are almost necessarily inherent to extempore preaching, and which are of course more apparent to the reader than to the hearer.

Still it is an exaggeration to say, with M. Edmond Scherer, a well-known and very able critic,\* that Lacordaire's discourses are now unreadable; that 'it would be impossible to quote from all the Dominican's oratorical works a single passage which now, in the reading, can be pronounced eloquent; a single sentence which still stirs something in our hearts.' That the sermons in passing through the hands of the shorthand reporter have lost terribly we have no doubt, although M. de Montalembert declares that 'among the principal orators of his time there was not one whose "improvisations" have stood so well, and retain through the terrible ordeal of publication so much fire, life, and colour.' Holding these views, M. de Montalembert is naturally very indignant with M. Scherer; the truth, we think, lies between the two.

But to return to Lacordaire's Life. Notwithstanding every

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\* See an article in the 'Temps' newspaper, reprinted in the author's 'Études Critiques sur la Littérature Contemporaine.'

opposition,

opposition, whether on the part of the clergy, the government, or the press, the series of *Conférences* for the years 1835 and 1836 had been a distinguished success. Not only had the religious people of France been startled by the new and eloquent voice,—but the world of Paris, ever eager like the Athenians of old for some new thing, had been taken by storm. The triumph had been so great that on one occasion M. de Quélen had risen from his archiepiscopal seat and proclaimed Lacordaire to that vast assembly as the *New Prophet*. Nevertheless, in the midst of this blaze of triumph and popularity the still youthful priest remained undazzled. He felt the necessity of prayer, peace, and study for the full development of his mind and soul, and determined to abandon the pulpit, at any rate for a time. Accordingly, he refused the Archbishop's most pressing solicitations to remain, and departed for Rome.

It was shortly after Lacordaire had left Paris that La Mennais published his '*Affaires de Rome*,' in which he described the various events that had led to his separation from the Romish Church. The book is written throughout with far greater temperance than we could have supposed was in his nature; but as Lacordaire's name was of course frequently mentioned in it, and as it contained many things of which he highly disapproved, he wrote a vague sort of answer, entitled '*Lettre sur le Saint Siège*.' This little work is rather a panegyric of the Papacy past, present, and to come than anything else.

It appears from one or two passages in Lacordaire's letters that it was while on a journey to France that he formed the determination of becoming a monk, and entering the ancient Order of the Dominicans. Several hints in his correspondence with Madame Swetchine point in that direction for some time before he came to a final conclusion. Yet it cost him a hard struggle. He himself said: 'It had cost me nothing to quit the world for the priesthood; it cost me everything to add to the priesthood the burden of the religious life.' Having once taken his determination, he did not remain long inactive. On the 6th of April, 1839, he wrote to his friend, Madame de la Tour du Pin:—

'On Tuesday next, the 9th of April, at seven o'clock in the evening, my companions and myself will assume the dress of S. Dominic. It will be given us by the Master-General of the Order at the chapel of S. Dominic, in the church of the Minerva, in presence of the monks and of a few friends. According to custom we shall add to our other names that of some saint belonging to the Order. I have chosen that of Dominic, who is henceforward to be so dear to me. The day after our assuming the dress, we are to start for Viterbo, a town in the Papal States some fifteen or twenty leagues from Rome. We shall  
there

there go through our year of noviciate in a holy and renowned convent of the Order.'

In subsequent letters he speaks in rapturous terms of the blessings of his new life, of its calm, and of the advantages of the theological studies he was pursuing. Perhaps our readers may like to see an account of that life from his own pen:—

'Our day begins at five and ends between nine and ten. The service, which is chanted and not sung (except complines), takes us about two hours, and sometimes longer on feast days. We work during eight hours in our cells. No extraordinary mortifications are imposed on us. According to the rules and regulations the novices might be subjected to trials which are unfortunately no longer in use; there are no longer any chapters where one might accuse oneself of one's faults; there is no discipline for the shoulders. Sometimes only, during Advent and Lent, all the members of the community receive two or three blows with a cane on their clothes; but these are no more than a reminiscence of the old humiliations of the cloister. I have not yet seen any case of private penance; those that would be inflicted in case of necessity would be fasting on bread and water, or having to eat alone in the middle of the room on a little stool. The faults committed in the choir, such as singing wrong or arriving late, are expiated by lying prostrate on the floor until the Prior taps the stall with his hand. The real austerities of the Order are, continual abstinence from flesh, fasting from the 14th of September to Easter, and wearing a woollen shirt on the body. Dispensations may be obtained as soon as required, but I have not perceived that this regimen has in anywise affected my health. Besides I repeat, that as preaching and theology are our first objects, everything else is made subservient thereto.'

It was while at the monastery of *La Quercia*, in Viterbo, that he partly, if not entirely, wrote his '*Mémoire pour le Rétablissement en France de l'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs*,' and his '*Life of S. Dominic*.' The former is an elaborate exposition of the services the Order had rendered to mankind, and an attempt to clear its memory from the bloody doings of the Inquisition, to the extent at least of not having been more active in persecution than anybody else. Of the latter work, no less a judge than Chateaubriand is reported to have said that it contained some of the most beautiful pages of contemporary French. We are sorry to differ from so great an authority, but after a careful perusal we are quite unable to concur in that opinion. As in everything that Lacordaire wrote, there are eloquent passages, but certainly far inferior in style and power to thousands of extracts that might be culled from the French authors of the nineteenth century. Besides, his mind was entirely wanting in the patient, unbiassed, judicial qualities required to make an historian. Without for a moment

moment condescending to weigh any evidence, he repeats the silliest miraculous stories, and the most absurd legends.

It was not long before he began the active propagandism for which he had taken the monastic vows. On the 14th of February, 1841, after an absence of five years, he reappeared in the pulpit of *Nôtre Dame* in the white robe and with the shaven crown of his Order. This was boldly 'taking the bull by the horns,' and affronting public opinion and adverse laws, for the establishment of a religious community was illegal. It was, however, unquestionably the right course. Lacordaire had no wish to steal in like a thief in the night, and no more public method could have been adopted of announcing his intentions than preaching a sermon at *Nôtre Dame* for the 'inauguration of the "Preaching Brothers" or Dominicans into France.' The subject of the discourse was the 'Vocation of the French nation,' and it may be described as an eloquent attempt to enlist the religious sympathies of his audience by immoderately flattering their national vanity. Such passages as the following are not creditable to the orator: 'As God said to his Son from all eternity, Thou art my first-born, so the Papacy has said to France, Thou art my eldest daughter.' There is a good deal too much in the same strain.

The years that elapsed from 1841 to 1848 were spent between Rome, Piedmont, and various parts of France, in founding monasteries and schools, resisting the attacks of the Government, endeavouring to enlist public opinion, preaching in sundry places, and striving by all means to establish the Order in France. How far Lacordaire succeeded in this last object, and to what extent the Dominicans have been able to make their way, we are quite unable to state. M. de Montalembert, who might doubtless have given us every information, is silent on this point, as on many others. Besides all these labours, Lacordaire preached *Conférences* at *Nôtre Dame* in the years 1843, 1844, 1845, and 1846, taking for his subjects 'the Effects of the Catholic Doctrine on the Mind,' 'On the Soul,' 'On Society,' and 'Jesus Christ.'

Lacordaire had none of the sober, practical sense, and patient forbearance that make a politician, and he was at first delighted with the wicked and useless Revolution of 1848. Animated by a hope that the era of Christian democracy had at last arrived, he again embarked on the troubled seas of journalism, and became the editor of a newspaper, entitled the '*Ère Nouvelle*,' in which the new doctrines were advocated with honest intemperance. The department of the *Bouches du Rhône* elected him as its representative to the *Assemblée Constituante*, and he took his seat at the extreme left, a few places  
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above that of his old friend Lamennais. Ten days, however, sufficed to show him that his ardent and yet meditative temperament was not suited to Parliamentary life and oratory. He twice addressed the Assembly from the *Tribune*, but without success; and feeling that he was useless in his new post, he resigned his seat. Shortly afterwards he also gave up his connexion with the 'Ère Nouvelle,' which was going farther than he liked, and retired to a convent which he had founded in the country.

But soon the folly and uselessness of the Revolution were brought home to him. In the last sermon of 1851, as if a dark presentiment had overshadowed him, he had bid an eloquent farewell to his hearers, saying that they 'had been the glory of his life, and would be his crown in eternity.' The presentiment was a true one. He only preached once more in Paris, and that was on the 10th of February, 1853, in the church of S. Roch, which had been the scene of his earliest and only unsuccessful sermon. This discourse has not been published, but the extracts quoted by M. de Montalembert might certainly have been regarded as hostile to the Government. No warning, however, was given to him, but he seems to have come to the conclusion that his voice was too free to be heard by the excitable Parisians, and might awaken too keen a recollection of their lost rights. He therefore bade a final adieu to the metropolitan pulpit. His last Conférences were preached at Toulouse in 1854. Here again some ideas and expressions escaped him which gave umbrage to the men in power, and he gave up public preaching. He said afterwards—

'I abandoned the pulpit from a spontaneous terror lest my own freedom should have to suffer in speaking to an age which was no longer free. I understood that in my thoughts and language, in my past and in the future I had before me, I also was a liberty, and that the time had come for me to disappear with the rest.'

The servility with which the people he had so often seen fretting against much milder bonds, accepted the ignoble yoke of Louis Napoleon, filled him with grief. Passionately devoted to all that was high and noble, he mourned to see the country falling into that slough of devotion to material prosperity which he had unjustly declared to have engulfed it during the reign of Louis Philippe. But if the general indifference to freedom grieved him much, there was one thing which grieved him more. It was to see his old companions who had stood by his side when he claimed liberty for the Roman Catholics, veer round and openly repudiate all liberties—it was to hear the Ultramontane organs which had been loudest in clamouring for liberty of conscience, of education, and of association, now de-  
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claring that the Inquisition was a glorious institution, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes a holy and useful measure, and all liberty, except that of the Romish Church, detestable to God—it was to find the worst accusations of the anti-clerical party realised when they had said, Your freedom means freedom for yourselves and slavery for others. The sight of the religion he loved being dragged through the mire of slavery and base adulation so preyed on his mind, that his biographer assures us that his life was shortened by it. Then looking back with that clearness of judgment which the approach of death bestows, he did justice to the ‘moderation’ of Louis Philippe’s Government, and to the value of ‘the Charter, the independent assemblies, the free press, the writers, the orators, the religion which sprang from the soul’ of France at that time. Having these, he confessed there was no grievance which might not with time have been redressed.

But we are anticipating. In 1854, shortly after preaching his last series of Conférences at Toulouse, the direction of the school of Sorèze was offered to him. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, in 1859, was deputed by a Royal Commission to make inquiries respecting education in France, gives an interesting account of his visit to this place.\* It is an old abbey, situated in the department of the Tarn, not very far from Toulouse. The school is, in many respects, far more like an English public school than the Government *Lycées* in which the young Frenchman’s body and mind are drilled in military fashion, until he almost feels like a wheel in a great machine. Instead of standing as an ugly building between brick walls, ‘the old abbey-school has a small park adjoining it, with the mountains rising close behind, and it has beautiful trees in its courts, and by no means the dismal, barrack-look of the Lyceum.’ The place, too, possesses that element of age and long endurance which is calculated to exercise so beneficial and conservative an influence on boys and young men. Who can doubt that the long traditions, the antique beauty, the old Gothic buildings and older trees of many of our public schools—to say nothing of the quiet beauty of our universities—are a positive good, and that the ugliness of the French *Lycée* is a corresponding loss? At Sorèze, too, those healthy exercises of which old England is justly proud are not so utterly unknown as they generally are abroad. It is true that no French boy could be expected to play cricket or foot-ball, or to pull an oar; but in default of these the Sorèze youth rode, fenced, shot, played single-stick, and ‘twice

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\* ‘Macmillan’s Magazine’ for Sep. 1863.

a-week all the boys used to turn out with Lacordaire upon the mountains to their great enjoyment, as the Sorèze people said, the Father himself being more vigorous than any of them.'

That Lacordaire should have succeeded as a schoolmaster we have no difficulty in believing. Like Mr. Matthew Arnold's father, he was a real man, and boys very soon find that out. His affection for them, too, was very strong. He had in him a heart which, if the false notions of his Church had not forbidden family ties, would have warmed towards his own children with no common fervour. For us the following incident, related by M. de Montalembert, has something exquisitely pathetic :

'His heart, tender and expansive as in the first days of his youth, was always seeking other hearts to love. He had been tempted in some sort to adopt one of the Sorèze children so as to educate him entirely. "I should have made him the son of my soul ; I should have given myself to him. . . . But I feared ingratitude. . . . I should have loved him so much that if he had slighted my love for him in God, it would have inflicted a cruel wound on the infirmity of my human nature."'

We cannot forbear quoting a little incident narrated by Mr. Matthew Arnold, premising at the same time that Lacordaire, so far from being a too indulgent master, had at first rather frightened people by frequently expelling refractory pupils.

'The gaiety of the little ones and their evident affection for the Père were a pretty sight. As we went out of the chapel, one of them, a little fellow of ten or eleven, ran from behind us, snatched with a laughing face Lacordaire's hand, and kissed it. Lacordaire smiled and patted his head. When I read the other day in M. de Montalembert's book how Lacordaire had said shortly before his death, "I have always tried to serve God, the Church, and our Lord Jesus Christ. Besides these I have loved—oh, dearly loved—children and young people," I thought of this incident.' \*

It was while at Sorèze, which he had made one of the most flourishing schools in the south of France, that Lacordaire received the highest honour to which a literary Frenchman can aspire. On the 2nd of February, 1860, he was elected member of the Academy, by a majority of twenty-one votes to fourteen, in the room of that great thinker and good man, M. de Tocqueville. The 'Discours de Réception,' in which, by a graceful custom, the new Academician does honour to the man whose place he occupies, was not delivered till nearly a year afterwards, on the 24th of January, 1861. It was a great occasion.

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\* Lacordaire had added, as fearing God might be jealous :—'But would our gracious God make that a subject of reproach to me?'

Paris had not heard the voice of its old favourite for eight years, and was naturally anxious to compare his present power with his old renown. A special circumstance gave additional attraction to the *Séance*. It was known that Guizot, the conservative Protestant, would answer the democratic priest. The tickets of admission were scarcely procurable. From the early hour of ten in the morning all the great and noble of Paris formed a line in the court of the Institute. It was long before the hour of admission approached. When at last the doors were thrown open, the crowd of notabilities rushed in, filling every nook and cranny of the hall, invading even the places set apart for the members of the Institute, and thronging every means of ingress, till it was impossible to close the doors.\* Partly, perhaps, in consequence of over expectation, but more because Lacordaire's speech was really not equal to his old ability and reputation, considerable disappointment seems to have been felt. The discourse, which contained a very flattered picture of the great Transatlantic Republic, is chiefly interesting to us as also containing a tacit recantation of the democratic dreams which he had at all times regarded too complacently.

M. Guizot's reply was everything that the occasion required. It opened with a happy allusion to the humanizing of manners which had thus brought together a Protestant, and a son of the Order of S. Dominic, not wholly pure of the horrors of the Inquisition; and then proceeded to give a graceful account of the reasons which had induced the Academy to elect Lacordaire. The Parliamentary certainly bore away the palm from the clerical orator.

But Lacordaire was not destined to enjoy his honours long. Already for upwards of a year his health had been failing. His constitution, which had never been strong, was sinking beneath the weight of incessant labours and monkish austerities. He was attacked simultaneously by a painful disease of the stomach and by a gradual waste. The body, which it had been the labour of his life to subdue by fasting and penances, reasserted its existence. In his impatience, not at his sufferings, which, dire as they were, had not the power to draw from him a single groan, but at his inability to go through his wonted religious duties, he cried, 'It is the first time that my body has resisted my will.' Change of air and various remedies were tried, but in vain; the vital force was too far spent; and on the 21st of November, 1861, he breathed his last at Sorèze, among the monks for whom he had toiled, and the children he

\* See an article by M. Prevost Paradol in the 'Journal des Débats' of the 26th of January, 1861.

had loved. His last words were, 'My God! my God! open to me! open to me!'

It is difficult to conceive on what grounds M. de Montalembert considers that Lacordaire's fame will go on increasing till it has reached its height in a hundred years. An orator's power is essentially of the present. It belongs as much to his voice and action, to his character and personal appearance, as to the actual words he utters. According to M. Lorain's excellent simile, a printed speech is like a dried flower; the substance, indeed, is there, but the colour is faded and the perfume gone. Nor do Lacordaire's sermons possess those qualities of thought and style which can compensate for what they have lost. They were conceived and spoken simultaneously on the spur of the moment. It can scarcely therefore be expected that they should produce a greater impression on those who read them than on those who heard them delivered, with every charm of voice and manner, to an enormous assembly in a grand and imposing edifice. Of his purely literary works, by which we mean those that do not come to us through the medium of the shorthand reporter, there does not appear to us to be one destined to enduring fame. The 'Life of S. Dominic,' which is the longest and, in some respects, the most important, may for some years be popular among Roman Catholics; it will never make much way in general literature. Such being the case with what he wrote, will what he did ensure increasing favour to his memory? Will his name live as the restorer of an institution which may have had its use in ages past, but which is every day becoming more at variance with the spirit of the time, and only shows itself in our own day like a bat in the sunshine? His efforts to revive monachism, even though they may for a few years have appeared to be successful, were very like galvanising a corpse into a semblance of life. Nor are we sure that much will ever come of that alliance between freedom and Romanism which both he and M. de Montalembert have advocated so persistently. There can be no doubt that the immense majority of the Romish clergy is strongly opposed to any such proposal; and except for a very short period the Holy See has rigidly set its face against this innovation on its traditional policy.

Indeed, a rumour, which had every appearance of being well-founded, has recently been in circulation abroad, that M. de Montalembert had very narrowly escaped censure for his two speeches at the Malines Congress last year. The Papacy has had the sense to abstain from wounding to the heart its ablest lay defender. But, as if to show that the old spirit of intolerance does not yet slumber, a shaft from the ancient armoury has  
been

been directed against the Roman Catholic Congress of scientific men which met at Munich. By far the most respectable of the periodicals devoted to the interests of Roman Catholicism in this country has been compelled to choose between placing itself in antagonism to the Pope and abandoning the field. The 'Home and Foreign Review' has ceased to exist under circumstances which have many strong analogies with the fall of the 'Avenir' in 1830. The conduct of Rome in these matters may seem to us very foolish, but it is a grave question whether, as regards its own interests, the Papacy is not following a more prudent course than that recommended by its generous but too ardent friends. When a city is being actively besieged is scarcely the time for changing the plan of its fortifications—an infirm old man may be excused for thinking that his best chance of prolonging life lies in remaining motionless.

Taking all these things into account, we do not believe that in a hundred years from the present date more people will know who Lacordaire was, what he did, and why he was famous. Nor do we believe that those who are acquainted with his life and works, will have a higher opinion of him as an orator, a writer, a thinker, and a politician than that which is generally entertained by men now living. But of one thing we are perfectly certain: that all who, whether now or hereafter, candidly study the life and character of the great French preacher, will not fail to convince themselves that they are in the presence of an earnest, large-hearted, noble-minded man, whose whole life was spent in serving God and his fellow-creatures zealously, according to the full measure of his lights. He was not a great thinker, scholar, or theologian, but he was a most eloquent preacher, and above all, a man whom it is impossible not to admire and respect.

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3. *Letters from Rome to Friends in England.* By the Rev. John W. Burgon, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College.

THE volumes which stand first on the list given above form the conclusion of the interesting series designed by the late Mrs. Jameson for the illustration of Christian Art. They are devoted

devoted to the last and highest theme of all ; and Lady Eastlake, upon whom the execution of by far the greater part of the arduous task has devolved, has performed her part with rare fidelity and judgment. In the first place, we have to thank her for having placed the subjects chronologically, commencing with that which heads most systems of Christian Art—the Fall of Lucifer, and Creation of the World ; passing next to the Types and Prophets of the Old Testament ; the History of the Innocents and of John the Baptist ; the Life and Passion of our Lord ; then to the abstract and devotional subjects growing out of these materials, and terminating with the Last Judgment. This arrangement gives method and connexion to the whole work ; and as the specimens of art with which it is illustrated are likewise placed under each head, in the order in which they were produced, Lady Eastlake, ‘simply following their teaching,’ as she truly says, but, in fact, commenting upon their meaning out of the fulness of a gifted and richly-stored mind, and in her own spirited and graceful style, has been enabled to present to her readers a view of the whole current of Christian feeling and opinion from the earliest ages. Time was when a few centuries up or down made no difference in classification ; but a more patient and inquiring spirit now prevails, and in the history of Art, as in civil history, the date and the succession of the different specimens are carefully weighed in determining their meaning, and Order is succeeding Chaos. We have at length discovered how much clearer a subject may be made by diligently studying it in its successive phases, by tracing its progress from one stage to the next, and noting how each affected the other. But if this mode of study is profitable where Art is examined merely for its own sake, still more is it worthy to be adopted where Art is studied as the exponent of the thought and belief of mankind on the loftiest of all subjects. It is thus that Lady Eastlake has studied Christian Art.

‘We must,’ she says, ‘in the task that is before us, keep in mind that the object of Christian Art is the instruction and edification of ourselves, not any abstract and impossible unity of ideas that cannot be joined together. Early art never loses sight of this instinct. Pictures, as we have said, were the “books of the simple.” The first condition, therefore, was that the books should be easily read.

‘Having thus seen certain moral excellences appertaining to early Christian Art—its faithful adherence to Scripture, and its true instinct as to its duty—we shall be the more justified in bringing it largely before the reader in a research intended to define the true standards of religious modes of representation. It is not only that from these simple and nameless artists have descended those Scriptural types and traditions which constitute the science of Christian Art, but that in them we find the subject, and not the art, the chief aim of their labours.

labours. Art was for many centuries, where not affected by classic influences, too undeveloped to allow its votary to expand and disport himself in the conscious exercise of mechanical skill. He therefore suited his art, such as it was, to his subject; later painters may be said to have done the reverse. The transition from the one to the other, considered in a general way, is a curious scale, beginning with moral and ending with physical indications. Thus reverence is seen first, endowing scenes devoid of almost every other quality with a pious propriety which, if not art, is its best foundation. Then came a certain stereotyped dignity of forms, descended from Byzantine tradition; to this followed expression of feeling and dramatic action, as with Duccio and Giotto; next, the true variety of the human countenance, as with Fra Angelico; and then all these qualities together, heightened by greater skill in each, as with the great *quattro-centisti* of Florence, Padua, and Venice. These found their height of culmination in Leonardo da Vinci, and partially in Raffaella, who threw down the last barriers of difficulty between a painter's hand and mind, and in whom, therefore, subject and art may be said to have had equal part. From this time commence the triumphs of art proper—the glories of colour, the feats of anatomical skill, the charms of *chiaro-scuro*, and the revels of free-handling; all claiming to be admired for themselves, all requiring the subject to bend to their individualities. Here, therefore, there is little to say, however much to delight in. This is art alone—as much as, in another sense, the Dutch school is art alone—taking its forms from elevated or from homely nature, and accordingly producing works before which, to use a too familiar phrase, the mouth of the connoisseur waters, but, with very few exceptions, the eye of feeling remains dry.—(vol. i. p. 9.)

It is by no means in the works of what are called the Old Masters only that the materials for study are to be found. From the symbolical gems and signet-rings, the first timid efforts of Christian Art; from the mural paintings of the Catacombs; from sculptured sarcophagi; from the mosaics with which the walls and cupolas of ancient basilicas and churches were covered; from doors of ancient churches, cast in bronze or brass or carved in wood; from ivories and enamels; but, above all, from miniatures and early block-books;—from the careful examination of all these multifarious materials according to the order of their production Lady Eastlake has drawn a luminous and instructive history. Let us hear her account of one of these sources of information:—

‘Richer,’ she says, ‘than any other source hitherto considered, and almost as ancient, we may now advert to the so-called miniatures, or illuminations, of the Scriptures and ancient religious books, which literally supply galleries of curious and beautiful conceptions, often within the compass of a few inches, and for the most part the work of unknown minds and hands. Even after the varied and accumulated

forms of destruction, common to all things, and more especially to monuments of religious art—ignorance, neglect, and cupidity, war, fire, and time—have done their worst, the number of these books is still fortunately legion. For no church treasury, or convent choir of any pretensions to wealth—no royal or noble personages of piety, pride, or taste—failed to reckon these precious volumes among their choicest possessions. Here, on these solid and wellnigh indestructible parchment folios, where text and picture alternately take up the sacred tale—the text itself a picture, the picture a homily—the skill of the artist has exhausted itself in setting forth in positive images the great scheme of salvation. Sometimes these miniatures spread in solemn hierarchy over a whole page; oftener, and truer to their name, they nestle in the spaces of initials, or capital letters, and in the medallions of intricate borders. Now they look upon us with the forms, costumes, and even the countenances as of another world; then again they claim affinity by some touch of that common nature which makes all men kin. Nowhere is space lost, either within or without these venerable, silver-clasped and jewel-embossed volumes, whose very covers, as we have seen, afforded a field for special branches of artistic handicraft. Nor was all this labour spent in vain: their homes for centuries were in the silence of the sanctuary; their authors have mingled with the dust of the convent cemetery; over them have passed the rise and fall of the kingdoms of this world; but through them history has been transmitted with a continuity and fullness not to be found in any other forms of art, or, it may be said, in any form of literature. For pictures have speech and meaning where text is obsolete or obscure. “The pencil speaks the tongue of every land.”

‘The very variety of these volumes permits of only general mention. Singly or collectively the canonical books of Scripture have been the main object of the work of the miniaturist: Genesis, Joshua, the Psalter, the Apocalypse, the Pentateuch, the Gospels, separately or together; the whole Bible; later, the Missal and the Breviary; the Office of the Virgin, and Books of Prayer. These spread over a space of time extending from the fifth to the fifteenth century, while every race, Greek and Latin, Byzantine and Carolingian, French, Netherlandish, Anglo-Saxon, Irish, English, German, and Italian, who have acknowledged the Cross and felt after art, have set their individual mark on these monuments of devotional labour. Accordingly, for the antiquary and connoisseur, seeking to unravel the intricate threads of national character, there is no such help as that afforded by ancient miniatures, while to the student of Christian Art they are indispensable. For in them are found the great centres of harmony with modes of art of shorter duration, more limited range, and more perishable nature; from the types which emerge from the darkness of the Catacombs, as from the womb of the earth, through the abstract conceptions of a profounder, though outwardly ruder time, to the more strictly historical scenes of our Lord’s Life and Passion; the interstices between each class, as well as each class itself, being filled up and enriched with a closeness and abundance only possible under the

the conditions of this more manageable form of illustration. Thus here may be traced, with peculiar accuracy, where old traditions cease and new ones start into life—when a fresh subject takes timid root—how adherence to Scripture slackens, and legend and heresy creep in—till these in themselves become, to a practised eye, the landmarks of certain periods and races.’—(p. 25.)

We naturally look in such a work as this for information as to the representations of our Lord himself, and accordingly we find the subject fully treated. Lady Eastlake discredits the idea of a so-called type of our Lord’s head derived from remotest antiquity, and continued in one unbroken descent to the masters of Italy and Southern Europe. She shows that the first known conception of the Saviour’s features was inspired by the lingering feeling for classic forms; and, after illustrating largely the varieties which occurred at different periods in different countries, she proceeds—

‘We seek, therefore, in vain for a sole and continuous type of our blessed Lord during those periods when the faculty of representing individual expression was yet undeveloped. As long as Christ was depicted like other men, and other men like Him, He cannot be said to have had a character of His own. No type, strictly speaking, therefore, could begin till Christ stood isolated by the personal individualities of those around Him. This power was partially reserved for the Italian masters of the renaissance of art, which began in the thirteenth century. That they should have reverentially retained the few characteristics transmitted through the Byzantine forms—the divided and falling hair, the forked beard, the somewhat lengthy face—was but natural: their business was to vary other faces, not that of our Lord. But even that cannot be said to have been successfully done until the true painter of the human soul arose. Fra Angelico is admitted to have been the first who attained the wondrous gift of expression, by which each individual received a separate existence. He therefore may be said to have been the first who isolated Christ. Whether the character given to the Lord rose in proportion with that of those around him, is another question. We need but to look at the picture by Fra Angelico in the National Gallery, to see that while surrounded with greater variety, and higher types of individual beauty, earnestness, and devotion, than almost any other known picture presents, the head of the Christ is negative and unmeaning. Other instances, however, show that while the Frate’s pious hand seems lamed when addressing itself to that awful countenance, yet the expression at which he aimed was that most proper to Christ—the divine sympathy towards the human race.

‘It is to be regretted that the great painters of the beginning of the fifteenth century—Florentine, Paduan, Venetian—have left so few models of their conception of the Lord’s head. The Madonna and the Infant reign supreme at this time; the Entombment and the Ascension also present His dead or His glorified features; but our

Lord as He walked among men is scarcely seen. It would seem as if, in the first triumphs over the living face of one of the most powerful and beautiful races of men, they shrank from a head in which something better than the pride of the eye and the power of the brain was demanded. The great Florentine giants of the fifteenth century—Sandro Botticelli, Domenico Ghirlandajo, the Lippi—have hardly left a conception of Christ in His living manhood—nor Bellini, nor Mantegna. Nevertheless, the fifteenth century did not elapse without bequeathing the profoundest conception of the Son of Man which mortal hand has ever executed. Most of our readers will think of that dim ghost of a head, still lingering on the walls of an old refectory in Milan, which, like its divine original, has suffered the contempt and injury of man, yet still defies the world to produce its equal. Leonardo da Vinci's *Cena* is confessed to have been a culminating point in art: in nothing does it show this more than in surrounding Christ with the highest forms of intelligence, earnestness, beauty, and individuality in male heads, and yet preserving the Divine Master's superiority to all. We will not attempt to analyse the causes for this, though perhaps the intense pathos of that sympathising look may give a clue. After this there are few heads of Christ, as living, on which we dwell with that sadness of admiration which is the evidence of their affinity to our higher part, though the utmost pathos has been given to the dead features; as, for instance, in the Christ in the large *Pietà*, by Perugino, in the Pitti, and that in the same subject by Francia, in the National Gallery, which are both of a very high order. Nor could Raphael run his course without setting the stamp of his mind on this sacred head. But this does not come within the category of conceptions of Christ as man; for his exquisite head in the *Disputa* embodies Christ, though seen with His wounds, as in glory.

'As art exulted more and more in her mechanical triumphs, the likelihood of a true homage to that head diminishes. The juicy and facile brush of the Venetian school scarcely rises above a courteous and well-liking benevolence of expression, and Christ in Titian's *Tribute Money* falls even below that standard. Albert Dürer, however grand in his *Man of Sorrows*, is most so when he hides the face. Flemish Art passes from the meanest and ugliest conceptions, in the engravings of the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, to the handsome, florid, earthly head by Rubens, and that, more refined, but scarcely more spiritual, by Vandyck; while the highest conception of latter days was reserved for that Dutchman who occasionally transfigures vulgar forms with a glory that hides every blemish; so that Christ, under the hand of Rembrandt, though not beautiful, and not dignified, has yet a holiness which scarcely any other master has attained.'—(p. 51.)

The reader will by this time have some idea of the stores of information, and of liberal and instructive discussion, in which these beautiful volumes abound.

The chief difference between the treatment of the work which has

has just been given to the world, and that of the other volumes of the series, is attributable to the nature of the subject. The History of Christ in Art, as distinguished from that of the Madonna and the Saints, belongs to all Christian time and Churches. By that one Supreme Idea, typified, symbolised, and prophesied in the Old Testament, and fully developed, morally and historically, in the New, the world of pious imagery which goes by the name of Christian Art was called into existence:—

‘When He who wore

The crown of thorns around His bleeding brow  
 Warmed our sad being with celestial light,  
 Then Art, which still had drawn a softening grace  
 From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,  
 Communed with that Idea face to face,  
 And move around it now as planets run  
 Each in its orbit round the central sun.’ \*

Whoever, therefore, attempts to be the historian of Christian Art must look almost as far and wide for materials as that Idea has penetrated; and especially he must look back to an early period, when, however ignorant and helpless in all outer resources, the Arts were at least strong in the first requisite for religious edification—the Spirit of Reverence. For the childhood of Art, like that of man, is distinguished by instincts which partake ‘of the Kingdom of Heaven,’—the angelic character of which may be summed up in the blessed incapacity of being profane. On the retention of these instincts also, as again with man, much of the power and charm of its maturity depends. To trace these instincts from their earliest artless and rudimental utterances to that fulness of mechanical language in which they were well nigh extinguished, would seem to have been the principal aim of these volumes. In this attempt to look up and down the stream of Christian Art, solely through the medium of consecutive objects of Art, we find the corroboration of a conviction that is now obtaining, and which is ably expressed in Mr. Beaumont’s pamphlet at the head of this article;—namely, the expediency of the study of the Fine Arts generally, as an auxiliary in that of History. It is not only that works of Art, in their innumerable points of contact with the period that produced them, retain the vivid impress of cotemporary feelings, and meanings, passions, and prejudices; but from the very conditions of their nature, they give this evidence in a less ambiguous form than that of words. It would seem, from the experience thus

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\* Wordsworth.

furnished, that the human eye is less liable to be affected in its habits of interpretation than what we may call the human ear; and that the pencil of the artist remains more clearly legible to posterity than the pen of the scribe:—

‘Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.’

When Tillemont, therefore, in his ‘Ecclesiastical History,’ wrote this passage—‘quelqu’estime que l’on fasse de l’art du Peintre, on sait qu’ils ne sont pas considérés dans l’Histoire’ (vol. i. p. 505)—he spoke as one totally ignorant of what, in an historical sense, to look for in a picture. In truth, early works of Art are as full of dates and natural sequence of formation to the Christian archæologist, as are the strata of this earth to the practised eye of the geologist. Both have their laws, never departed from; and we may as soon look for a *motif* of the sixteenth century in a work of the eleventh, as for modern remains in an ancient deposit.

In all this it is not the state of the Art itself, its backwardness or forwardness, to which we allude; for it is obvious that the highest technical excellence—for instance, that of Italian Art—may find its historical parallel, as in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in much moral and political degradation. But it is rather the choice of subjects, and their treatment in different epochs and countries, to which we invite attention, as fertile in conclusions to the historian and philosopher as well as to the connoisseur.

We have spoken of the childhood of Christian Art. In one sense we must revoke this appellation at the very outset. For the first thing that meets the retrospective glance is the fact that, far from having commenced its career as a little child, Christian Art was not even born young. On the contrary, its first appearance, as we all know, was in a full-grown and more than mature form; one which, however helpful and beautifying at the beginning, never really fitted the sacred spirit which it housed, or could have ever lent itself to its full development. Christian aims in Art first found expression in a classic garb. The debt was mutual: for there can be no doubt that the infusion of another and higher meaning greatly retarded the decline of the antique forms. Indeed, proofs are not wanting in cotemporary works of late Pagan and early Christian purpose, which show even that Art, spent and exhausted as she was, yet fondly bestowed graces upon the young and dawning Truth, which the old and declining Lie had ceased to win from her. And who that

that has felt the power of Antique Art, as the most exquisite revelation of earthly beauty to man, can trace these words without a sense of satisfaction, however fanciful, that, having thus bestowed her strength and prime in investing the Deities of the Pantheon with their sole permanent glory, she should have been 'permitted to expire in the service of the only true God.'

There are few things in history more tantalisingly obscure than the real meaning and date of much of the Art of the Catacombs. In the intense interest attached by all Christians to the discovery of these mysterious treasure-houses of the earliest records and relics of our faith, it was natural that the mind should seek to place them as near as possible to the commencement of the Christian æra. It was more natural still that the Church, under whose very head-quarters these labyrinths had for centuries lain unnoticed and forgotten, should desire to turn them to account as proofs of the antiquity of her particular system, and hail every object found in them as evidence in its favour. The first explorers and critics, therefore—men not only of the Roman communion, but engaged in the service of the Roman Church—could but partake of the bias natural to these conditions, and unavoidable at that time. For the practice of criticism, more especially on all subjects connected with the Fine Arts, was never at a lower standard than in Italy during the seventeenth century. It is curious to observe that it fared the same with works of Pagan sculpture, unearthed in that century; when many a statue and group was also, though in a different sense, pronounced to be Roman. For instance, till Winckelmann applied the test of his profound knowledge, the group of Electra and Orestes had been known as that of the young Papirius and his Mother—the statue of Jason as that of Cincinnatus. In a similar way, though with far more of the partisan spirit, the first explorers studied the Art of the Catacombs solely through their own predilections; so that whenever a figure baffled their comprehension, it was, as a rule, pronounced to be that of the Virgin, or St. Peter.

Nevertheless, too much honour can never be awarded to Antonio Bosio—a Maltese by birth—who first seriously confronted the dangers and explored the wonders of those long forgotten underground passages. Justly is he called the Columbus of the Catacombs. His labours continued from 1600 till 1630, and his great work, entitled '*Roma Subterranea*,' not arranged and completed till after his death, is a sufficient monument to him. It has remained the chief map and guide for all who have followed in his steps, and the safest authority in some respects for those who can only visit the Catacombs by their own

own firesides. It matters little that his interpretations, whether of the purposes of the Catacombs or of the objects found in them, have been in great measure dismissed. The more solid results of his labours remain. The drawings, namely, made under his superintendence may be said to remain in an increasingly valuable sense. For the mural paintings in the two Catacombs to which the student, and, with him, air and smoke have access, are fast perishing from sight; while others of these subterranean cemeteries, in which they are known or believed to exist, are in a state of insecurity which renders the closing of their entrances a matter of laudable precaution on the part of the Papal Government.

Thus it is highly improbable that such researches will be repeated; or even that, in the perpetual repetition of the same painted story, they would present anything materially new. Nor has anything been really gained to the world in point of accuracy by the sumptuous volume undertaken by M. Perret for the French Government, in which the attempt to beautify the Art of the Catacombs at the expence of its real character, has gained for the work the just designation of '*un beau mensonge*.' Finally, as to accuracy, we must remind the reader that the sworn witness on which nowadays we are accustomed to rely—photography—is not available in these narrow precincts of darkness.

Meanwhile, though much, very much, still remains to be desired on the score of interpretation, it must be owned that the last thirty years have been fruitful in criticism of a much more enlightened kind; and in proportion as this has been prosecuted have the supposed dates of the Catacomb world advanced in our æra. This, taken alone, is of incalculable importance in the right reading of the Art before us. For if there be reason to admit, as we shall show further on, that all the larger forms and compositions were executed after the last persecutions had passed away, and Christianity had mounted the throne of the Roman Empire, all motives for dissimulation under a Pagan mask fall to the ground.

Another fact, too, quite as important in its way, owes its establishment to modern investigations: namely, that these underground labyrinths have given up their secrets for the purpose not of corroborating the Papal system, but of contradicting it on evidence the most incontrovertible that could possibly be supplied.

One obstacle, however, still remains which distorts the view equally of Roman and Protestant in the inspection of this subject. We allude to a strong and widely-entertained idea which owes its origin to a certain romance of sentiment concerning the early Christians.

Christians. It is difficult to consider the habits and lives of those whose dust reposes in these interminable corridors of the dead, without preconceived notions of our own, by which we fondly think to do them honour. Thus it has been laid down as a respectful axiom, that the early Christians jealously avoided all contact with objects and ideas which recalled their former idolatrous condition, or could insensibly lead them back to it. Meanings and intentions have therefore been zealously sought for as far removed from their previous Pagan habits as possible. But the common knowledge of human nature will show us how unnecessary, as well as impossible, this exclusiveness would have been. For we need hardly remind the reader that by the great mass of the unlearned—and they constitute by far the larger portion of the Catacomb dead—the Heathen mythology, with all its intellectual, refined, cold, and recondite meanings, could never, like the simple truths of the New Faith, have been ‘read as we run.’ These ideas were never meant for the poor, lowly, and ignorant—or for the labouring man to walk therein. The sensual falsity of idolatry, as such, ministered of course to the natural depravity of a godless populace; but we may be sure that its subtleties had never occupied their minds, or been understood by them. Whatever therefore, as we know from Tertullian and others, the injunctions addressed to the first Christians to abstain from the likeness of idolatry in any form, it is plain, from the evidence of art, that popular usages were too strong to be turned aside. The slab which had covered their fathers’ dust had been dedicated to the *Diis Manibus*; their own monumental slabs, though designating those deposited in the ‘sure and certain hope,’ continued to be inscribed with the same ever-recurring *D. M.* What had been for Pagan generations mechanically demanded and supplied, continued for Christian generations to be mechanically used. It was the same as regards the lamps—the glass bottles, fondly believed, in a relic-hunting age, to contain the blood of martyrs—the implements of labour, scrutinised by many a horror-stricken eye as the instruments of torture—the coins, and other objects, all remnants of Pagan usages, found in these Christian resting places. The very phraseology even of the tomb was retained from Heathen times, so that it is difficult in numerous instances to distinguish whether the inscription on a mortuary slab betoken an idolater or a believer. We shall find plenty of similar anomalies in the unreasoning laws of custom among our own sepulchral usages to the present day; and nowhere more directly Pagan in character than in the modern cemeteries at Rome itself, where inscriptions to ‘the Ashes’ and ‘the Memory,’ are still the favourite formulæ. All these ques-  
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tions the reader will find closely and candidly investigated, and as fully solved as they perhaps will ever be, in Mr. Burgo's work quoted at the head of this article, which shows throughout a desire for truth, and nothing but the truth, most refreshing after the earlier writings on these subjects. So little, we may add, has Rome set the fashion of avoiding those Pagan objects and reminiscences which she supposes to have been abhorrent to the early Christian, that the ancient chair of St. Peter himself, preserved in the present Basilica at Rome, will be found to be elaborately adorned with the Fable of the Labours of Hercules: thus attesting the reality of its antiquity, as well as the indifference of the early church to such profane associations, though perhaps at the same time the rather apocryphal nature of its connection with the Apostle.

Far, indeed, from the Christians having jealously avoided the association of Heathen usages, it is only by a closer and closer knowledge of these usages that we can comprehend this sepulchral world at all. And especially if we view the lives and habits of the early Christians through the evidence of Art, this sentimental theory at once falls before it. Jealousy of contact with Pagan associations and superstitions would have put a veto upon early Christian Art altogether. It owes, as is immediately obvious, its whole structure to Pagan materials. Indeed, far from eschewing the old associations, it is evident that it gladly, purposely, and consciously employed them as a shorter, easier, and, above all, a distincter way of clothing the new-born ideas. This accounts for the direct correspondence observable between certain Christian and Pagan subjects, in which the one is simply the transcript of the other, with the few changes or additions in form required to suit the change in idea. Thus the tree with the serpent twined round it, in the Fall of our first Parents, repeats the chief features of the fable of the tree in the garden of the Hesperides, guarded by the dragon; while the Translation of Elijah in the chariot of fire paraphrases the ancient figure of Apollo ascending the Heavens in the chariot of the Sun. Or the transposition of the idea is effected even without the slightest change of form, as in the representation of our Lord under the figure of Orpheus, with his Pan's pipe in his hand and the animals gathered, spell bound, around him; or, still more, as the Good Shepherd bearing the lost Sheep, which is so direct an imitation of the figure of Mercury as Hermes carrying a Ram, that, accompanied as it sometimes is by a context of Pagan symbols, connoisseurs have doubted which was which.\* And this is the more

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\* Piper's 'Christliche Mythologie und Symbolik,' vol. i. p. 85.

striking instance of the absence of all jealousy of association, from the fact that being the earliest form in which our Lord was represented, it was executed at a time when Paganism was still strong and Christianity may be supposed to have been most scrupulous. Even if we adopt the conjecture, unsupported as it is by any evidence, that this direct imitation was adopted as a necessary disguise—our Lord as the Good Shepherd being believed to be the only example extant of Christian Art during persecution—still it equally proves that the contact with the old forms of idolatry was a matter of indifference to the early converts, since it could be made one of convenience.

Thus far we have mentioned similarities and identities of subjects which, in their original form and application, were at all events poetical and innocent in meaning. But there is one class of representation—chiefly seen in the mural paintings—on the Christian consistency of which all who examine them must entertain involuntary doubts. We mean those pictures of convivial meals, which, if really meant, as generally construed, to set forth the love feasts of the early Christians, seem to have been exactly of that kind which attracted the reproof of St. Paul. There is something unspeakably distasteful to the Christian sense in these worldly carousals—the table spread with embroidered cushions, the guests pouring the wine in a stream into their mouths—thus held in the chambers of the dead.\* And this distaste can but gain strength from the erudite and irrefutable exposure of the meaning of analogous scenes, now known to have been devoted to the goddess Cybele, in a catacomb immediately contiguous to that of S. Callisto.† Though, therefore, far from insulting the art of the Christian catacombs by the slightest imputation of affinity of origin, whatever the similarity of form, yet we must equally repudiate the stock assertion that these irreverent *symposia* were intended as typical of the supper of the Eucharist. Otherwise, it may safely be affirmed that, however obscure some of these early representations still remain, there are none which suggest any hesitation as to their pious purpose.

We now turn to the more immediate consideration of a few of the subjects perpetuated in these classic Christian forms. These consist equally of the sculptured marble sarcophagi found within the catacombs as of the slight frescoes which decorate the walls. The sarcophagi, now chiefly preserved in the Christian Museum of the Lateran, are in so far more fertile to the student as comprising almost the whole cycle of subjects found in the mural

\* Bottari, vol. ii. pl. 109.

† By Raphael Garrucci, 'Mélanges Archéologiques,' vol. iv.

paintings,

paintings, besides many which do not occur there. One of these sarcophagi, and one only (and this is solitarily preserved in the crypt of St. Peter's), has an inscription, giving the name of its original occupant, Junius Bassus, and the date of his death, A.D. 359. By all enlightened judges, including the late Chevalier Bunsen, this sarcophagus is believed to be the very earliest example of the art of the catacombs, whether sculptural or pictorial—an opinion which its superiority in form and execution decidedly confirms. (A delicate etching of it is given in the 'History of our Lord.') Here, therefore, it may be believed, we see the first union, in this more elaborate form, of the old Pagan body with the new Christian soul; and, however touching and suggestive the fact of the combination, it must be owned that, according to our present standard of religious feeling, there is not much edification to be found in it. Classic Art, like a cold and well-bred woman of the world—only with better excuse—never uttered sad or disagreeable truths. Such facts as Death, Suffering, and Sorrow, were banished from her enchanted circle; or, if it was necessary to acknowledge them, they were glossed over and dressed up so as to disturb no enjoyment of the present hour. This seems little in keeping with the spirit of Christianity; but it was the necessary result of her first æsthetic conditions. The false claimants to Divinity and Immortality had been abjured; but the forms of Beauty, Youth, and Imperturbability, under which these prerogatives had been expressed, were retained. As regards the youth and serenity given to the first images of our Lord, it is surmised that the very name which embodied the mystery of Christ's being, 'the Son of God,' assisted in this conception, and led the early Christians to invest him rather with the semblance of an Apollo than with that of a Jove.

On examining the monument of Junius Bassus, we are struck at once by evidence of an internal and remarkable kind, corroborative of its being one of the first in order of time. It might have been predicated that the first subjects exhibited to Christian eyes and investing the tomb of a Believer, would declare the chief tenets of our Faith. Accordingly we find the sculpture on this sarcophagus dedicated to the setting forth of *Doctrine*. Thus the two-fold nature of Christ as God and Man occupies the centre of the monument, our Lord being seen in the upper tier of sculpture, seated on a throne, and with his feet resting on a figure with a semi-circular veil, generally interpreted as the Earth, or the Firmament. We are not inclined, however, to interpret this as our Lord in Glory—i. e. in Heaven; for the time for such ideas was still far distant. We rather adopt the suggestion thrown out by Lady Eastlake, that this subject represents Christ

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as no less in glory, though glorified on this earth, viz. in the scene of the Transfiguration; the figure with the veil representing 'the High Mountain,' where the solemn incident took place. This accounts also for the male figures on each side, the hand of the one holding the same kind of scroll as that held by our Lord (the hands of the other not being visible), which appears to have been the usual resource to express speech: for Moses and Elijah appeared 'conversing with Him.' This conception of the Godhead of Christ finds its appropriate parallel in that of His Manhood in the tier of sculpture below it, where our Lord is seen, 'meek and lowly of heart,' entering Jerusalem upon an ass. Here, therefore, we find that primary dogma of the joint Nature of Christ, on which all Doctrine depends, displayed in the most conspicuous central place. Around it group the other chief tenets of our faith: Original Sin, set forth by Adam and Eve, with the tree and serpent; Faith, by the sacrifice of Isaac; Resurrection, by Daniel safe between the jaws of the lions. In addition, we have the figure of Job seated in an attitude of suffering, our Lord before Pilate, and two other compartments, called the capture of Peter, and Peter going to prison, which are still obscure in meaning. The subject of Job admits of more than one reading. It may be meant to set forth Repentance—'wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes'—or it is typical of Christ's suffering on the Cross, when forsaken of God, which supplies the doctrine of the Atonement. This also appears the more probable when taken in connexion with the subject of Christ before Pilate; while both subjects, as expressive of the Divine Sacrifice, gain strength from their harmony with that of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, which, according to the earliest commentators, was considered the beginning of the Lord's Passion.

That Pilate, seated in judgment, sore distressed how to act towards the beautiful young figure which stands before him, and about to wash his hands, should have been so conspicuously and favourably shown on this and other monuments, may, we think, be accounted for by the following arguments. And first we must remind the reader that the Christians who made confession of their faith in these forms of art, were necessarily Gentile converts. To those of Jewish origin the language of Art, though no longer forbidden and abominable, was doubtless for many centuries a foreign thing. Now, according to the early Fathers, preceding and coeval with this monument, Pilate was interpreted as a figure of the Gentile Church, which was blameless of the death of Christ, as he, by the washing of his hands, expressed himself to be. And, if it appear improbable that a few passages in the little-circulated

writings

writings of these times should influence the conceptions of local artists, we may remember, in addition, that Scripture itself in no way forbids an interpretation which should give the Roman Governor the full benefit of his mysterious doubts and hesitation. The Creeds also—the next best authority—preserve silence in the sense of opinion on Pilate's character, and only mention his name, as in the Apostles' Creed, in the light of a date—'suffered under Pontius Pilate.' Further, in 'the Gospel of Nicodemus,' or 'Acts of Pilate'—quoted in the early part of the fourth century—Pilate's feeling towards the prisoner, and his anger and contempt for the Jews, are made far more prominent than in the Gospels.

So prevalent and abiding was this view, that Dante even, as we know, though he invented ingenious punishments for Caiaphas and Annas, yet makes no mention of Pilate in the place of torment. Finally, as an instance of positive partiality, it may be mentioned that the Coptic Church has always included Pontius Pilate among her saints. These are more than sufficient reasons for regarding this as an example in point of that unmistakeable reflection of History in Art to which we have alluded. For there is no doubt that the Roman governor is here conceived in a totally different and far more favourable light than in any representations of later times, when very different commentators had introduced a reversed view of his character.

We take another sarcophagus, the delicate art and fairly proportioned figures of which show its chronological propinquity to that of Junius Bassus, and which will be found fertile in suggestions of another class. Here the great teaching given to sight is the divinity of Christ, six sculptured compartments being dedicated to His miraculous acts. Beginning from the left hand, we have the first miracle which announced the Lord's supernatural powers, namely, the conversion of water into wine. Christ here stands with a wand, merely touching one of the hydriæ at his feet. The next compartment represents the giving Sight to the Blind: Christ touches the eyes of a small figure, who holds the staff which has hitherto guided his steps. The third subject is Christ before an open tomb, which He strikes with his wand. Though this is not the usual early form of the Raising of Lazarus, yet there is no doubt that it sets forth that miracle. The fourth compartment is the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. With the one hand holding the wand, He strikes a basket of loaves, and lays the other hand on a plate with two fishes, held by an attendant. The fifth shows the Canaanitish woman kneeling, and touching the hem of the Saviour's garment, who stretches His hand over her. We now arrive at the sixth and

and last compartment, containing a subject which has caused much diversity of interpretation, and which Arringhi avers to be a riddle, not to be solved even by Apollo himself. Here there is a figure exactly identical with those of our Lord we have been describing. He holds forth in both hands what appear to be cakes of bread, from which a serpent twined round a tree is about to feed. Between the figure and the tree is an altar with fire upon it. This curious subject has been read by some as the Dragon guarding the fruit of the Hesperides; by others as the story of Daniel, who killed the dragon 'without sword or staff,' by thrusting a lump of hair and pitch into its mouth. Neither of these solutions is satisfactory; and though we have the scriptural subject of Daniel between the Lions, as we have just seen, upon the earliest dated example of Catacomb art, yet this sarcophagus we are considering is too early for us to look for the apocryphal portion of the Prophet's history upon it. Nor is there any instance in the art of the Catacombs of a figure, though typical of our Lord—such as Isaac or Job—being given in the costume, features, and mode of hair proper to Him.

We venture therefore to propound a different reading, and one entirely in harmony with that habit of adapting pagan forms to Christian meanings, which is the great key to Classic-Christian Art.

We remind the reader that the serpent, from the earliest mythologies, has been the emblem of Life. In the Egyptian alphabet the letter called Zeuta, or Life—from which our Z is derived—is sacred to the serpent, and was given in the form of a serpent standing on its tail.\* The well-known symbol of the Deity also, seen universally on Egyptian temples, which has been termed the Pagan Trinity, consists of the Sun, the Serpent, and Wings—the Sun being the giver of Life; the Serpent, Life itself; and the Wings expressing motion, or the Spirit. Further, the Serpent is seen closely connected, in the healing sense, with Life, in conjunction with the figure of Minerva Medica (not to mention those of Apollo and Esculapius). And we would recall to the reader representations of this goddess—one, for instance, in the Museo Clementino,† where she stands with a patera in her hand, from which a large serpent is feeding. Here therefore we have Minerva, the pagan representative of Wisdom, feeding the Serpent, the heathen symbol of Life. Now we have only to follow the process necessary in the reading of all classic-Christian art; and, keeping in view the

\* 'The Worship of the Serpent,' Rev. John Bathurst Deane, p. 122.

† Œuvres de Visconti, vol. iv. tab. vi.

symbol and the intention, apply to them the new and higher meaning. By this reasoning the figure holding the bread is Christ, the embodiment of Divine Wisdom. He is feeding the emblem no longer of earthly, but of spiritual life. This interpretation harmonises with the true meaning of all the other subjects on this sarcophagus, all of which refer in some form, direct or indirect, to the support or revival of *Life*. We have seen the Lord here converting the simplest element into its noblest and most life-giving form—water into wine; giving food, and therefore life, to the fainting multitude; restoring life to dead eyes; life to the exhausted frame—life even to death itself! Here we have the same figure engaged in the congruous, but far higher miracle of infusing that strength without which man cannot, in a higher sense, live at all; in other words, nourishing the principle of Spiritual Life, and thus completing, by this last and best miracle, the cycle of His beneficent acts towards the human race.\*

That the minor details of this group should retain their pagan forms is equally consonant with early usage. We have seen that the Christians, when they had some new and glorious meaning to express, did not stop to hide derivations, or clear away reminiscences. Thus, while Christ is the High Priest for ever to this Spiritual Life, he retains, in the probable form of the food offered, the very honey-cakes with which the Ophite priestess ministered to the Serpent of yore on the Acropolis at Athens, or in the Temple at Delphi; these even may be further translated into a Christian symbol as 'the Bread of Life.'

It need not surprise us also that the fire burning on the altar should still further embody the third in this trinity of ideas—viz. movement, or the Spirit—though it may be more simply accounted for as showing a sacred act. We may further observe that the tree round which the serpent is coiled has nothing in common with the tree that bore the golden fruit, or with that of the Fall, but is here unmistakably the Palm, which, springing up afresh from the root, was converted by the early Christians from the antique symbol of Victory into that of Eternal Life. It was a later generation which, forgetting this new and beautiful application, restored it, in the sense of art, to its pagan meaning as an emblem of victory, and therefore of martyrdom.

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\* Another instance of the same mysterious subject will be found in Garrucci's '*Vetri Ornati di Figure in Oro*,' Tav. iii. fig. 13. Here a figure is seen holding apparently a large cake to a serpent, while behind him is another figure with a nimbus, and, to all appearance, blind. The execution, however, is so rude that neither nimbus nor blindness can be considered certain. The same solution of Daniel killing the Dragon is suggested in the text.

We have now dwelt sufficiently in detail on two different cycles of subjects, each preserving a certain consistency of meaning. Another instance of the direct identity of expression, both in form and meaning, between the old idolatry and new faith will refute a succession of erroneous interpretations.

That the early Christians should retain the same gesture of prayer towards the only God which they had used towards idols is no slight refutation of their jealousy of all profane associations. The ancient attitude of prayer—the uplifted arms and open, upturned hands—was one instinctively adopted by a race whose gestures were full of meaning, symbolical and natural. This attitude pleaded for help by the very helplessness of the petitioner. In such a position the suppliant could not defend himself; therefore it was the posture most proper to prayer. It was thus Eneas, when in danger of perishing by the tempest, prayed to the gods—‘*Duplices tendens ad sidera palmas.*’ It is in this attitude that Daniel stands between the lions, and that the Three Children stand in the furnace. This attitude is alluded to frequently in Scripture—‘When ye stand praying,’ Mark xi. 25; ‘I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands,’ 1 Timothy ii. 8. To those conversant with the art of the Catacombs, a woman veiled and standing in this gesture of prayer is a familiar image. This image occurs frequently on walls and ceilings, and is also observable in the centre compartment of sculptured sarcophagi. The interpretation of the Roman church to this day, as seen in Padre Marchi’s work, identifies this frequently-repeated figure with the Virgin Mary. Protestant commentators, knowing the untenable nature of that solution, have offered another scarcely less absurd. The figure, according to them, is that of the Church. It does not seem to have occurred to either class of interpreters, that in thus exalting the meaning of this female figure, it would be difficult to account for the equally frequent presence of a male figure in the same attitude. We venture to assert that this figure—male or female—simply denotes the monumental idea of deceased persons of distinction, who were able to perpetuate their remembrance in a more marked way than by the usual simply-inscribed slabs which covered the commoner herd. These figures appear also chiefly on the walls and ceilings of those larger spaces in the Catacomb corridors, called ‘*Cubicula*,’ which are believed to have been appropriated to the interment of families of wealth and rank. They stood accordingly with uplifted arms, with the same intention as many an effigy in our days lies recumbent with folded palms. They, or their survivors, may be also supposed to have selected the sacred subjects which surround the

suppliant, just as the Christians of many centuries later selected their favourite saints in a votive or monumental picture. Thus we see a man or woman, sometimes both, standing with uplifted hands, with Daniel between the Lions, or the Raising of Lazarus, or the story of Jonah—the subject being always typical of the Resurrection—filling the space around them. And the evidence that such figures represent deceased persons in prayer is confirmed by an amplification of the same idea. This is seen both in the mural paintings, and on more than one of these richly-sculptured marble sarcophagi, where a woman, standing with uplifted arms, appears with a male figure in gestures of profound respect on each side, whose hands, one or both, support her elbow. This again was viewed by the Romans as confirming the identity of the Virgin Mary, thus worshipped by SS. Peter and Paul; and in turn by the Protestants as the Church similarly honoured; while at the same time, when seen in the narrower dimensions of the sarcophagi, where the two male figures are unavoidably placed closer to the woman, the idea of homage was transformed into something as much the reverse, and the group was pronounced to embody the story of Susannah and the Elders! We may now, however, venture to account for the two male figures in a simpler way. For we learn from one of the most enlightened writers on objects of Classic-Christian antiquity,\* that the ‘delicately’ of the higher class of Christian matrons shunned even the slight inconvenience of this position of prayer, and that it was their custom to be accompanied by two attendants, who supported on each side the arms of the luxurious suppliant. Viewing the subject with this glossary, the intention of the male figures, and their subordinate condition, will be found unmistakeable.

As regards the sacred person of the Virgin, she takes that place only in the art of the Catacombs which the purity of earlier Christianity would lead us to predicate. She is seen there solely in a Scriptural and historical sense—in the subject of the Adoration of the Wise Men who found ‘the young Child and his mother.’ And this even takes its place among the later productions of Classic-Christian Art; whilst the subject of the Nativity, which occurs on two sarcophagi, evidently belongs to the last decline of that period. With these two exceptions, no trace of a representation of the Virgin can be found in the mural or sculptural art of the Catacombs.

The same observations hold good with regard to St. Peter, of whose identity, however frequently seen through Roman Catholic eyes, it would be difficult to cite one certain example

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\* Buonarroti, ‘*Vetri Antichi*,’ p. 121.

until a comparatively late time. That St. Peter and St. Paul together were constantly represented at one time on objects deposited in the Catacombs, is proved by the ancient glass vessels, where their bust-length effigies, known by the inscriptions round them, appear at the bottom. To these, which are most of them of the earliest type of art, it would be difficult to assign any precision of date; though, if the uplifted hand, with the two extended fingers, be interpreted as meaning the act of benediction, the glasses must be placed in a comparatively late part of the Classic-Christian period. For this act—whether Greek or Latin—is also a date. In the person of our Lord it will be hardly found to commence, even in the Divine hand seen alone, before the latter part of the eighth century; in that of the Apostles or other saints the date may be put considerably later. At all events, it is obvious that ‘Petrus’ and ‘Paulus,’ or ‘Saulus,’ as he is often inscribed on these glass fragments, were, for long, placed on an equal footing of popularity in the Latin Church; and this is confirmed by the evidence of history. As for the individual person of St. Peter, where the inscription of his name is wanting, it would be impossible, in the absence of their attributes, to distinguish him from the other Apostles. On certain sarcophagi, it is true, where our Lord stands with six Apostles on each side, St. Peter is pronounced to be the figure on his left hand, receiving a long jewelled cross. It is very possible that this supposition may be correct; though it may be doubted whether the jewelled cross conveys any allusion to his form of martyrdom, for it is as often in these sarcophagi given by Christ to the Apostle on his right. Moreover, the same cross is seen in the hand of St. Lawrence, identified by his name, in the Catacomb of S. Ponziano. The only instance in which the identity of St. Peter is positive is in the Catacomb dedicated to Pope Julius, where he stands on an equal footing with SS. Pollio and Marcellinus, each with his name inscribed; and here the absence of all distinguishing honour to his person is striking, for he does not even occupy the centre place.

And now we are reminded of a sarcophagus on which the subject of Christ giving the keys to a figure, which can only be interpreted as St. Peter, is sculptured. This example is quoted by writers of the Roman Communion as a proof of the very early assertion of the Papal supremacy. The sarcophagus in question presents rather peculiar conditions, being singularly sharp, fresh, and uninjured; and obviously unfinished, for the marks of the chisel are seen rough upon the draperies and ground. It consists only of a front—back and sides being additions—and was found in the Catacomb of the Vatican, the body still in it, and

and enveloped in cloths. Unlike almost every other Classic-Christian sarcophagus, the feet of the figures have neither covering nor sandals. These are minutiae which may assist inquiry into this particular example of ecclesiastical archaeology.

But the subject, as generally connected with St. Peter and the keys, is rather curious, and deserves a little close attention on our part. Like every other symbol and incident seen in Art, the keys and the giving of the keys are dates which can be ascertained with tolerable certainty. Those on this sarcophagus will be found to bear witness rather to the long duration of the Classic-Christian period than to the early commencement of this evidence of the Papal domination.

The first indication of a key or keys at all will be naturally sought for on coins belonging to the Roman See. By these we mean those rude and degenerate forms of money, not strictly, perhaps, to be called Pontifical, for the name of the Emperor of the time is more often inscribed on them than that of the Pope. Not until the Carlovingian dynasty began to decline was there any chance of the appearance of St. Peter upon the Roman money. His very rude effigy, the consonants of his name being seen, placed irregularly round his head, is first perceived, holding a cross-surmounted staff and one key, on a coin inscribed on the reverse with the name of the Emperor Charles the Bald, who reigned from 875 to 877—therefore in the pontificate of John VIII.; and just after that of Nicolas I., the Pope who first caused himself to be crowned. It does not seem, however, that much importance, as connected with the Papal idea, was attached to this symbol; for St. Peter appears on the same class of coin, under the same Pope, with no key at all, nor does the key recur for a full century afterwards. But coins, we must remember, however important for historical facts, are not so significant of prevalent and established ideas as are works of Art. Through these, therefore, the question of date must be considered; and here we find that the symbol of the key does not first show itself in Art in connexion with the Apostle. It is Christ, and not St. Peter, in whose hand it first appears. This is derived from passages in Revelation: 'These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David; he that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth' (iii. 7); and again, 'I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen: and have the keys of death and hell.' Accordingly, the representations from the Book of Revelation—and they are some of the earliest in what we may call independent Art—show Christ seated on the Rainbow, with the key in one hand and sceptre in the

the other,\* or with two keys in one hand and blessing St. John with the other.†

St. Peter, on the other hand, is not seen unmistakably with this symbol till the twelfth century, when he appears with one key only.‡ Towards the end of the twelfth and at the beginning of the thirteenth he holds two keys. Yet here, as with the coins, it is long before the key becomes his established attribute. On the wooden doors of S. Maria in Capitolio at Cologne, St. Peter has no key; in the mosaics of S. Maria in Trastevere, at Rome, twelfth century, no key; on the 'Châsse des Grandes Reliques' at Aix-la-Chapelle, thirteenth century, again no key; nor may the attribute be considered fairly introduced till the fourteenth.

But we now come to the actual incident of the *giving* the key or keys to Peter, which may be regarded as the direct evidence of the assertion of the Papal supremacy. This was bound to show itself earlier in the field—the investiture before the possession. Accordingly, as far as rather extended researches have brought it to light, we are inclined to think that one of the first examples will be found in a magnificent MS., called the Bamberg Evangelium,§ executed for Henry II. of Germany, surnamed the Pious, who reigned, first as King, and afterwards as Emperor, from 1002 to 1024. Ciampini|| shows two other instances of the same century—under Victor II., 1055-1057, and under Alexander II., 1061-1073. In all these cases but one key appears. By the twelfth century, however, Christ invests the Apostle with two keys.

Without any great stretch of the historian's licence, it is permissible to remark that the assertion of the dogma at the beginning of the eleventh century, through hands always guided by ecclesiastical machinery, is significant of the reign of that pious monarch, namely, Henry II. of Germany, for whose eyes the illustration was directly intended, and under whom the Church considerably increased in power; while the amplification and further definition of the meaning of the subject, implied by the two keys, in the twelfth century, points to that event in English history which brought another Henry II. in humble submission to the dictates of Rome.

At the same time, the fact of one key first given, and subsequently two, is partially accounted for in the writings of the time. The works of St. Ambrose (fourth century), much com-

\* Early ivory, in possession of Mr. Essing, Cologne.

† Bible de Noailles. Bibliothèque Impériale, Paris.

‡ Cotton C., French MS., British Museum.

§ Now in the Royal Library at Munich.

|| Ciampini, 'Vetere Monumenta,' vol. i. tab. lxxvii.

mented on in the Middle Ages, include a sermon on the key given by Christ to St. Peter. This sermon, it is true, is known to be spurious; but, far from being less valuable as evidence on that account, it is obviously the more so. For such fabrications were expressly intended to suit the modes of thought prevailing at their own time; while in proportion to the lateness of the forgery does our theory of the true date of Peter's Keys in Art gain strength. With the truly evangelical illustration of the dying Stephen, who saw 'the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God,' this sermon explains that the key spoken of to Peter was that of Faith, which can alone unlock the Kingdom of Heaven. Accordingly, with naïve literality it maintains that but one key was meant, because but one door was to be opened by it. More far-fetched arguments, born of scholastic theology, soon led to the more significant symbol of the two keys. These were declared to set forth the knowledge of doctrine and the power of jurisdiction—in other words, the spiritual and temporal power of Rome, against which Dante, in his memorable lines, was perhaps the earliest protestant—

‘The Church of Rome,  
Mixing two governments that ill assort,  
Hath missed her footing, fallen in the mire,  
And there herself and burden much defiled.’ \*

Later, the analogies became more subservient still to the one main purpose which runs through history. One key was declared to be of gold, the other of silver or iron, as seen in the hand of St. Peter in the picture of ‘Christ in Glory,’ by Fra Angelico, in our National Gallery—the one key meaning absolution, the other excommunication. It is this idea to which Milton—always imbued with Italian images, poetical and pictorial—makes allusion in his poem of ‘Lycidas’—

‘Last came, and last did go,  
The Pilot of the Galilean lake;  
Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).’

Last of all, the symbols are found three in number, interpreted to the faithful as the keys of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. And these may be pointed out in mosaics of such early time as, if genuine, to overthrow all the dates we have thus tediously inflicted on our readers. But, as with the modern human jaw discovered in the ancient chalk cliffs at Abbeville, so in Art, wherever modern ideas are found in ancient forms, a tampering

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\* ‘Purgatory,’ Canto XVI.

hand of some kind may be unhesitatingly suspected. And here we may be reminded by the readers of Gibbon of 'the famous mosaic of the Lateran, A.D. 792 (by other authorities the date is 797), which represents Christ, who delivers the keys to Peter and the banner to Constantine' (vol. ix. p. 141, note). Whether Gibbon, or the authority he quotes—Muratori—were qualified judges in matters of Christian archæology may be questioned. But the more important fact is that in their day (equally in that of the Italian, as of the English historian), what with the opposite operations of time and restoration, very little indication had been left of this subject, and certainly none of its treatment. That a work, attempting in some fashion to symbolise the power assumed by the Popes after the promulgation of the Donation of Constantine, should have been executed under Pope Leo III. (795-816), is probable: but the mosaic in question is known to have been so ruined at the beginning of the seventeenth century that the principal figures—Christ, St. Peter, and Constantine—no longer existed. In the time of Urban VIII., 1623-1644, it was reconstructed partially from a drawing taken only seventy years before, and therefore scarcely more intelligible than the ancient mosaic itself. Again, this second edition was destroyed in the time of Pope Clement XII., 1730-1739, and it is another supposed copy now on the outside of the Santa Scala\* which Gibbon saw in 1764,—if he saw or cared about it at all. A work, therefore, which has passed through such vicissitudes will hardly upset evidence gathered from uninjured sources. In the change even from the first to the second copy (the first having been engraved by Ciampini), three keys have been put into the lap of St. Peter, which were not there before!

Altogether, it must be borne in mind by those who attempt to investigate history through forms of Art, that mosaics are, of all sources, the least trustworthy. Restoration with them is, after the lapse of centuries, an indispensable operation. There are very few, in Rome especially, which have not been thus vitally altered in those minutæ which convey history. For the mediæval mosaicist, like the mediæval architect, repaired and filled up according to the style of his own time. If the originally simply uplifted hand of the Saviour was obliterated, he inserted it in the act of benediction; if no nimbus or merely the circle

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\* Bunsen, 'Beschreibung der Stadt Rom,' vol. iii. part i. p. 552 et seq. The 'History of Painting in Italy,' by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle, p. 49, reports that two heads in the Vatican Museum are all that remain of the original mosaic.

had surrounded His head, he made it cruciform. Thus the chronology of Art has been constantly, even without direct intention, interrupted in this form. Another instance as regards the symbol of the key may be observed in the originally Arian Baptistery of S. Maria in Cosmedin at Ravenna, where its presence in the hand of St. Peter, instead of the ancient scroll borne by the eleven other Apostles, shows how late it was before the Church of Rome felt called upon to insert this badge of her supremacy. Perhaps, however, the greatest instance of modern zeal in the falsification of history belongs to Padre Marchi, who, in the frontispiece of his work—made up of a conglomerate of supposed subjects from the Catacombs—boldly inserts the keys of Peter into the Labarum of Constantine!

To return, therefore, to the subject from which we started; namely, the sarcophagus on which appears the incident we have thus digressingly analysed. We venture to pronounce that it cannot be ascribed to a period earlier at all events than the eleventh century; while the fact that two keys are being bestowed places it possibly in the twelfth. Thus, while Art serves to show what history is, she is equally trustworthy in proving what it is *not*.

And now, taking the certain fact that the Junius Bassus sarcophagus belongs to the fourth century, and the not improbable conclusion that the one bearing the subject of Christ giving the keys to Peter is, at all events, of the eleventh century, we arrive at some idea of the number of ages over which the Art of the Catacombs extends. As to intervening dates, these, doubtless, with close research, might be proximately defined; though in some measure Art here defies even her own evidence. For Ecclesiastical Art is always in the main stationary. We see it thus to this day in Russia, where Ecclesiastical and Secular Art may be seen to exist side by side,—the one a stagnant lake, the other a puny rill. There can be no doubt that the same state of things prevailed both in the Eastern and Western Empire for many centuries. Thus the repetition of the same subject and even treatment argues, in some instances, no identity of period. This is proved by comparing a subject from the Catacombs with its prototype above ground. We take, for instance, Christ, as the Agnus Dei, in the centre, with six sheep on each side, as seen on more than one sarcophagus. What the first date of this allegorical conception may be, we know not; but we trace its first appearance above ground in the mosaics of SS. Cosimo and Damiano at Rome, A.D. 530, and its continuance through those of S. Apollinare in Classe at Ravenna, A.D. 671-677, those of S. Prassede at Rome, A.D. 827—those of S. Clemente at Rome,

A.D.

A.D. 1099-1118—to finally those of S. Maria in Trastevere, A.D. 1130-1143, thus showing the same subject and treatment for a period of above six hundred years.

But, as a general rule, it may be assumed that those subjects of the Catacombs which advance beyond ideas appropriate to a place of sepulture are of the later class in time, and date probably from the first strivings of independent Art above ground, which, in its turn, reacted on the Classic-Christian traditions. For Art did not wait until she had spent her classic impetus, which was more or less local in force, and ran on, as we have seen, possibly to the twelfth century. She found her turning-point in other localities long before then. Other conditions met her, and bent her to new, and, in some sense, higher purposes. Hitherto she had served a race who, however outwardly Christianized, still demanded from Art the two favourite elements of ancient Greek contemplation—Beauty and Tranquillity. And if beauty were past her power to continue to create, she, at all events, adhered to its degenerate mask. Classic-Christian Art is, therefore, to the last, as she was at the first, gay, cold, and comfortable to look on; suggesting neither mystery, awe, nor pathos. But meanwhile other seed had been sown, and was bearing fruit in solemn forms and strange meanings, which tell of the changes in kingdoms and the infusion of new races. It would seem that the very mysticism of a mythology engendered under ruder skies led the way more naturally to the conception of the Infinite and the Everlasting. For there is no doubt that these ideas in Art were first enunciated by Northern races; ‘Christ is here no longer the fairest of the sons of men, endowed with the terrestrial persuasions of youth, grace, and beauty; but he is the enthroned God of the universe, riding upon the Heavens, and as separate from us as they are from this earth.’ Such conceptions are seen on ivory Gospel covers as early as the ninth century,\* where a higher order of worshipping creatures proportionably exalt the idea of the Being adored. Here new and awful forms come before us. For the six-winged seraphim stand around the enthroned Saviour, and Sun and Moon, Earth and Ocean, so help by their homage the sense of His supernatural Majesty, that Man’s Fall and Man’s Sufferings seem matters too puny to intrude. But if an almost undue divorce between human wants and heavenly pomp overpower in some instances the mind, the balance is kept true in others. In one remarkable object, itself a date, and also known to be the work of a Northern artist—the altar of S. Ambrogio at Milan—the new and the old ideas are

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\* Evangelium, Ancient Library of St. Gall.

blended together. Christ enthroned in the centre is *separate* from us in His unapproachable glory, but the attributes of the Four Evangelists tell of His faithful relationship to this small world, while the old Catacomb subjects of the miracles entirely restore Him to us as the Friend even of the least of the sons of men.

At and before this time also the painful view of Christ's life on earth—so strictly avoided by Classic-Christian Art—had emerged from this more earnest ground. Strange and fantastic creations now appear, for Art had not only really returned to the conditions of a little child, but to those of one whose limbs were confined by every kind of swathing impediment. Nothing can be more singular than the early miniatures, possibly from Iona, preserved in the ancient Convent Library of St. Gall on the Lake of Constance. The 'Evangelarium Scotticum,' of the eighth century, shows, perhaps, the earliest instance of that horror-invested fact—the Crucifixion. Rude beyond expression is this—the Christ with red arms and blue legs, and wrapt in purple drapery like as with the coils of a serpent. No traditions of any art can be discerned in these miniatures, which rise, as it were, from the ranks of the human mind, and have no merit but that of aiming at something above it. This Art, however, gained the use of her limbs at no expense of her reverential solemnity. Terrible facts of mockings and scourgings now come before the eye, as told and illustrated in the 'History of our Lord,' yet with the idea of Christ's Majesty always paramount. If earnestness had taken the place of the conventions that went before, familiarity had not bred that contempt for religious propriety that was to follow after.

One phase of art which has a peculiar reference to history occurs in the eleventh century. The expectation of the Millennium, and with it, in some sense, the destruction of the world, left its impress, as is well known, upon architecture, and also upon imitative art. Not till the idea had passed away that the world was coming to an end at the expiration of a thousand years, did art begin to expatiate on the fact that the world had been created. This chapter is one of the most original in the 'History of our Lord.' As decorations of the many churches which sprang up or were restored in the eleventh century, the subjects of the creation of the world and of man appear not unfrequently in the form of mosaics. The series in the vestibule cupolas of St. Mark's at Venice is seen first, in part, illustrated in this work. Here, where the art is by no means contemptible, there is an ingenuity of thought much beyond it. It was easy in the literal following of the Scripture text to represent the naive idea

idea of the Seventh Day under the form of an angel, and with Christ literally blessing it, as it bows before His throne. But the further idea of showing the Seventh Day as wingless, and, in that sense, inactive, while the other Days all stand by fully winged, and therefore fitted for work, is as ingenious an instance of the power of art over what we may call allusion as can be quoted from any time.

It would be strange if the course of Art did not show traces of the disputes and differences in the Early Church, and the feelings they engendered. And these signs appear as early as the fifth century, like discords among scenes redolent with the dignity and surface-serenity of Classic feeling. Though images of violence and suffering were banished, though there were no Flagellations and no Crucifixions, yet bitterness found its form, and persecution its expression. We allude to a mosaic in the Chapel of Galla Placidia at Ravenna, where Christ, with the Cross on His shoulder, and a fire burning at His side, is advancing to burn the Arian books, which are seen behind in a kind of cupboard with open doors. If the Arians, who built and decorated some of the earliest churches and baptisteries in Ravenna, retorted in the same style, no record has remained. Some evidence, at all events, of the forbearance of the mild Goth Theodoric, and of the Arian Archbishops, may be gathered from the fact that they allowed this mosaic to stand unmolested in this, the chiefly Arian city of Ravenna. But unworthy as this mosaic is of the dignity of art, it is courteous and Christian as compared with the devices used in later times, when fanatics no longer confined themselves to burning books. In various miniatures, where fierce feeling and rude art ran more congenially together, Arius is made the pendant to Judas, both enchained in flames; while, as Art advanced to her palmier times, Mahomet was admitted as a third in those hideous scenes of Hell sanctioned by the Church, which polluted the peace of the Cemetery in the Campo Santo at Pisa and elsewhere. And when the hatred against the Infidel and the Turk had given place, not to pity, but to time, the Jew was substituted in these unholy dishonours, as may be seen in numerous instances in cinque-cento pictures, or in earlier and ruder engravings; while, later still, Isabella of Castille's worthy grandson—the Emperor Charles V.—is seen with perfect equanimity trampling under his horse's feet a prostrate Moor. This occurs in a picture in Mr. Baring's Gallery by Bernard van Orley, the beauty and finish of which only further points the odious moral which is intended.

It would be strange, too, if another dogma, which has left many a scar on the surface of History, and has affected the peace  
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of the world as much as the Papal Keys—we mean that of the Divine right of Kings—had not found its place in the archives of Art. In truth the two rise to sight, as might have been expected, from the laws of repulsion and the history of antagonism, pretty much at the same time. To our feelings it is the profanest sight that early art offers when the Sacred Person of Christ is summoned to bless some abject tyrant of the Eastern Empire, or barbaric despot of remoter position, who, instead of being bowed at His feet, as others are at theirs, stand with their trumpery worldly trappings upon them, and bend no knee before the King of Kings. Thus we see the wretched Romanus Diogenes, and his wife the Empress Eudocia (married 1068), each weighed down with barbaric gold and pearl, with Christ standing between them with a hand on the head of each.\* Or a Bulgarian Prince stands in the centre with Christ on one side, and a sainted Scribe on the other, the Scribe being far more occupied with the royal than with the Divine presence.† Or the subject under a pious monarch is treated as condescendingly as the dogma admitted, the Creator being elevated at all events above the creature. This is seen in a grand miniature in the before-mentioned Bamberg MS. at Munich, where the Lord, in an auréole above, rests his feet on the shoulders of Henry II. of Germany, and places the crown on his head. At the same time an angel is putting a spear, terminating with a crucifix, into his right hand, and another angel a sword into his left, while two saints, kneeling to the monarch, support his burdened arms. Thus the whole investiture goes on at once—Divine Right, Absolute Power, and holiest earthly counsels. A later representation of a stronger Prince banishes all this circumstance. Roger II., of Sicily (died 1134), as if invoking no dogma of Divine Right, stands alone, already invested and crowned by his own strong right arm; but above appears the hand of Christ, consecrating his dignity.‡

Perhaps the last expression of this form of human pride, vain-glory, and presumption—unless we except a medal supposed to be forthcoming at Berlin—is worthily embodied in the bloated shape of Henry VIII. of England, who, under the form of David playing the harp, conveys the double fact of his being the Anointed of the Lord, and a good musician.§

As regards the history of our own country, the revelations of art are full of flattering suggestion. Passing over the Anglo-Saxon period, in which the most independent elements of the

\* Ivory, Bibliothèque Impériale, Paris.

† D'Agincourt, 'Pittura,' tab. 61.

‡ Gally Knight's 'Norman Remains in Sicily.'

§ Psalter of King Henry VIII., British Museum.

time are seen, we take our stand on works only recently estimated at their true value, and first brought into light by our own immortal Flaxman. We mean the sculpture on the west front of Wells Cathedral, exhibiting, under peculiar conditions of space, the Last Judgment.\* Though the name of the sculptor who designed and executed these figures will perhaps never now be discovered, yet, having lived probably before Niccolo Pisano, who, born in 1200, was forty-two years of age when these sculptures are known to have been completed, he ranks equal if not superior to the great Italian master. Nor have we any reason to discredit the belief that he was a native of this country, when we take into account the marvellously beautiful drawings and miniatures scattered through Anglo-French and English works, of the origin of which there is no doubt. On the face of many of these it is evident that the cotemporary art of Italy, as regards command of drawing, and action, is far overmatched. It may be doubted whether the Italians, even fifty years later, can show such expression of the human figure, ease and animation of composition, perfection of animal life, beauty of detail,—in short, such a large range of the practice of the eye and hand,—as will be found in that wonderful volume in the British Museum, dated 1310, called ‘Queen Mary’s Prayer-book.’ In the same way as the ballads of a people will tell their history, do these drawings, though here as effect rather than cause, bear witness to the stuff of which the English nation was already made. England was destined to be the prey of those civil wars and religious revolutions which check the arts of peace—therefore England has little to show by native hands after this period. Nevertheless, the great national under-current had set too strongly to be turned, so that if we compare the art of all nations at the period of ‘Queen Mary’s Prayer-book,’ it is only from the English race that, however much later, the advent of a Shakspeare could have been anticipated.

Far too little is known at present of the help that would accrue to the historian by the study of these wonderful galleries and treasures, which only the leisure of monastic life could have produced, and which in all extra-religious subjects tell of that humble class which the secluded country monk knew best. There is something unspeakably touching in the humility of these works. With very rare exceptions no artist’s name is brought to light. We tell his life, his health, his industry, and something of his mind, by his patient and beautiful doings; his illness by outlines sketched forth, and awaiting the further finish of his brush; or his sudden death, where the cunning hand of

\* ‘Iconography of the West Front of Wells Cathedral,’ by C. R. Cockerell, R.A.  
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the workman ceases in full power, and the other side of the leaf, or the next picture in the same page, betrays another mind and style. How well these unknown limners told their tale, many of the illustrations of 'The History of our Lord' will show. The childlike spirit reigns supreme in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries: as children draw to the present day, so drew they; they gave the essentials of the story, exaggerated in action, unassisted by accessories, but unmistakeable in intention. The Lord reproving Adam and Eve is as rude in execution as it is clear in speech in the Bible de Noailles, A.D. 1000; the same subject is as beautiful in finish as it is ludicrous and mean in sentiment by the hand of Domenichino in the seventeenth century. By the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century, these works, in French, English, and Belgian MSS., assume a beauty and delicacy which render them peculiarly fascinating to the eye of taste, but the archness, simplicity, and even ingenuity of meaning begin to disappear. In a beautiful Bible of the end of the thirteenth century, in the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris, often quoted and copied in 'The History of our Lord,' the same idea of the Seventh Day receiving the benediction of the Creator recurs. Drawing and drapery are far more beautiful, but the deeper thought of a wingless being has vanished, and an angel, with long and radiant pinions, on which the most exquisite delicacy of the brush has been bestowed, kneels before the throne.

By this time, also, symptoms of that disease, destined to find a principal antidote in the invention which superseded the illuminated MS. altogether, show themselves. Legendary matter, presented in pictures, began to corrupt eyes too unlearned to gather truth or falsehood through other means. This was a fact of momentous significance. As 'Books of the Simple,' it was better that the lowly should view our Lord with his arms red and his legs blue, as in the fantastic and barbarous, but non-heretical art of the ninth century, than see Him falling beneath the cross He enjoins us to bear, or carrying it with the help of the Virgin.\* The Scotch proverb

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\* We remark that Lady Eastlake has been criticised for confusion of ideas, in her condemnation of the art which represents our Lord as falling beneath His Cross. But the confusion lies solely with the critic. There are two views of the subject of Christ bearing His Cross: the one historical, the other moral. The historical view proves nothing, for our Lord bore probably only the transverse beam, and made that over entirely to the shoulders of Simon the Cyrenian. But the moral view is intended for a lesson to the spectator; it is worse than folly, therefore, to make Him falling beneath the Cross, which He is represented as bearing only for the purpose of our example. In truth, this falling beneath the Cross is only the legendary view adopted by the Roman Church at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and, instead of being defended, deserves the most unqualified condemnation as true neither historically nor morally.

says, 'One lie makes twenty:' human sentimentalities once substituted for the simplicity of the Gospel soon brought in other false spirits stronger than they. Nothing can be truer than the fact which this work steadily exemplifies, viz. that the interests of Christian art and the integrity of Scripture are indissolubly united. Art, truly understood, is inveterately Protestant. Her inherent laws offer one constant appeal against all adulteration of the Truth. Legend never approaches the Person of our Saviour except to degrade it, or to set up a rival in importance to it. Either of these proceedings is prejudicial to art. As the natural development of this pernicious tendency there arose those ecclesiastical series of types and subjects, executed by hand in the fourteenth century, and printed by block machinery in the fifteenth, to which frequent reference is made in 'The History of our Lord.' Nothing we see in art appears more significant of the impending Reformation than the wide dissemination of these childish works, with their strained when not utterly irrelevant subjects, their often hideous art, and their worse than barren text.

And as we are struck with the intrusion of false matter, so are we constantly reminded of the absence of anything like new versions even of the old subjects, which new minds might have been expected to supply. Those higher meanings and deeper feelings—the thought in the stillness of the night, the suggestion in the devotions of the day—have very seldom left their impress here. Art walked in the triumph of her beauty through the length and breadth of Italy, but she walked hand in hand with convention and routine. Historically speaking, she tells wondrous little of the real habits and modes of life of the grand Italian race, because, historically speaking, she tells too much of that which closed the sources of religious inspiration and repressed the evidences of individual character. This accounts for the little hold which the so-called great Italian masters have over the unlearned eye. For those who have little comprehension of the glorious language of Art herself, what is there else to read in them? They appeal to exquisite taste, but seldom to religious feeling, or domestic sympathy. Nevertheless, when permitted by circumstances to refer to the only original source of Christian art, the greatest Italian master sufficiently vindicates his sense of its power. Raphael's Cartoons are a remarkable example of this. One of the most corrupt and worldly of men that ever filled the Papal throne, desired the History of Peter and Paul, in the form of tapestry, to swell the pomp of the Vatican chapel. Raphael was commissioned to prepare the designs. This was a subject still, in an historical sense, comparatively unknown in the traditions

tions of art. The approaches to the sacred Well-spring were therefore undefiled by the hoof of the camel and other unclean animals. That Raphael took his conceptions of the Cartoons direct from Scripture is a fact written on most of these masterpieces of his genius, which owe their grandeur and impressiveness in great measure to their faithful adherence to the text.

With all admiration for the glories of the Italian art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it is impossible not to speculate on the services it might have rendered to mankind if it had been as much for the interests of the Roman Church to refer her painters to the inexhaustible treasury of Holy Writ, as it was the reverse. As it is, we conclude this article with the conviction that the highest capacity of Christian art, as the equal triumph of spiritual feeling and mechanical skill, is a moral power which has not yet been fully developed.

**ART. VII.—***Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to Enquire into the Revenues and Management of certain Colleges and Schools, and the Studies pursued and the Instruction given therein. With an Appendix and Evidence. Presented by command of Her Majesty to both Houses of Parliament. London, 1864.*

**T**HIS Report together with the documents appended to it must be considered the most important and valuable contribution to Educational science which has been made in modern times.

The public school is a product of the English soil. It is strongly marked with the impress of the English mind, and in its turn has had no slight influence in moulding the national character. No original, no counterpart, nor copy of it is to be found abroad ; and it bears no resemblance to any foreign institution, under whatever denomination, where boys are assembled for the purpose of education. The Commissioners have subjected to the most searching investigation the constitution and management of our principal public schools, and their Report presents an account of what is called public education, at once comprehensive and minute, and intelligible to all, if indeed the system can be made fully intelligible to those who have no personal experience of its working.

In the first instance, the Commissioners addressed to the several authorities of the nine Foundations to which their attention was specially

specially directed,\* a uniform series of printed questions, embracing every variety of subject affecting the interests or the management of the respective schools. They subsequently paid personal visits to each, and examined orally the masters, tutors, and others who could throw light upon any of the subjects of inquiry. They also called before them young members of the Universities, whose recollections of school must be still fresh, and whose knowledge on some points more accurate and full than that of their elders. At a later period of the investigation they were induced by an alleged case of hardship to examine a number of little boys to elicit from them an exact account of the present system of fagging. They have thus collected an immense mass of information relating to the management of the several schools, the course of instruction, the moral training, the discipline, the treatment of the boys, their sports, their social relations with each other—in a word, every particular, great and small, from the constitution of the governing body, the revenue, and its application, down to the cut of the boys' coats, and the colour of their neckcloths.

Moreover, to ascertain the efficiency of the teaching, they have obtained the evidence of tutors at the University and of the several boards, who examine candidates for admission into the civil and military service. Nor have their labours ended here. As it is their task not only to discover faults but to suggest remedies, they have consulted several eminent persons who, for various reasons, may be presumed to have valuable advice to offer. They have also extended their enquiries to other places of education more recently founded, such as Marlborough, Cheltenham, and Wellington, where attempts have been made to improve and enlarge the received scheme of instruction; and further, their Chairman Lord Clarendon has availed himself of the opportunity afforded by his mission to Berlin towards the close of the year 1861, to obtain from the Minister of Public Instruction an exact account of the methods adopted in Prussia.

The result of all this diligence is a volume containing a couple of very able Reports, together with two volumes of evidence, and another of Appendix. The first of the Reports is general. It comprises the particulars in which all public schools resemble each other, and the suggestions for improvement which the Commissioners believe to be equally applicable to all; the second

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\* The Commissioners are the Earls of Clarendon and Devon, Lord Lyttelton, Hon. E. B. Twistleton, Sir Stafford H. Northcote, Bart., Rev. W. H. Thompson, M.A., H. Halford Vaughan, Esq., M.A. The schools are Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, Rugby, Shrewsbury. We give the names of both Commissioners and schools in the order in which they stand in the Royal Commission.

is special, giving a minute account of each school separately, and the recommendations adapted to its peculiar circumstances.

That these Reports entirely please nobody is no matter of wonder or reproach. On the one hand they bring nothing but disappointment to those who entertain vague hopes that, by some unexplained and sweeping change, every boy may be taught the one thing, and some one thing it is assumed there must be, that he is willing to learn. On the other, they give but imperfect satisfaction to those who desire to hear that the present system is perfection, and that Englishmen cannot be more generally and more accurately informed without impairing the manliness and vigour of the national character. The proposed amendments are multitudinous in number and various in character, sometimes surprising us by their minuteness, sometimes startling us by their magnitude; and of these the least defensible are naturally selected for comment by readers who shrink from grappling with four bulky and closely printed folios in the height of the London season and the Parliamentary Session.

Nor can it be denied that some of the suggested alterations are of a nature to rouse much opposition and even some alarm. When we hear of unpaid assessors, amounting to a numerical majority, to be added by appointment of the Crown to the governing bodies of the great schools, of what class, it is natural to ask, are these functionaries to be? Are they to be veteran dignitaries already over-burdened with duties of their own, or young aspirants to notoriety and employment? If they are lacking in zeal, what benefit can be hoped from their apathy? If they abound, what protection can be found from their restlessness? If indeed in some cases an addition to the governing body be desirable, no general measure can be framed to suit the varying circumstances of all; and in no case should the interference of the Crown (that is, the minister of the day) be sanctioned. The Crown may make its own blunders the pretext for further encroachments; and no one can say how soon the inefficiency of these composite Boards may furnish a plea for superseding them by a Minister of Public Instruction, who with a legion of salaried officials will take on himself the burden, and, with it, the revenues and patronage of all the great educational endowments of the kingdom.

With even less favour the public seem disposed to receive the suggestion that the great schools should be managed by a Council or Parliament of Masters (for, in certain cases, the representative system is proposed), of which the Head Master is to be only the President. The Council, it is true, are to have no power of enforcing their recommendations except by appealing to the supreme authority

thority ; but thus though they cannot directly coerce the Head Master, they may bring him into collision with the governing body, and worry him into resignation ; while he, on his part, is tempted to reject their advice in order that he may maintain his independence and vindicate his authority. The precedent which the Commissioners quote in favour of their plan is that of Rugby, where Dr. Arnold, who was entirely ignorant of the traditions of the school, used to assemble the under masters together, in order to hear their opinions and to explain his own views. The plan if ably executed may work well ; but surely it might have occurred to the Commissioners that its success depends on the consultation being voluntary. They doubtless intended to provide against the obstructiveness in high quarters which they saw reason to anticipate ; but no ingenuity can invent a machinery for school government sufficiently elastic to throw the motive power always into the most capable hands : while all unity of plan and all power of enforcing discipline would be lost by a master who was liable to be periodically browbeaten by a synod of recalcitrant subordinates.

But notwithstanding a readiness to meddle and to innovate beyond what is wise for the present or safe for the future, the Commissioners have rendered a real and important service to the cause of education. Their suggestions deserve attention even where they have been less successful in indicating the remedy than in pointing out the defect, and they have greatly facilitated the task of improvement, by giving a synoptical view of the system of each school as a whole and by thus affording the amplest opportunities for comparison. That they should have entirely resisted the temptation to grasp too much, and to unite what cannot be reconciled, was not to be expected. That in two years and a half, amidst other pressing and important avocations, they should have familiarised themselves so thoroughly with the constitution and the management of nine great foundations, as to appreciate the defence of every apparent abuse, and to discover the defects of their own remedies, is of course impossible ; and they themselves tell us that in many cases they indicate rather the direction which innovation should take than the change they desire to arrive at '*per saltum*.' In fact the matter is not yet ripe for legislation. It was a relief to the public in general to learn from what passed in the House of Commons in the debate of the 6th May, that it was not intended to bring forward any measure on the subject in the present Session, and we earnestly hope the pledge then given will be redeemed, that none will be proposed hereafter without due deliberation and caution.

The Report, however, has a value of its own beyond that of any enactments to which it may give rise. Though nominally confined to certain schools, it presents a survey of English education from first to last, and furnishes us with an estimate of its value as a preparation for the battle of life. It points out boldly the weakness and the strength of the actual system, and while it acknowledges the benefits conferred, it establishes by unimpeachable testimony the adverse facts which might otherwise be rejected as mere assertions by those to whom they are unacceptable. On the one hand it silences, or ought to silence, the vague clamours of unreasonable discontent; on the other it proves the necessity of amendments, such as legislation alone can never effect.

It is satisfactory that to the general outline of our scheme of public education, considered under its double aspect of moral training and a course of study, the Commissioners give their approval. They not only confirm the opinion we have always entertained as to the favourable influence of the great schools on the formation of character, but they establish beyond doubt that in recent times the moral standard among the boys is raised, the tone of religious feeling improved, and that these microcosms have fully shared in the amendment which is perceptible in general society. They support the monitorial system, which it is so difficult for those who have not witnessed its effects to appreciate, and they approve of that bugbear to tender parents, fagging, though with a feeble protest against *too much* watching out at cricket, and against the employment of fags in certain offices not specified which 'might be performed by servants.' The fact is that for a series of years, fagging and bullying have been diminishing in proportion to the advance of general civilization. Within our own memory, one objectionable practice after another has been discontinued. That in some schools something which it may be well to remove may still linger, is highly possible. But all reforms have their limit. Reformers need ever to be reminded how vain it is to aim at uniting advantages which cannot coexist. With the good we must take the evil, and if fagging did not involve some hardship, what becomes of its vaunted merits in strengthening the character and in teaching a lesson such as the sons of the rich and powerful might otherwise never learn? As to compulsory cricket, the objection that it keeps little boys from learning their lessons is specious rather than solid. Fagging at cricket occupies hours which they would rarely devote to lessons, and if cricket be as important an engine of education as the Commissioners agree with all the world in supposing it to be, they must remember that many excellent cricketers would have

have been lost to the cricket-field if they had not been driven there as fags before they had the liberty of choice.

On the subject of instruction, which to many seems to comprise the sum total of education, the Report confirms, by proofs which cannot be gainsaid, and by an eloquent argument which we would gladly quote (Report, p. 28) if our limits permitted, the commonly received estimate of classical studies. And thus the field of discussion is narrowed within manageable limits. There is no great principle at issue. The question is one of detail. It is admitted that education must be literary, and that of literary education, classical learning is the back bone. But what other studies can be engrafted on that of Latin and Greek? and is the mode of teaching Latin and Greek what it ought to be? To the investigation of these two points, the Commissioners have addressed themselves with diligence; and to this part of the subject we propose to devote whatever space we can allot to the consideration of the Report at present.

The usual complaint against our public schools is, 'that admitting classical learning to be the foundation of education, the foundation is carried too high;' but the Report reveals that this is too favourable a statement. In the majority of cases, the foundation is left incomplete, though the whole time allotted for the building is employed in it, and the superstructure is not raised at all. To this it is no reply to quote the honours and prizes which are gained by the several public schools at the Universities. No one doubts that they can each and all turn out highly finished scholars; but it is by the effect produced on average boys that a place of education is to be judged. What then is the average standard of attainment? The researches of the Commissioners on this point constitute the most painful but perhaps the most valuable part of the Report. (Vol. i. p. 23.) The indispensable preliminary to all improvement is a thorough conviction of the magnitude of the evil. The whole section deserves serious attention: it is written with the greatest caution not to overstate. We can find space for only a few extracts:—

'The standard of the matriculation examination varies at different colleges. At Christ Church a candidate is expected to construe a passage (which he has read before) of Virgil and another of Homer, to write a bit of Latin prose, to answer some simple grammatical questions, and show some acquaintance with arithmetic.'

What boy of fourteen who had been tolerably well taught could be plucked in such an examination? But the Report

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goes on to say that in the year 1862 'one-third failed to surmount this trial.' Again:—

'The subjects of the first University Examination (Responsions) are Greek and Latin books, chosen by the candidate himself, to be construed and parsed; a list of very elementary questions in Latin and Greek grammar; an easy piece of English for translation into Latin prose; arithmetic to vulgar fractions or decimals; the first two books of Euclid, or Algebra to simple equations. Notwithstanding the easiness of the examination it is estimated that about one-fourth are plucked, or withdraw their names from the fear of failure; and though this examination occurs early in the academical course, it is but an imperfect test of school work, for it is notorious (as Mr. Furneaux states) that a very large number of those who pass their responsions without failure have been made fit to do so by one or two terms of hard work and diligent teaching in this place.' \*

We need not follow the Commissioners to Sandhurst or the Horse Guards. The result is everywhere the same, and not only is the amount of scholarship small, but that little is imperfectly learnt. We are further told 'There is a great want of accurate grounding perceptible sometimes even in elegant scholars,' and the latter remark is important, because it leads to the inference that the fault must be rather with the method of teaching than with the pupil. (Report, p. 24.)

All this is indeed no novelty; the world has long been dissatisfied with the amount of instruction with which a young man enters on the duties of life; and on the Universities, as the last agency employed in his education, the first burst of dissatisfaction fell. The Universities, Oxford more especially, seemed to acknowledge their short-comings in silence, and submitted to every species of dislocation and distortion that was supposed necessary to inspire them with fresh life. What amount of good has been done is no part of our present subject to discuss. Be it what it may, the remedy did not reach the root of the mischief. The failure in the produce of the Universities was in great measure occasioned by the badness of the raw material sent them from the public schools.

Reform must go further. The great schools in their turn are visited with Royal Commissions, and are menaced with legislative interference. But the Report does them the justice to acknowledge that the fault does not originate with them. They, too, can plead the defects of the raw material with

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\* The Report does not indeed enable us to say exactly for how many of the rejections the public schools are responsible, but the whole tenour of the evidence justifies the assumption that to them at least the proportionate share of the failures may be attributed.

which they are supplied. The Commissioners then carry their inquiries one step further, and they find the cause of the general backwardness and idleness in the insufficient and unskilful teaching at the preparatory schools and at home. This is not, as it was called in the House of Commons, 'arguing in a vicious circle,' and shifting the blame and the responsibility from hand to hand: it is merely tracing the evil to its source. In each stage of the process of education there is much to amend; but no cure can be complete that does not begin with the beginning. And this brings us to a point which Parliaments and Commissioners cannot reach. No amendment is to be hoped except from the spread of sounder opinions on the subject of education, and therefore it is that we desire to give all the prominence in our power to the painful but important conclusion which the enquiries of the Commissioners have forced upon them. Great confusion of thought prevails on the subject of early education. The mischiefs of overteaching and of teaching ill are quoted as arguments against teaching at all. In order not to overpower the opening intellect, it is left almost unaided. An extravagant solicitude for physical health makes all else comparatively insignificant. From an exaggerated notion of the 'terrors of school' which (as is usual in all such cases) has sprung up just when school has lost its terrors, bodily growth is deemed the chief, if not the only, preparation needed. Parental tenderness hesitates, delays, and finds comfort in asking what can it signify what so young a boy learns. True, indeed, the knowledge he acquires is insignificant in comparison with the habits he forms. Acquirement of every kind has two values—value as knowledge and value as discipline—and the latter is far the most important at the outset of education. Far better were it that a boy were taught the most useless thing in a way to develop his powers and give habits of attention, than that the most useful were pressed upon him so as to strain his faculties or to excite his disgust. But nevertheless the matter of early education is important as well as the manner, though in a minor degree. It does greatly concern the boy's well doing at a public school that on first coming he should have attained a certain proficiency in the studies of the place. Far more than is generally believed depends on the choice of a preparatory school; and in the great uncertainty of finding a good one, every effort should be made by kind and sensible teaching at home to rob the Latin accidence of its bugbear terrors; if indeed 'beginning Latin early' means putting the old Eton Grammar, with  
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its dryness, its crabbedness, and its blunders, into a poor boy's hand, to be learnt by heart and then to be 'heard by the governess,' who understands about as much of it as her pupil—in that case we do not advocate the practice.

Throughout every discussion on education it must be borne in mind that there are two distinct methods of teaching. The one is, to put books into the pupil's hand, and to induce him to learn if he can; the other is, to teach in the strict sense of the term—that is to say, by explaining the lesson, and, by removing the difficulties as they arise, gradually to bring it within the grasp of his comprehension. Nowhere is a more pleasing or more instructive account of the art of teaching to be found than in Roger Ascham's '*Schoolmaster*' (ed. Mayor, p. 3). In dealing with the intellect he anticipates methods (Hamilton's, for instance) which have since been brought out as novelties, and to work upon the will he gives the unusual receipt of gentleness. 'For I assure you there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good witte and encourage a will to learninge as is praise.' And 'if the childe misse,' he would not have 'the master froune;' for 'a childe shall take more profit of two fautes gentlie warned of than of foure thinges rightly hitt.' By teaching such as this some of the great mediæval scholars made that precocious progress which to our ears sounds fabulous. But the general practice was very different. Up to recent times the method of compelling to learn with the least possible help from the teacher was carried to the utmost extent, and enforced with the greatest severity. By it, thousands were flogged out of all taste for literature, and into the condition which Evelyn thinks the most pitiable in nature—that of an unlearned country gentleman on a rainy day. But in all places of education both methods must, to a certain extent, be combined; and that scheme of instruction is the best which in each successive stage of the process combines them in the most judicious proportion. When the 'man' at the University requires more help than the college tutors afford, he is obliged to resort to what he calls a 'coach.' In public schools, though it is high time that their pupils should have learnt to walk without help, it is a question to which we shall come presently whether and in certain cases more of teaching in the strict sense be not advisable. In primary schools, teaching should largely predominate. The only objection is, that it requires a great deal of time, a large staff of assistants, and great talent in the master, or at least a happy knack of imparting knowledge. The commercial interest of a schoolmaster is to manage the largest number of boys

boys with the fewest and the worst-paid ushers.\* And unfortunately the ever present temptation to make the most economical arrangements is seconded by the frequent hints he receives from parents that their chief object is to find a school where the boys are taken care of; and they do not desire (in most cases there is little danger) that their sons should be made prodigies. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that good private schools are the exception rather than the rule. And the result of all this, say the Commissioners, is, that boys do not come to a public school till between twelve and fourteen, and that with many of them education is still to begin. But, alas! the favourable moment has passed—the work is now undertaken at a great disadvantage. Habits of idleness and inattention have been formed; self-will and aversion to study are confirmed; and the tyro, daily increasing in physical strength, will not be led and cannot be driven.

The chief preventive measure suggested by the Commissioners in order to necessitate a better preparation, is, that public schools should reject boys who have failed at a given age to reach a certain standard of proficiency. But they themselves observe, and with great truth, that some schools might be deterred by their commercial interests from exercising this power of rejection, and few would enforce it strictly enough to produce any perceptible effect. And, after all, if it were so enforced, what is to become of the rejected candidates during the long period which must elapse before the system of early education can be reformed? The suggestion, however, is not without its use. Boys are rejected in extreme cases, even now; and a great improvement we think would be effected with little trouble if it were the established practice at public schools to inform the parents of every new boy where he has been placed, and how far his acquirements exceed or fall short of the usual standard of his age. Plain speaking is best both for the boy and his

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\* Where the master himself is a man of great talent, the inferiority of the assistants is less important; but unfortunately men are sometimes allured into the profession of schoolmaster who have no further fitness for it than capital enough to furnish a large house at a fashionable watering place. We have heard from unquestionable authority the following anecdote. Our informant went to see a near relation at a school highly recommended. In conversing with the master he inquired what books were used to help the boys in the composition of verses. The man of learning replied, 'I have often thought, Sir, much too much stress was laid on that unnecessary and superficial acquirement. Cicero, Sir, was but a poor verse maker. You are a classical scholar, Sir, I presume? and if so, you cannot have forgotten the well known line—

'O fortunatus natus me consule Roma!'

It is to be hoped such instances are rare, but it is alarming that they exist at all.

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parents, and moreover is necessary as a protest to save the credit of the school which takes charge of him. The proposal that the Lower School at Eton should be turned into a model preparatory school has been acted on, and we hear with pleasure that the results hitherto have been satisfactory. Great attention is paid to the proper grounding of the boys in English and arithmetic, and in writing. The staff of masters is larger, the payments for the pupils are higher than in the Upper School. There is the machinery for that amount of teaching in the stricter sense by which alone lost time can be redeemed. And this suggests a hint which, perhaps, may be turned to account by other public schools. Might not classes be formed of boys who were below the standard of their age and extra masters be specially appointed to teach them? An extra payment (even a considerable one) should be demanded. To many parents this increased charge might, as a matter of expense, be indifferent; but it would place tangibly before them the deficiency of their son's previous education—a disagreeable truth which his former master has an interest in concealing, and to which they themselves are only too willing to shut their eyes. If this practice were general, it would put a salutary pressure upon both parents and preparatory schoolmasters.

As a remedial measure the Report \* suggests that boys who at an advanced age have failed to get out of the lower parts of the school should be removed, but without the least slur on their characters. This, we are told, is the practice at Rugby, but not of any other public school; it has been much objected to, but the reasons in its favour greatly predominate. To dull, slow, painstaking boys, whose future profession depends on their attaining a certain proficiency, it may be advantageous to remain as long as they are making progress, though slowly. But if it clearly appears that the instruction of the place is so organised that they can no longer profit by it, surely it is charity to prevent their continuing to waste time, of which they have so little to spare. They require the watchful attention of private tuition. If, on the other hand, a boy is not obliged to work for his bread, and is not willing to work for his improvement, he gains nothing by remaining the class-fellow of little boys—a Triton among minnows. To parents who have sent their sons to a public school only as the established mode 'of giving them the best education,' and are perfectly indifferent to the progress they make there, it may be convenient to keep an intractable youth at school till he can be removed to the more

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\* Vide 'Report,' vol. i. p. 36.

openly professed idleness of the University ; but the convenience of such parents is not to be put in the balance against the mischief done to the school by a set of boys who are the real tyrants of their little world, and the chief promoters of all insubordination and misconduct.

We can scarcely hope to improve schools so far that there will not always be a residuum of dunces on whom no impression can be made ; and were they worse than they are, the cream which rises spontaneously to the top will be excellent. There remains a very large majority varying greatly in industry and capacity, who are amenable to the influences of the place, and will turn out pretty much what those influences make them. The besetting sin of these boys is idleness, and their progress depends more on the means that are taken to stimulate their diligence and to excite their emulation, than on any plans which can be devised for extending their studies or offering them a greater liberty of choice. Unless the method of studying is improved, nothing is gained by multiplying the denominations of study, nor is there any room left for a further range of subjects. In after life, many a man may be heard to regret the time wasted in learning—or, more truly, not learning—Greek and Latin, ‘which he always hated,’ and to lament that it was not employed in acquiring something which he now thinks he should have worked at more steadily. But this is a delusion. He attributes to his boyish days the tastes and feelings of later years. At school, idleness was his pleasure and his pride. Had his tasks been made more easy, application would only have been less necessary and more discreditable. It was never found that noblemen at Christ Church who availed themselves of the permission to take up English at ‘Collections,’ made thereby any great stride in the national literature, though they finally abandoned all attempts at scholarship. ‘The great difficulty of a public school’ (says the Report, p. 33), ‘as every master knows, is simple idleness, which is defended by numbers and entrenched behind the system and traditions of the place, and against which, if he be active, he wages a more or less unequal war.’ Moreover, public opinion strongly condemns ‘sapping,’ or by whatever other slang word industry is stigmatised ; and to its magic influence even a well-disposed boy yields. Unless his bread depends on his obtaining some scholarship or exhibition, he does not include attention to school-work within his notions of duty. Unless his talents and acquirements are acknowledged to be superior, he is not entitled in his schoolfellows’ eyes, nor even in his own, to compete for honorary prizes. To  
counterbalance

counterbalance this evil influence, the motive of pleasing his parents would in many cases be sufficient, and in most would avail something. But, unhappily, this motive is frequently withheld. Many parents, the Commissioners observe with just reprehension, send their sons to school only for the purpose of 'making them gentlemen, and enabling them to form great acquaintance;\*' and this, the Report goes on to say, 'the boys are quick enough to perceive instantly, and the same home influence which ought to be the master's most efficacious auxiliary becomes in such cases the greatest obstacle to progress' (vol. i. p. 40). Others—more unaccountably still—though they know that their son's prospects depend on his exertions, forbear to impress him with the urgency of his position; whether from a false confidence in the sufficiency of the school-system or from mistaken indulgence it matters not. Both parties live on in a fool's paradise till the youth is plucked for his 'little-go,' and, in blank despair, they ask each other—what is to be done now to gain a livelihood? One of the Eton witnesses expresses an opinion that the desire to please a tutor is stronger than 'mere emulation' (vol. iii. p. 159). But how small is the interest of a tutor in inferior boys, and how much less is their desire to please him. After all, when the school-system is sluggish, how easily is a tutor pleased. Inquire the character of yon well-looking, ingenuous, gentleman-like boy. He is a special favourite, and no wonder, with his tutor. 'Is he clever?' No; fair abilities, certainly not above the average. 'Does he make the most of them?' Idleness is his only fault. 'Is he a tolerable scholar?' Very inaccurate; he came very ill-grounded. 'His composition?' Is very bad, but the average composition nowadays is deplorable. However, he is very amiable—conduct in the house excellent—not intended for any profession—father very wealthy. Such is a summary of the particulars which cross-examination will elicit from his tutor. His own account of the matter is very simple. 'Why should I work? I can always get off somehow. I am very good friends with my tutor, and my father does not care.' Boys of this class are thus described at the University. 'They are persons,' says Mr. Riddell (Report, p. 24), 'who were allowed to carry their idleness from form to form, to work below their powers, and merely to move with the crowd.'

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\* Report, p. 40. See also Mr. Birch's evidence. We wish it were possible to make these parents feel how impossible it is to turn into a gentleman any boy who is not sent a gentleman from home, and of how little value are school friendships where the parties are not likely to be thrown together in the current of their future lives. But we should speak in vain.

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They are men of whom something might have been made, but now it is too late ; they are grossly ignorant, and have contracted slovenly habits of mind.'

Here, then, is a state of things in which motives for labour are deficient, and labour without motive is repugnant to nature.

The remedies suggested by the Report, though some of them may be very useful, are quite insufficient. To add exhibitions and multiply prizes draws a larger portion into the vortex of competition, and increases the number of superior boys, and so far this is well. But the prize system has its disadvantages. It strengthens the line between the studious and the idle. The boy who has decided not to compete, thinks himself thereby relieved from all further call for exertion, and in some cases is led by his vanity to show by ostentatious idleness that it is impossible he should secretly be meditating competition.

The great question, is, How are schools from their own resources and with their own machinery, independently of all external assistance, to supply adequate motives for labour to the common run of boys?

There is the greatest difference in the amount of progress made by the various great schools of the country towards the solution of this problem. But we have no intention of drawing invidious comparisons, nor of referring to any school in particular, except for the purpose of illustrating a general proposition. 'One of them—the greatest and the most important—Eton (Vol. i. p. 25), is specially censured by the Commissioners for the idleness of its masses ; but our strictures are general, and are directed against slovenly teaching and idle habits wherever they exist. The Commissioners not only suggest measures, but also the mode of executing them ; and therefore they are hampered by the necessity of adapting their recommendations to existing arrangements. We have undertaken no such Herculean labour. We shall only state what long observation has convinced us is necessary to infuse intellectual activity into the inert masses of a large public school. Where our suggestions are superfluous, we trust the several authorities will accept the implied compliment ; where their utility is recognised we do not doubt means will ultimately be found of carrying them out, in spite of all practical difficulties and the attachment of both masters and boys to old traditions.

And in truth we have nothing very recondite to propose, nothing but what is contained by implication in the Report before us, and when plainly stated is a mere truism. In the first place, then, stands the obvious preliminary to all progress that the saying of a lesson to a master must be a reality ; it must be something

something which it is very satisfactory to do well, and very disagreeable to do ill; and it must be contrived that if the lesson is not learnt, the chances of detection are much greater than those of escape. We can imagine no means of effecting this except by a system of 'taking places' (in all but the highest forms), not the languid permutations which are sometimes called by the name, but an active, stirring, vigilant competition, in which the slightest blunder, or even hesitation, is visited by the loss of a place. Every day brings a revolution in the order of precedence. The senior boy of the class may find himself by an ill prepared lesson brought to the bottom. The junior, by a lucky correction, neglected by the boys before him, may suddenly get to the top. The attention of all is kept up by a constant passage of questions down the ranks, and the idle and ill prepared are marked out by their silence for examination. There is a passage in the Report on Winchester College which is so much to the purpose that we cannot do better than quote it. Vol. i. 147:—

'The system of promotion at Winchester is nearly the reverse of that at Eton. At Eton a boy rises in the school chiefly by seniority; at Winchester his rate of progress is determined by his success in an incessant competition, in which every lesson and every exercise counts for a certain numerical value, and which never pauses or terminates till he reaches the sixth form. Places are taken in every division below the sixth form, and each boy receives for each lesson a number of marks, answering to the place he holds in the division at the end of the lesson. Thus, if he is twentieth from the bottom he receives twenty marks. \* \* \* \* At the end of every week the marks gained for all the lessons are added up, and the same thing is done at the end of every month; this record of each boy's progress is called the "Classic Paper." The promotion of each boy at the end of a half year depends on the number of marks he has received in the Classic Paper during that half year, with the addition of those he has gained (if his place in the school is below the senior part of the fifth) for "standing up" at the end of the summer half' \*—

which is explained to be a general repetition of all he has learnt by heart, either for school business or for the express purpose of this competition. The Commissioners go on to recommend periodical competitive examinations 'as a means of correcting the defects inseparable from the system of taking places as a method of promotion.' These defects, it seems to us, can

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\* We do not see why the Commissioners think it an objection to the Winchester system that it leaves the big and idle boys at the bottom. Surely on the whole it is better that their deficiencies should be made manifest to their parents and themselves than that they should be partially concealed by a promotion regulated chiefly by seniority.

scarcely

scarcely exist except where the system of taking places has lost its vivacity and reality. But at any rate, as an additional test of diligence, there cannot be the slightest objection to the competitive examinations proposed; although no examinations can be accepted as a substitute for the active, ever-present competition of taking places. At the beginning of the half-year the end of it appears at an incalculable distance, and the stimulus of so distant a struggle acts but feebly. The practice of taking places not only has the incidental merits (and prodigious merits they are) of enforcing a habit of close attention and promoting accuracy, but by occasional unexpected successes it rouses the spirit of emulation in a boy who never felt it before, and even awakes powers of which he himself was unconscious, while it extends the influence of emulation in gradually widening, though less strongly marked circles throughout the whole division:—

*‘Est quadam prodire tenus si non datur ultra.’*

He who has no hope of gaining the prizes may at least desire to be among the first twelve of the class; another will strive to be in the first half; and dull indeed must he be who does not make an effort to avoid the almost ridiculous position of last.

But to give efficacy to the practice of taking places, even when conducted properly, it is necessary that the method of hearing the lesson should be of the most searching character. Instead of a vague and general description of what we conceive this method should be, we are glad to be able to give a detailed example. Dr. Arnold used to attribute the accurate school scholarship for which Winchester was remarkable to the mode of hearing lessons adopted by Dr. Gabell, who was head master in the early part of the present century. As described by old Wykehamists it does not seem to have presented in its various parts any remarkable novelty; but, as a whole, it was in its day unrivalled, and probably even now merits attention. It should be mentioned that the forms in the middle part of the school passed for alternate fortnights under his tuition, and it is not his mode of dealing with the more advanced scholars of the sixth form that we are describing, but his way of testing and perfecting the ‘grounding’ of boys who are still occupied with the elementary parts of scholarship. In the first place, he insisted on a loud, clear, slow utterance; every syllable to be heard distinctly at a considerable distance. It usually cost a new boy two or three harassing lessons to learn to read, but the difficulty once got over was surmounted for ever, and the effect of this practice in securing accuracy and precision in construing was wonderful.

wonderful. He did not insist upon a boy's knowing all his lesson, but he did insist on his knowing accurately how much he could do, and how much he could not. And it was understood to be a sufficient excuse for not construing one or two sentences if the pupil, on being called on, at once stated his inability, and could show that he had marked the passage previously in ink. What this able teacher desired to prevent was the loose habit of study which disposes the learner to rest satisfied with a knowledge of the individual words, and to trust to chance for hammering out the construction. After the passage had been read, especially if it was read unintelligently, he would desire the pupil to look up from his book and tell its general meaning (an excellent though merely incidental lesson in English); or by the single question, 'Where is the apodosis?' he would awaken him to the alarming consciousness that though he could construe each separate limb of the sentence, he had no distinct and clear perception of the meaning of the whole. The pupil was also expected to state the general connexion of the passage with the subject (Horace's 'Satires and Epistles'—no easy task), and it was only after drawing from the class their own notions on the subject that the Doctor gave his own lucid explanation.

But it was in Greek parsing, above all, that his ingenuity was conspicuous in condensing into the shortest space the most searching examination. His first question with respect to each Greek verb in the lesson generally was, What is it like in the Grammar? A boy who could answer this showed at once that he could parse it thoroughly; but this was not enough; the same boy or another was required to parse the word, and the parsing involved the tracing of every link of the formation, and the repetition, if required, of every rule relating to it. Each boy was required to bring his Grammar with him, and instead of saying what the given word resembled, the class were frequently required to find it in the book itself, in order to familiarise them with the use of what, in the strictest etymological sense, the Doctor desired should be a *Manual*; and, after a certain pause, places were lost by those who were still turning over the leaves with the word unfound.

Contrary to the all but universal practice of his day, Dr. Gabell rarely, if ever, flogged for lessons; nor was he very careful in exacting the impositions which, it seems, he set rather profusely. Like a clever sheep-dog, he made his bark more effectual than his bite, and inspired more fear than many other masters of well-remembered severity. By the concurrent testimony of his pupils it is certain he made it thoroughly mortifying to an intelligent boy to fail in a lesson, and he inspired even the most sluggish with

with a great anxiety to 'get off,' and also with the salutary conviction that the only way to ensure this was to master the lesson. 'Cribs,' which in some great schools are so generally used (as we learn from the evidence), and which no vigilance can entirely banish, are thus rendered superfluous. When the pupil is expected to know everything that the Dictionary or Grammar can tell respecting every word, a 'crib' is of little use except to give the general meaning of a difficult sentence, and this amount of help is sometimes rather useful than mischievous. It was very interesting, we have been told, to watch the devices by which the Doctor would try to fix in the memory of his junior class the first fragments of more advanced scholarship as they were suggested by the day's lesson. But it is only the probing and searching power of his method which we desire to hold up as a model for imitation.

The attainment of accurate grounding will be much facilitated by the general adoption of one uniform and improved Grammar for the use of all the great schools; and we are glad to hear the masters of the nine great foundations under consideration have met for the purpose of carrying out the suggestion of the Report to this effect:—When the task is in such hands we will venture on only two suggestions. The new Manual must be short—let the reader who dreads a book in more than one volume allow for the depression with which a schoolboy takes up a thick closely-printed 8vo. in sheepskin with the dreary anticipation that he 'must learn all that'—and it must be strictly elementary. School-books are good in proportion as they resemble oral teaching, and the great advantage of oral teaching consists in its supplying information just as it is wanted, and not perplexing the learner with premature instruction. In the upper forms a second grammar to serve as an introduction to the niceties of scholarship, would be necessary.

It must be borne in mind the point we are now labouring to enforce is that saying lessons should be a reality, and of all lessons the most difficult to turn into a sham we should have thought is Repetition. Nevertheless, it seems that at Eton the boys can calculate what portion of the lesson will fall to each. They are called up in rotation, and (so easily is a vested right in abuses acquired) they would resent as an injury any deviation from the established order. The witness who gives this evidence leaves it to be inferred that the masters *dare not* by 'dodging' disconcert this convenient arrangement, and thus it is easy to shirk the whole of the Repetition Lesson, with the exception of the few predestined lines (vol. iii. p. 250).

If the Repetition Lessons at Eton were realities, the Commissioners  
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sioners are probably right in thinking them too long. Let them be thoroughly learnt, and we should not object to their being shortened. We know not why Repetition has fallen into so much disfavour with reformers of late years. As mental discipline, it is needed to cultivate the memory,—a faculty which beyond all others is strengthened and may be indefinitely improved by exercise. Nor is it less useful for the acquisition of scholarship and the improvement of taste. A late eminent statesman, during the whole of a long life, made it his daily practice to commit to memory some striking passage of an ancient or modern author, and to this habit his friends attributed much of the liveliness of fancy and the richness of diction which characterized his eloquence. Hemsterhusius, the great Dutch scholar, employed, as his principal means of conveying instruction, Repetition of the most assiduous and accurate kind. In classic times, when books were few, to repeat from dictation was the only mode of learning, and many important faculties of the mind were called into play by this exercise. It was thus little Horace was taught by his formidable Orbilius, and the trial of temper which this method of teaching must inflict upon the teacher may account for, if it does not excuse, his severity. At Winchester the Report describes a series of competitive lessons in Repetition (already mentioned), which takes place annually at the end of the summer half-year. Something like this might in many cases be introduced with good effect. It can hardly be necessary to add that no Repetition should be allowed to pass without an examination in the construing. To commit to memory lines which are not understood, or are misunderstood, is only to stereotype ignorance and error. We quite agree with Dr. Moberly in thinking it desirable to encourage boys as much as possible to cultivate a rational memory rather than memory by rote; and to recall the words of the lesson, by having first mastered the order of the thoughts. But we think the Doctor greatly overrates the difficulty and undervalues the importance of the memory, which associates sounds and words whose connection is only arbitrary. It is by this kind of memory the alphabet is learned; on this most systems of '*memoria technica*' are based. Memory by rote is much stronger than intellectual memory—it is more durable in the decline of age, it is less difficult to the undeveloped powers of childhood. The natural inclination of the child is to get his lessons by rote, merely; in order, therefore, to cultivate his reason—not to lighten his task—we would lead him to make Repetition an exercise of intellectual memory. There is no part of the present system which we would part with less willingly than Repetition, and it would be most unfair to draw from

from Repetition evaded an argument against Repetition properly regulated and enforced.

Our next remedy for the improvement of the dull and idle masses is to bestow on them more of *teaching* in the stricter sense. How far a boy ought to be taught, and how far compelled to teach himself, is a question to which in no two cases would the answer be absolutely the same. There is no doubt that what is learnt without aid is of more value as mental discipline, and is more soundly acquired, than what has been imparted by teaching; and of this, the Report gives a striking proof in the fact that in the Mathematical School at Eton the boys who have the advantage of a private tutor have never yet gained the prize (vol. i. p. 83). Nevertheless, when boys fall backward in their work, and show that they cannot or will not get on, there is no resource but special teaching and private influence. But how to supply these remedies is the difficulty. It might be supposed that in schools where the tutorial system is established the machinery is all ready, but if so, it must be very differently worked. At Eton, where it is exhibited in its completest form, the Report shows us that the tutors endure an intolerable amount of labour, and yet for average and inferior boys little or nothing is done. To remedy this the Commissioners recommend certain changes in matters of detail by which time may be saved, and also (a much more efficient measure) the establishment of a staff of assistant tutors. But to produce any marked result the additional teachers can scarcely be fewer than one to every house, and they must be animated with more zeal and activity than are generally displayed. The boys who most need the superintendence of a tutor are precisely those whom the tutor is most tempted to neglect; and to discover an avenue to the intellect of a dunce, or to instil a few grains of sense into a fool requires no ordinary qualifications and no small expenditure of labour and patience. In schools where the tutorial system (as constituted at Eton) does not exist, we cannot recommend its introduction. Its advantages are many, but they are counterbalanced by its tendency to reduce the recognised public lessons to insignificance. The Eton tutor becomes practically the master of a small school, which at present he works singlehanded, and under the necessity of dividing his attention among 30 or 40 boys, all differing in age and attainments. At the schools we are now speaking of it would be necessary only to increase the number of the existing tutors, that is to say masters who do not go into school, and do not take in boarders. We do not overlook the commercial objection to these suggestions, but it is notorious

that a considerable amount of talent and acquirement is annually turned out at the Universities for which no immediate employment offers itself, and many young men admirably qualified might be found who would be glad to give a year or two to tuition for a moderate remuneration.

But, in order to make the present system of public school instruction as complete as it ought to be, direct teaching must be made to bear on branches of learning to which it has hitherto been applied only partially or not at all. And this brings us to the consideration of that important point Composition, to which the Commissioners have given so large a portion of their attention without (it appears to us) pronouncing any decided judgment between their own sense of its necessity and the clamours raised against it by reformers. We readily admit (if the adversaries of the present system will be conciliated by the concession) that Composition, as now practised by the ordinary run of boys, deserves much of the censure cast on it; and when honourable gentlemen or noble lords get up in Parliament to tell us how infamously bad were their own compositions at school, and how little they have profited by them, we have not a word to say in contradiction.

The composition of Latin verse is the point most frequently assailed by invective and ridicule, and certainly, as now in many cases practised, it is very different from what it might be, and has a very different value from that which rightly belongs to it. Properly regulated, it is the most ingenious device for inducing an intelligent boy to acquire the refinements of scholarship; it leads him to study the idioms, the turns of expression, the thoughts of his Latin models, with a degree of attention which no other exercise could call forth. It is a lesson in criticism; it teaches him to consider his subject with a view to select the most striking topics, and to group them so as to suit the prescribed length of his task. It gives to his school studies the zest of authorship, and from even a trifling success he derives an amount of stimulus and encouragement which we are bold to say nothing else will supply. But in order that verse-making may be made of any use to an average boy, some method of teaching it very different from those usually employed is needed. Dr. Moberly, in the second of his "Five short letters," p. 37, gives useful hints for effecting the transition from 'nonsense' to 'sense' verses which we much recommend to the attention of painstaking schoolmasters. With regard to sense verses we remember once to have witnessed the practice of a preparatory schoolmaster, which may be quoted as a model. Among the schoolbooks was a short account of the gods and demigods  
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of antiquity. To the beginner of 'sense verses' one of these mythical personages was given as a subject for a couple of lines. The puzzled poet looked into this Manual for 'something to say,' and, according to the best of his judgment, selected some simple fact to hammer into a verse. The first process was to teach the pupil to make the verse in all its poverty and baldness conform to the rules of prosody and syntax. In this state the exercises were sent in, and the next day the master brought them into school, called up the several authors, commended where there was anything to commend, but it was much more frequently his task to point out the poverty of the Latinity and the meagreness of the meaning. He then gave to each boy the exact English words which would make a couplet, presenting the same thought a little improved and couched in something more nearly approaching to scholarlike language.

It was to furnish teachers with the means of giving this sort of instruction that Bland's Exercises and other similar works have been published, but the experiment has not been successful. Placed unreservedly in the hands of the boys, and left there for too long a time, these books have encouraged idleness and carelessness both in pupils and masters. The great objection to verse-making, as a general exercise, is that to teach it properly requires more time than most masters will give, and ability such as not many possess. But the time and trouble, we are satisfied, will be amply repaid, and neither Commissioners nor Reviewers can give any receipt for conveying sound instruction without patience and ability. There is one point, however, connected with the study of verse-making which is very important, and on which we are sorry to find ourselves at variance with some of the most accomplished witnesses examined by the Commission. We allude to the substitution of translation from English poetry for original composition. The 'miseries of original composition' are dwelt on by these witnesses with well-deserved bitterness; and we understand that in some schools volumes containing every variety of ending for long and short lines, and commonplaces which may be introduced into every subject, are in use among the boys, who exercise a perverse ingenuity in 'bringing in' these disjointed fragments, and, in fact, give themselves more trouble in evading their task than would suffice to perform it honestly. To avoid this, and also, no doubt, with a view to future competitive examinations, where translation is generally and most judiciously set as a test of proficiency, translation has in some schools been largely introduced. But this is to fly from the evil, not to overcome it; and, moreover, it gives up all the incidental advantages of original composition.

As an occasional test of progress, once or twice in a half-year we should be glad to see the more advanced forms engaged in translation. But, with all deference to the experience of these witnesses, we must insist on the paradoxical truth that, in order to acquire ultimately the power of translating English verse into Latin with elegance, the attempt must not be made frequently, and, above all, it must not be made prematurely. If it is made before a considerable knowledge of Latin idiom and poetical expression is acquired, the translator is driven to adopt the harshest constructions and the strangest phrases. The two idioms are so different that to attain the Latin it is necessary to divert the attention as much as may be from the English, and therefore to tie down the attention constantly to the English is to make the attainment of the Latin all but impossible. In the Middle Ages, when Latin was the established medium of communication among the learned, many distinguished scholars declined employing it when conversing on ordinary subjects, lest the necessities of modern thought and idiom should corrupt their style; and if such was the experience of those who were literally brought up and lived in Latin, what can be the effect on a pupil who has to seek his Latin in a very poor dictionary and his poetry in the *Gradus*? A passage in the Report describes in glowing terms the double process by which the young student saturates himself with the inspiration of the English poet, and then casts the thought which he has made his own into a mould borrowed from his classic models. But rarely at any age is this ideal of translation realized. The schoolboy generally begins his task by looking out some word most foreign to the Latin idiom in the dictionary which supplies him with some hopelessly impracticable equivalent, and even the accomplished scholar often betrays how he is haunted by the English turn of thought and expression. If it is true, as Sir J. Coleridge asserts (*Lecture on Eton*), that of late years Latin versification has declined, we are disposed to attribute the declension to the increased frequency of translation. In the *Miscellanies* which have been published during the last forty years by eminent scholars, the original poetry is the best, while specimens of translation may be found which no Englishman could understand unless he was familiar with the original, and which Ovid could not construe if his rescue from the limbo in which Dante has placed him depended on his success.

We dissent therefore from the recommendation of the Commissioners to increase the quantity of translation into Latin verse, but, on the other hand, we agree that the translation from Latin verse into English, from the idiom with which the translator wishes to become familiar into that with which he is familiar,

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is highly advantageous, and we would strongly recommend its more general introduction.

It cannot, however, be denied that to some boys not necessarily of inferior intellect, verse of any kind is repugnant; and though we cannot give up Latin verse as a mode of teaching Latin, we think that in the more advanced forms the tutor or the pupil, with the tutor's consent, might be allowed the option of substituting for it Latin prose, or some other exercise not more attractive or easier than verse to the generality of boys.

By the evidence of the Report it appears that nothing can be more deplorable than the Latin prose of the average boys; even of the very intelligent it is only tolerable; and rarely indeed does it rise at all above this low standard. More help than the usual system affords is needed to get an insight into the niceties of the Latin language. No doubt, when a very clever boy shows up a theme to a very able tutor the result is a most valuable lesson in composition, but the conjuncture is not common. When the tutor does not himself excel in composition (though otherwise a competent scholar) he can be of little use to the pupil. When an average boy shows up his senseless, ungrammatical stuff, the ablest tutor feels that it is hopeless to talk of idiom or style to one so careless, and knows not where to begin finding fault with what, in some way or other, is faulty throughout. The pupil, on his part, limits his exertions to ascertaining by practical experiment what is the worst his tutor 'will take.' To teach each boy separately the principles of composition would require an expenditure of time and a staff of masters such as no school could afford. But it might be done, and we believe would be best done, in *classes*. The Commissioners once or twice refer to a lecturer or professor, who is not to be called by either name, but is to resemble both rather than an ordinary tutor. They do not seem to have formed a very clear idea of this functionary, or more probably they are afraid of provoking opposition by an unpopular name. But, whatever his name, a master of this description is needed to give a clue to the intricacies of composition. The mode of teaching which combines a lesson with a lecture, is admirably described by Miss Bronte, who gives the result of her personal experience in her novel of 'Villette.' It is in general use on the continent, but is little known in England, where 'making to learn' is the rule, and 'teaching' in its proper sense is the exception. Yet where experience shows that the generality of boys cannot master a subject without help, no other method will be found effectual in large schools. We do not venture to prescribe what the composition lesson should be. It would vary, of course, as the master passes

passes from a lower class to a higher. Probably oral, or occasionally written, translation, but in the master's presence and during the lesson, of Latin idioms into English, and of English idioms into Latin, would form an important part of his teaching. He would then point out the comparative simplicity of expression which characterises the Latin style, comparing such a sentence, for instance, as Tacitus's '*Urbem Romam in principio Reges habuere*' with its English equivalent, 'The early government of Rome was monarchical,' and thus would enforce the expediency of first reducing a modern sentence to a species of Latin-English in order to turn it into something better than English-Latin. Gradually the teacher will arrive at the principles of composition. 'It is a very great part of the benefit to be derived from writing Latin prose,' says Dr. Moberly (Five Letters, p. 41), 'that a boy learns hence to write prose in any language. He therefore must be taught what constitutes a sentence, how much meaning he may put into a sentence, how many clauses a sentence may bear.' Moreover, additional interest and utility might be given to the lesson by occasionally introducing illustrative comparisons of Greek or even French idiom. But the Composition master's business is not only with language. He should lead boys to think on the subject-matter of their themes; (almost all can think, if they will but try) and to substitute something better for the traditional nonsense usually shown up by schoolboys as an ethical essay, of which Arnold used to quote '*Virtus est bona res*' as a specimen.

But this part of the task may perhaps be best accomplished in the lessons on English composition, which ought to be introduced conjointly with Latin, for there is much peculiar to the English grammar and idiom which cannot be taught by implication. English themes, essays, or declamations are part of the business of many schools; they are especially distasteful to idle or dull boys who have feeling enough to be disgusted with their own inanity when shown up in their vernacular tongue, and, if for no other reason, they ought to be most assiduously cultivated. The Commissioners once or twice insist on the necessity of attention to 'pure English,' including spelling (Report, p. 245); but this seems a mere protest, without practical effect, for though they have been at the trouble of making a new programme of school studies, in order to show how music and drawing may be introduced, they nowhere give a hint by what agency or in what manner this all-essential subject should be taught.

There seems no reason why English composition should not share the time devoted to Latin, and no subject is in greater need of  
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skilful teaching. From time immemorial the English student has been left to pick up his style for himself as best he can. None of the books written in the last century on Rhetoric and 'Belles Lettres,' as they were called, have acquired any authority. Few writers of eminence have treated the subject of grammar, and perhaps there is no modern language in which so many nice questions of style are left undecided, or in which the practice of the best authors is so contradictory and inconsistent—or, we ought to add, in which persons of high cultivation so often express themselves loosely and inaccurately. Cobbett as far as we know was the first to point this out with force and clearness. His Grammar is written with ability, though it is marked by his usual dogmatising tone; but his knowledge of English literature was too narrow for the task he had undertaken, and he was further disqualified for it by his total ignorance of ancient languages. Nevertheless he succeeds in showing how first-rate writers often fail to express their meaning grammatically; he notes the obscurity and confusion which arise from the slovenly use of the impersonal and other pronouns, and triumphantly ridicules passages where even masters of style seem to trust (in the Irishman's phrase) to the reader's 'attending to what they think, and not to what they say.'\*

A judicious composition-master will of course begin with the foundation, and not perplex the young and backward with refinements they will not understand. From grammar he will pass on to style. Many a clever, intelligent boy, who fancies himself somewhat of a critic, would be surprised to find on first attending a lecture of this kind how little of his own language he knew. To write simply and perspicuously is a more difficult matter than is generally supposed. A dim consciousness of inability to do it is at the bottom of that dislike to letter-writing which most men profess, and seem to claim credit for as a mark of masculine superiority.

The Commissioners do all they can for spelling by dignifying it with the name of orthography; but they do not explain how they would have it taught. No doubt the master who undertakes the department of composition might occasionally address an interesting lecture to the upper forms on the use of orthography in tracing the history of the language, the etymology, and the

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\* The most complete instance of this is the Somersetshire witness's well-known evidence in a case of manslaughter:—'He'd a stick, and he'd a stick, and he licked he, and he licked he; and if he'd a lick'd he as hard as he lick'd he, he'd a kill'd he, and not he he.' This is perfectly intelligible, and so perhaps are the several notes in the third person inquiring the character of servants which the reader, if a householder, has received. But few of them would bear a critical examination.

former pronunciation of words ; and he might explain the nature of the changes already made, together with the direction and principles of those now in progress. Spelling is in a constant state of gradual transmutation, and to bet how a given controverted or unusual word is spelt is absurd. The dispute cannot be decided. If the Commissioners mean spelling only in the ordinary sense, the introduction of English theme writing would bring to light all lurking deficiencies in that respect. But we do not see how the great public schools can establish spelling classes. A spelling lesson perhaps might be set by way of imposition, the appropriate punishment and correction of such disgraceful ignorance ; but the only effectual course is to address to the parents a request that attention may be paid to this elementary part of education in the holidays.

As a general practice we object to the teaching of two subjects in one ; but English and Latin composition might be advantageously allied with any part of the school-course, and especially with geography and history, which might also be taught much more advantageously in lesson-lectures such as we have recommended. In order to diversify the pupil's dreary attempts to write a moral essay, he might be required to give the abridgment of a lesson or the substance of what he has carried away from a class lecture. In Latin this would be especially advantageous. Too frequent translation from English into Latin is scarcely less objectionable in prose than in verse. The mistakes of these exercises would furnish the master with matter for comment, and the best of them might be read aloud as an encouragement to the author, and an useful, because not unapproachable, model to the less advanced boys.

In all times geography and history (at least ancient) have been taught in the great schools, and are too closely connected with the ordinary work to be wholly neglected ; but they certainly have not formed so prominent a part of the curriculum as the Commissioners desire, nor as they have since become in some of the great schools recently established. Whether, indeed, in any they are so taught as to entirely satisfy us, requires a more accurate knowledge of the several methods and their results than even the Report conveys. We certainly have known cases where a very large store of facts acquired at school has faded away from the memory, without having had any perceptible effect in calling forth the powers of reasoning and combining.

A lecture-lesson on these subjects once a week would not take up much time. The lecturer would endeavour to present a general view of the historical field, like the prospect of the Promised Land from Mount Pisgah, pointing out the characteristic

istic features and the most striking landmarks. He would aid the memory by dividing the subject into periods, each of which would have its distinctive character of progress, social and political, or of decline. The Histories of Greece and Rome are so intimately connected with classical reading, that they must be learnt a little more in detail; but the memory would be much assisted by these general views and the mind would be much enlarged. A few leading dates should be firmly fixed in the recollection, together with a few of those cardinal events on which the destinies of the world have turned; and thus even an average boy would be supplied with the lines and pegs on which to hang in its proper order such historical information as he may acquire hereafter. Geography might be treated in a somewhat similar manner, and there is no reason why a lucid explanation of the progress of ancient geographical knowledge, from the days of Herodotus down to those of Augustus, might not be made as interesting to intelligent boys as it would be instructive.

Besides the difficulties of introducing any change into the system of a great public school—difficulties which can hardly be overrated—one obvious objection to these proposals is that few schools possess masters capable of undertaking this mode of tuition. If this, indeed, were so, no greater argument for the necessity of the change could be adduced. But, in truth, the objection is not grounded in fact. Of the many accomplished men engaged in education, not all perhaps have a vocation for this method of teaching. But many with a little time for preparation and reflection would find that it developed in them powers of which hitherto they had not been conscious, and that it imparted a life and interest to their task which they had never before experienced. Nor would the effect be less powerful on the class. No ‘perdricide’ gentleman could in future imagine that the world had lost a Hume or a Gibbon because he had been forced as a school-boy to write bad verses. If such a lecture as we contemplate fails to rouse his curiosity and interest, he may be assured it was study of all kinds, and not merely Latin prosody, that he detested.

On Greek composition, which has attracted so disproportionate a share of public attention lately, and on other matters affecting the studies of the Upper Forms, we do not find it necessary to say anything at present. If the requisite improvements are made in the lower parts of the school, the Upper Forms, like the miser’s pounds when the pence are properly cared for, may be left to take care of themselves.

But the portion of the Report which the Commissioners have most carefully elaborated and seem to consider the most important

portant (though we are far from so considering it), remains to be examined. It relates to the studies introduced of late years into the curriculum of public schools in deference to popular opinion, and those further extensions which the Commissioners recommend. We shall treat these subjects much more briefly, not because we do not consider them highly important, but because till some improvement is made in the method of teaching the classics, there is very little room for any fresh studies, and if the fresh studies are pursued with no better method than the old, it matters little whether they are introduced or not. The Report proves to us by undeniable evidence that the foundations of our classical teaching are unsound, and till they are repaired we can take only a feeble interest in the completion of the upper story.

The first object of the Commissioners is to raise the study of mathematics and of modern languages to an equality of dignity with that of classics, and to this, as far as it is practicable, we see no objection. Any arrangements with respect to costume and other points of a like nature which can raise the masters of these studies in the eyes of the boys, appear highly desirable. To stimulate the more advanced and able pupils by prizes may be very proper—to allow the marks gained by a boy in the French and Mathematical classes to affect his promotion, as far as regards his place in his own form, is very easy; but his promotion into another form, where his classical studies and exercises are changed, can only be affected by his proficiency in classics. That the French and Mathematical masters should be allowed in their respective classes to arrange the boys in an order different from that of the classical school seems reasonable; and once or even twice a year to publish lists of the school arranged according to the order of precedence in these two departments respectively (Report, vol. i. p. 54), is a much better method of diffusing a spirit of emulation generally than the distribution of prizes, which attract only a few. But there are strong reasons why we should object to make mathematics a condition of admission to a great school, or to enforce the study afterwards with any very strong pressure. It is a fact which is not noticed by the Commissioners, but which must have been observed by all who have been practically engaged in education, that there is very great difference in the ages at which different boys become capable of fully taking in a chain of mathematical reasoning, and this quite irrespective of their general intelligence and capacity. We have known very clever boys who showed no taste, or rather no capacity, for mathematical study till a comparatively late period. Nor is this all. With the exception of a very few, who, like Pascal, exhibit a pre-  
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cious mathematical genius, boys are generally weaker in the powers of calculating and reasoning than in their other faculties. In no way is there so great a chance of overstraining the mind as by forcing on too rapid a mathematical progress; and even if the end is accomplished without damage, time has only been lost. Knowledge has been acquired prematurely at the cost of much effort, which might have been gained with ease when the mind had attained a greater degree of maturity. In confirmation of this we may quote the Commissioners' remark (vol. i. p. 26), that the public school men generally go up to the Universities much less advanced in mathematical attainments than the pupils of the new schools or of the great grammar schools, but that they often get ahead subsequently in the race.

It is very possible, however, that by an improved method of teaching, the utter inaptitude which some clever boys show for mathematics might be removed or at least greatly diminished. This point is important, but it has been little noticed; and though we are hurrying on to close our remarks, we must pause to make our meaning clear. The amount of relief which has been obtained by the simple expedient of applying to the elements of geometry the algebraic notation can be told only by those who remember to have painfully pored over the old editions of 'Simpson's Euclid.' The practical effect of this is to make a complicated train of reasoning at once intelligible to the eye, though the mind could not take it in without effort. Arithmetic is a shorthand for a similar purpose. It enables the mind by means of signs, which are purely arbitrary, to follow out a calculation which, if carried on in words, would be very laborious. The Roman numerals do this very clumsily; the Arabic numerals, with the Arabic notation, enable us to follow the operations of calculation without the least strain on the reasoning powers. All this an intelligent boy who had mastered the ordinary rules of arithmetic could readily understand. The signs of algebra are equally arbitrary; but while arithmetic deals with the signs of known quantities (figures) to discover the unknown, algebra deals equally with the signs of known quantities, and its own signs of unknown quantities, till it obtains the value of the unknown in the signs of the known. Thus the primary meaning and scope of algebra are made intelligible to the learner by introducing him to the science by the very steps which probably led to its invention. For instance, a question is proposed, which perhaps a clear-headed man could work out for himself in his mind, but which to an ordinary capacity is a riddle; by substituting some symbol for the quantity it is desired to find it, and then by performing upon that symbol the arithmetical operations

operations prescribed by the problem, the whole chain of reasoning is made intelligible. Hence is shown the necessity of learning to apply to these symbols the rules of arithmetic.\* Without this explanation a lively boy thinks it as absurd to divide  $a$  by  $b$ , or to multiply  $x$  by  $y$ , as to divide chair by table, or multiply candlestick by extinguisher. Having hitherto surmounted all elementary difficulties in classics, he is perhaps more fretted by a lesson beyond his comprehension than a dull boy to whom all lessons are puzzles, and he concludes forthwith he has no 'taste for mathematics.' It is a question whether in many cases it might not be well to pass at once from the four first rules of arithmetic (when thoroughly mastered) to algebra. Some might object, at first sight, that this was proceeding to the superstructure before completing the foundation; but this is not so. Algebra exhibits the proof of the rule of which arithmetic gives only the unexplained statement. We remember to have heard an intelligent boy, at the end of a lesson in algebraic fractions, express his regret that the 'Rule of Three' had so needlessly embittered his early school-life.

To make modern languages a *sine qua non* condition of admission to a public school would, we think, be unfair, because there is so great a difference in boys' opportunities of learning them. Some have been educated abroad; the children of the wealthy have had foreign 'bonnes' or governesses: and it would be hard indeed to exclude the son of a painstaking clergyman because his father has been unable in a remote parish to procure an instructor in French or German. At Marlborough, we learn by the Report, the study of French is combined with that of history. We should not augur well of the combination. Mr. Max Müller's suggestion that it should be enlivened with lessons on comparative philology (though we deprecate the use of fine names in proposing innovations) is more judicious. There is great difference in the machinery organised at different schools for French teaching, and the difficulties are many. A foreigner cannot keep order; an Englishman rarely possesses the accent. In some schools an English instructor acts in concert with a French one. There are obvious objections to such an arrangement; but we are glad to hear it works well. There is great difference also in the results obtained. In some schools, we find from the Report, there is a steady opposition to the French lesson; and as is very common

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\* Vide 'Elémens raisonnés d'Algèbre,' par Simon L'Huilier, Genève, 1804. This method, the author remarks, is especially useful for those to whom the study of mathematics is valuable rather as a mental discipline than as a special object of pursuit.

on such occasions, the omission of one duty is made the excuse for the non-performance of another. French is not cultivated because English is neglected, and the classics are too ill taught to allow the teaching of anything else (Report, p. 85). There is no attempt made to enforce attendance on the French master, and the French school has become 'a farce.' This should not be. It is scarcely honest. Let the French lesson be made a reality, or let it be abolished. Let it not be set up to satisfy public opinion, and then left as a sham. Let it not be disparaged and discouraged, and then the failure be quoted as a proof that the study of modern languages is incompatible with that of the classics.

The Commissioners plead very hard for the introduction of physical science as an integral part of public school education, with lessons that require previous preparation—marks for success and punishments for failure; but this is at least premature. The teachers and the class books have to be provided, and if so great an experiment is to be made, it should be made tentatively and cautiously. To awaken the taste for physical research in those minds capable of receiving the impression should be our first endeavour, and if this is accomplished, it is much—as much as in boyhood, we believe, can be accomplished. The comparative weakness of the dawning intellect and the unequal development of the several powers of the mind are generally left out of consideration in all discussions of this subject. At Eton, and some other schools, scientific lectures have been established—on popular and easy subjects, we presume, of course. The plan we think good, but the attendance should be made compulsory. As a principle, we would always avoid making any studious effort voluntary. It is not fair to add unnecessarily to a schoolboy's trials, and to force upon him the alternative of giving up a study that interests him, or of making himself ridiculous by works of supererogation. In the more advanced forms, scientific lectures might be given on a more systematic principle, and by degrees questions on the last lecture might be asked, and the form of a *lesson* more distinctly given. But whatever the success of the experiment, we do not contemplate the possibility of introducing science as a competing branch of education with literature into our public schools. To bring out the full powers of the intellect, it is necessary to give it full scope in one great field. There must be one principal subject of study, to which all others are subsidiary or subordinate. To strain at too much dwarfs the faculties, and dwindles, if it multiplies, the acquirements. The result is mere mediocrity.

Public opinion seems indisposed to make the cultivation of music

music or drawing compulsory. But it might be encouraged, and it is barely permitted, if the time allotted for it is to be subtracted from playhours. Perhaps the proposed choice of music or drawing might be coupled with other less popular alternatives, such as additional summing lessons or writing (we wish it were possible to make the writing lesson a reality at public schools!). Some experiment of this kind might be tried; but without trial it is impossible to decide on the best course. Drawing lessons might give some command of hand and flexibility of muscle to the clumsy fists of healthy boyhood, and might lead to the acquisition of an useful accomplishment, which is seldom cultivated with success except when the elementary difficulties have been overcome early. Some power of drawing is very useful to all professional men, especially to the soldier, and in these church-building days to the clergyman. By 'music,' whether vocal or instrumental is meant the Report does not say, nor in what way it should be taught. No doubt by either music or drawing a most agreeable resource is provided for the pupil's own leisure moments, and perhaps the danger is not great that either will be pursued to the injury of professional occupations; but, nevertheless, the danger does exist. Music, moreover, has drawbacks peculiar to itself, as those who have lived on a musical staircase at the University, or near a persevering flute or horn-player in barracks, can testify.

The Commissioners display a great anxiety to obtain a power of deviation from the usual course of study for those boys who show an invincible repugnance to the established order, or an extraordinary aptitude for some special pursuit. They feel, however, the difficulty of the subject, and hence the proposed alteration with so many cautions and provisos that it amounts to little. It is most objectionable to hold out to a self-willed idler as a reward, that if he will only be bold enough and obstinate enough in refusing to do his allotted tasks, he shall in time be allowed to cut and carve his lessons for himself. In some schools a system which is called 'bifurcation' has been introduced, and, as far as we can see from the evidence, not without some success. At a certain part near the top the school splits into two branches: in one the same course as before is pursued, in the other various new subjects are introduced for the benefit of the many who have failed in the established studies, or the few, alas, how few! who have saturated themselves with them. But we do not see from anything that appears in the evidence how the objection can be overcome that the prospect of a change will discourage industry in the early part of the school.

Whatever the merits of this plan may prove on farther trial, we cannot recommend its adoption by the older foundations.

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When a boy has arrived at a certain period of his school career, if it is thought proper, no matter for what reason, to change his studies, there is no hardship in removing him to some place of education where the desired course is pursued. But bifurcation engrafted on so uncongenial a stock would not flourish. The supposed reform would become, what in all such innovations is most to be dreaded, a mere sham.

The proposal to adapt the teaching to the possible tastes of boys who have a natural aptitude for peculiar studies seems to involve an attempt to give more elasticity to the system of public schools than is attainable. As regards both physical and intellectual training, a public school can be regulated only for the masses. Those who send a weakly, delicate, morbidly sensitive boy among the healthy, the robust, and the thick-skinned, have no right to complain if he is not protected from the disagreeable consequences of such a collision. Geniuses with a strongly developed taste for some special study are very rare, and it is not too much to expect their own parents to attend to their idiosyncracies. We should certainly be glad that a careful head-master did what he could to give pliability to the regulations of the school, and we are glad to see by the evidence that many turn their special attention to this point. But we should be sorry to have their course on such occasions prescribed to them by definite rules.

We must call attention to the repeated protest of the Commissioners that they meditate no invasion of the schoolboy's play-hours. They would not have the term of work prolonged, but differently arranged; and if by the suggestions we have thrown out, or any other that may be proposed, the method of teaching can be improved, a still further saving of available time will be effected. The Commissioners have also examined witnesses to prove that success in school work does not interfere with proficiency in games, and that, as a matter of fact, some of the best scholars are the best cricketers. We should have hardly thought it necessary to take so much pains to establish this point, if a strange idea had not got abroad, that intellectual progress interferes with physical growth, and yet the most superficial observation would show that mental and bodily activity are closely connected, and the idlest boys are often as indolent in body as listless in mind. No doubt it is pleasant to read of the athletic sports of healthy boyhood, and pleasanter still to witness the stir and life of the merry playground; but the solicitude of parents on the subject of games is quite superfluous, and not always free from mischief. The races, or matches of various kinds in which boys are engaged, are only too apt to lead to over-excitement and over-

exertion, even without the stimulus of parental encouragement. We are no enemies to amusements. We quite agree with old Ascham that 'yong gentlemen should use and delite in all courtelie exercises and gentlemanlike pastimes.' But this is not a point likely to be neglected. Several of the witnesses give strong reasons in favour of some sort of work or occupation in the holidays, which in the aggregate amount to nearly one-fourth of the whole year—a space too long to be wholly wasted, and quite long enough to permit the formation of bad habits. The holidays are not well spent in total idleness. Their real enjoyment is much enhanced by the admixture of a certain amount of rational occupation, and they seem to offer the fit occasion for making up any special deficiency, and for pursuing the studies—such as history and geography, which are promoted by home influences. But to this, strange to say, the boys themselves are in many cases less opposed than their parents, whose dogmatic axiom, 'holidays should be holidays,' effectually stops all discussion of the point. A great part of the confusion in which the question of education is involved, arises from the division of public feeling as to the value of knowledge. It is time we should no longer halt between two opinions. If, indeed, the meagreness of modern instruction is a matter of indifference let us not be harassed with Royal Commissions, Parliamentary discussions, and bootless legislation. If, on the contrary, it is an evil to be removed, let parents observe that the Report again and again lays on them the blame of certain important defects, which they alone have the power of obviating.

Undoubtedly English education as a whole is better than might be inferred from the long catalogue which the Commissioners have drawn up of its shortcomings. Latin, though not well taught, and less well remembered, is valuable as mental discipline, and leaves behind it more knowledge of general grammar and etymology than the study of any modern language can convey. The training of public schools atones in some degree for the defectiveness of the teaching by cultivating powers and habits of mind which facilitate the acquisition and application of knowledge in after-life. In Mr. Laing's 'Observations on the state of the European people in 1848-49,' there is a passage so much to the point, that we regret our limits do not permit us to quote it in full. It is the more remarkable inasmuch as the writer's prepossessions would naturally have led him to a different conclusion. At p. 214 he draws a comparison between a young man brought up at foreign universities and 'an English-bred lad' at the moment they have left their respective places of education—the latter with little to show for his time and money, the former

former full of information and accomplishment. But in ten or twelve years the tables are turned. The foreign university-man is still 'a lad in mind, and a babbler on the surface of every subject.' The Englishman has gone into the business of life with a mind so trained, that he 'grasps at will the necessary knowledge of the subject before him.' To the general merits of English education the Commissioners give the amplest testimony, by approving it in all its leading features, though their duty led them to search out and expose all the faults that could be found in its several parts. Our admiration for it as a whole should only stimulate our zeal to amend the faults of detail; and fortunately these are of a nature which admit of correction without in the least endangering the advantages of the system.

We must defer to some future opportunity our remarks on the remedial measures which require the interference of the Legislature. For the present we have dwelt chiefly on those defects which can be reached only indirectly, if at all, by legislation, and must be corrected by individual effort, and the force of public opinion.

The following is a brief summary of the principal remedies we suggest:—Better teaching at home, and especially at the preparatory schools; a great reform (according to the circumstances of each case) in the method of hearing lessons at the public schools; arrangements for teaching, in the proper sense of the word, the backward and the dull (a boy's dislike to his work is caused not so much by its dryness as by his own sense of failure); and lastly, the establishment of class lectures for the teaching of Composition and certain other subjects. When this preliminary reform is effected, it will be found both easy and advantageous to enlarge the present curriculum; but not till then.

In the mean time we recommend the Report to the careful consideration of the reader: let him not be deterred by the sight of four large folios. These are no common blue books. They present a remarkable survey of the present state of education, which will be most interesting hereafter. What would we now give for similar documents of the days of Elizabeth or James? To foreigners, if any should take the trouble of trying to understand our system, they will be, in spite of their minute details, almost unintelligible. At home they will be read with the deepest interest. Few can fail to be affected by the picture so vividly reproduced to the mind's eye of the 'school-boy spot,' in all its details, with all its tender, all its pleasurable, and all its regretful associations.

- ART. VIII.—1. *A Walk from London to John O'Groat's*. By Elihu Burritt. London, 1864.
2. *The Land we live in*. By Charles Knight. London, 1850-60.
3. *A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End, and a Trip to the Scilly Isles*. By Walter White. London, 1860.
4. *Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain and Ireland*. By William Howitt. Second Series. London, 1864.
5. *Picturesque Views on the Southern Coast of England, from Drawings made principally by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and engraved by W. B. Cooke, George Cooke, and other eminent Engravers*. 2 vols. folio. London, 1826.
6. *Handbook for Devon and Cornwall*. London, 1863.
7. *Handbook for Kent and Sussex*. London, 1863.
8. *Handbook for Surrey, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight*. London, 1864.
9. *Handbook for Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset*. London, 1859.
10. *Handbook for Bucks, Berks, and Oxfordshire*. London, 1860.
11. *Handbook for Durham and Northumberland*. London, 1864.
12. *Handbook to North and South Wales*. London, 1860-4.
13. *Handbooks to the Cathedrals of England. The Southern—Eastern—and Western Divisions*. 4 Vols. With Illustrations. London, 1861-4.
14. *Handbook for Ireland*. London, 1864.

SIR HILDEBRAND JACOB, author, in the early part of the last century, of some plays and poems long since forgotten, is said to have had 'a pleasant mode of travelling.' When the spring was somewhat advanced, and the roads had become tolerably passable (MacAdam was as yet unthought of), Sir Hildebrand and his servant

'set off with a portmanteau, and without knowing whither they were going. Towards evening, when they came to a village, they enquired if the great man loved books and had a good library; and if the answer was in the affirmative, Sir Hildebrand sent his compliments, that he was come to see him; and then he used to stay till he was disposed to move farther. In this manner he travelled through the greatest part of England, scarcely ever sleeping at an inn unless when town or village did not afford one person civilised enough to be glad to see a gentleman and a scholar.\*'

Squires of the latter class, whose *bibliothèque*, like that of the Spanish Cura, lay for the most part in their cellars, must have been frequently encountered, but there seem to have been 'civilised persons' enough to make the travelling 'very pleasant;'

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\* Nichols, 'Literary Anecdotes,' ii. 61 (note).

and, on the other hand, the solitude of the old hall, or of the parsonage nestled among its elms, must have been agreeably broken by the arrival of such a stranger. Nevertheless, we can scarcely advise our readers to follow Sir Hildebrand's example. The notification of their arrival and intended visit would draw forth, we fear, unsatisfactory replies from the most civilised persons in these days. English hospitality has changed its character with railways and improved travelling, although we are far from saying that it has in any way diminished.

Such a traveller as Sir Hildebrand was, indeed, in his own time, a rarity. The complaint that English people know little of their own country is, at least, as old as the days of Lord Burleigh, who, when any one came to the Lords of the Council for a licence to travel abroad, such as was then necessary, 'would first examine him of England, and, if he found him ignorant, would bid him stay at home and know that countrey first.' 'While I wander in foraigne history,' continues Peacham, who tells the story in his 'Compleat Gentleman' (1622),

'let me warne you, *ne sis peregrinus domi*, that you bee not a stranger in the history of your owne countrey, which is a common fault imputed to our English travellers in forreine countries; who, curious in the observation and search of the most memorable things and monuments of other places, can say (as a great Peere of France told me) nothing of their owne;—our countrey of England being no whit inferior to any other in the world for matter of antiquity and rarities of every kind worthy remark and admiration.'

But, in spite of Lord Burleigh's check and of Peacham's advice, it is only of very late years that travelling in England has become at all general; and it may be feared that, even now, many a 'civilised person' would be able to give a far better account of the 'rarities' of France or Italy than of those close at home. Until the present century, indeed, a long journey in England was no such easy matter; and in the sixteenth and seventeenth (especially after the dissolution of the monasteries), it offered, perhaps, more discomforts than one on the Continent, although the 'diversoria' may not have been so full of dangers as those celebrated by Erasmus. The history of English tourism—the steps which have gradually cleared the way for modern wanderers and Mr. Murray's red-books—is well worth tracing at far greater length than we can give it here; although we must find room for a few words about the pioneers—the first explorers of the ground now so well occupied—before we discuss all the delights and advantages of wandering 'by dale and by down' throughout our own country.

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The most ancient notes of a traveller in England which remain to us are those of William Botoner, better known as William of Worcester, who (notwithstanding his name, which he inherited from his father) was born in Bristol about the year 1415. He was educated at Oxford, mainly at the expense of Sir John Falstoff, of Caistor, in Norfolk, whose squire he afterwards became, and whose life he wrote. Some specimens of his correspondence with Sir John Falstoff occur among the Paston Letters. His 'Itinerary' is preserved in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and was printed in 1778. It contains notes of his pilgrimage from Ware, in Hertfordshire, to St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, and of various other journeys in the South of England; descriptions of Bristol and the adjoining country; scraps about the Falstoffs and their castle; and various historical notes, inserted almost at random. The whole is very brief and confused; but, besides the especial interest belonging to any work of a learned layman in the fifteenth century, the 'Itinerary' preserves dimensions and measurements of churches, castles, and other buildings, the value of which has long been recognised by archaeologists. It is not easy to discover even a hint of the picturesque in William of Worcester; yet we follow with some curiosity the record of his ten days' ride from Ware to the great Cornish shrine, and those at least who know the country are pleased to learn how 'jantavit'—he breakfasted—among the Canons of Crediton, and then proceeded by rough roads (a day's journey, although little more than fifteen miles—so that we must suppose the Bordeaux of the Canons to have been unusually attractive) to Oakhampton, where he found shelter in the stronghold of the Courtenays, the ruined walls of which still hang so picturesquely over the mountain-stream. From Oakhampton, Master William journeyed over 'le moore vocat. Dertmore' to the guest-hall of the Benedictines at Tavistock, where, if the annals of the house speak true, he was sure to find good venison of the red-deer, and no lack of its necessary accompaniments. It is this progress from college to castle and from castle to monastery which gives such a marked distinction to William's 'Itinerary,' and to that of his successor, Leland. Both travellers show us something of the true old England; although great changes had taken place between the time of William's journeys, made just before the outbreak of the Wars of the Roses, and those of Leland, when the storm had already broken over the great religious houses.

The 'Itinerary' of Leland, first printed by the laborious Hearne, who 'drove the spiders' from so 'much prose and rhyme,' embraces nearly the whole of England. It is infinitely fuller

fuller and more exact than the short notes of William of Worcester, and it calls for especial notice as the first great survey of the island, to which such writers as Harrison, Drayton, and even Camden were confessedly much indebted. John Leland (or Leyland, as the name was spelt by himself) was born in London toward the end of the reign of Henry VII., and, after his first education in St. Paul's School, under the famous Lily, he spent some time at the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Paris—in all of which his reputation for learning was considerable. Henry VIII. made him one of his chaplains, gave him the rectory of Poperinghen in the march of Calais, and appointed him royal librarian and antiquary. It is clear that Leland had embraced the new doctrine at a very early period; but his zeal for religious reform, which we need not suppose to have been excessive, did not prevent him from feeling deep regret at the 'havoc of manuscripts and all ancient monuments of learning' caused by the dissolution of the monasteries, and by the changes and troubles of the preceding years. The lesser religious houses were dissolved in 1536. Three years before, Leland had received a commission under the Great Seal, entitling him, 'upon very just considerations, . . . to peruse and diligently to search all the libraries of monasteries and colleges' throughout the realm. The passing of the Act in 1536 must have shown him that no time was to be lost; and he set forth accordingly in that year on a series of journeys which lasted until 1542 or 1543. When he began his 'Itinerary' the lesser houses were in course of surrender. Long before he had completed it, the greater monasteries (suppressed in 1539) had also fallen; and thus, in the course of his wanderings, Leland must have witnessed—more completely, perhaps, than any other person of his age—the greatest external change brought about by the Reformation. In his 'Newe Yeare's Gifte to King Henry the VIII.'—a short account of his labours offered to the King in 1546—he says that, after a long study of English historians—

'After that I had perpendid the honest and profitable studies of these Historiographes, I was totally enflammid with a love to see thoroughly al those partes of this your opulente and ample Reaulme, that I had redde of yn the aforesaid writers; ynsomuch that, al my other occupations intermitted, I have so travelid yn yowr Dominions, booth by the Se Costes and the midle partes, sparing nother labor nor costes, by the space of these vi yeres paste, that there ys almost nother Cape nor Bay, Haven, Creke, or Peere, River or Confluence of rivers, Breches, Waschis, Lakes, Meres, Fenny Waters, Montaynes, Valleis, Mores, Hethes, Forestes, Chases, Wooddes, Cities, Burges, Castalles, principale Manor Placis, Monasteries and Colleges,

Collages, but I have seene them; and notid yn so doing a hole worlde of thinges very memorable.\*

During his travels, Leland made large collections from the monastic libraries; and he retired to his house in the parish of St. Michael-le-Querne, in order to digest them, and to prepare the books and maps which he promises in his letter to the King. But from whatever cause—(the Romanist Pits, whom Fuller calls the ‘idle drone, stealing all,’ asserts that it arose from his having ‘degenerated from the ancient religion’)—Leland became insane, and so remained until his death in 1552. Sir John Cheke, under the direction of King Edward VI., took possession of his Manuscripts, which, after passing through many hands, came at last to the Bodleian, among the treasures of which great library they still remain. Both the ‘Itinerary’ and the ‘Collectanea’ (extracts and notes from various MSS.) were edited by Hearne in the early part of the last century.

It is scarcely possible to rate too highly the value of Leland’s ‘Itinerary.’ The notes of which it consists were made no doubt during each journey, and nearly in the shape in which we now have them; and, rough and brief as they are, often breaking off just at the point where we should be glad of some special bit of description, they have about them—at least to the acute perception of an Oldbuck—the great interest which belongs to the first adventure in a novel branch of inquiry. No one before Leland had passed through England merely for the sake of making himself acquainted with the face of the country, with its antiquities, and with the literary treasures reposing in its monastic libraries. His ‘Itinerary’ was in every sense a sign of the times; just as Leland himself represents the special antiquarian spirit developed by the Reformation. Such a series of journeys was then, perhaps, only possible in England. No other country, at all events, possesses anything so early or so complete as the ‘Itinerary.’ The ‘Voyages Littéraires’ of the French Benedictines belong to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and their researches were greatly limited. But Leland, as he rode sometimes ‘by a mile on Fosse,’ sometimes ‘by wooddes on Watling Strete,’ by ‘brokettes’ and ‘praty low meddowes,’ or ‘al by champayn, corne, and gresse,’ rode as geographer no less than as antiquary, and almost as a discoverer in a little known country. Nothing like an accurate map of an English county was then in existence. He describes accordingly, and as minutely as possible, the courses of the rivers, with their fords and bridges, the positions and

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\* ‘Itinerary,’ vol. i., introd., p. xxii.

aspects of the havens and 'havenets,' the lines of the great roads, and the general face of the country. His admiration is reserved for such rich land as he saw between Exeter and Crediton—'exceeding fair—corne, gresse, and wood.' The dales and mountains of Northern England, or the Cornish rocks and headlands, were as yet biding their time; and although Leland climbed the 'high terrible cragge' of Tintagel, and seems even to have visited the 'Islettes of Scilly,' his record of them is very brief and unsatisfactory:—

'These high, wild hills, and rough, uneven ways,  
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome.'

He describes, indeed, the great 'plenty' of Scilly,—'gresse,' 'good pasture,' corn, and conies; but he would have written somewhat differently could he have seen its existing marvels, its thickets of fuchsia and scarlet geranium, its aloes and its palm-trees; and, above all, its herd of ostriches, which follow in their master's wake as he welcomes the stranger to his solitary island.

Between the death of Leland in 1552, and the publication of the first edition of Camden's 'Britannia' in 1586, English topography had made a considerable advance. Carew of Antony had written his 'Survey of Cornwall,' although it was not printed until the beginning of the next century; and Lambarde, in 1570, had 'set forth' his 'Perambulation of Kent,' the first complete description of an English county. Both Lambarde and Carew ranked among the friends of Camden: but it was the Flemish geographer Ortelius, author of the first Atlas, or collection of maps (which had hitherto been published singly by their several constructors), who persuaded him to undertake the general description of his country—a work of no small difficulty and labour. The 'Britannia' went through five editions before Camden's death in 1623; and the commendations of the learned, both in England and on the Continent, were loud and general. He was accused, indeed, of having used Leland's Manuscripts without acknowledgment; but whilst in his defence he admits that he had read them, and had cited them when necessary, he asserts that he had himself gone over much of the same ground, and had made his own observations. If Leland, he says, had spent five years in such studies, he had spent thirty. It was to Leland, no doubt, that Harrison was chiefly indebted in compiling the 'Description of Britaine' prefixed to Hollinshed's 'Chronicle.' Both Leland and Camden must have supplied much of the material for Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' the first part of which was written before 1598, though not published before 1613.

The troubles of the seventeenth century interfered not a little  
with

with peaceful travellers. Fuller, whose book of 'Worthies' was compiled during the height of the Civil War, and often, as at Basing House, under the very guns of the combatants, was somewhat of an enforced wanderer; and although his descriptions of the several counties are generally as accurate as they are quaint, they are too brief to give us much topographical information; and, indeed, his object was of a different character. In the early part of the next century we again encounter a thorough-paced topographer—if, indeed, we may not fairly regard him as the earliest type of the modern tourist. This is Dr. William Stukeley, a member of an old Lincolnshire family, who, after settling for some time as a physician in his native county, removed to London, and, when upwards of forty, was ordained by Archbishop Wake. His taste for antiquities had been early developed; but it was his gout that made him an antiquarian tourist. This confined him to the house throughout the winter. To shake off its effects and to recover his strength he set out with the spring on his 'Itinera,' the first object of which was 'to trace out the footsteps of Cæsar's expedition in this island.' The results of his wanderings he gave to the world in the 'Itinerarium Curiosum,' and the 'Iter Boreale.' Lord Chancellor King gave him the living of All Saints in Stamford, to which the Duke of Montagu added the Rectory of St. George's, Queen Square. Those were not days of ecclesiastical rigour; and Stukeley retired from both his livings to Kentish Town, where he wrote his 'Stonehenge' and 'Carausius,' and where a numerous assembly of well-wigged antiquaries gathered round the 'Arch Druid of his Age,' as he was called, from his proficiency in what was then entitled 'Druidical History.'

To see how Stukeley set forth on his expeditions we have only to turn our eyes on the plates which illustrate his 'Itinerarium.' There we behold the adventurous Doctor, mounted on his long-tailed steed, in all the glories of Ramillies wig and three-cornered hat, daring the ford below Croyland Bridge, inspecting King John's palace at Clarendon, recreating himself with a game at bowls under the shadow of the White Friars at Gloucester, mounting by what seems a sufficiently rough road toward the crest of Wansdyke, journeying along the ridge of the Fosse toward 'Ad Pontem' or 'Margidunum,' or seated on the cliffs of Beer, and sketching 'Mordunum,' the Seaton of modern sea-bathers. His various 'Itinera' are addressed to different friends, many of whom were his companions on the road. They were not 'wholly a hunting after fresh air with the vulgar citizens,' but an examination into the works of nature and of past ages'—

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to the first of which classes we must assign his description of the fair sex at Exeter :—

‘The peopl are industrious and courteous; the fair sex are truly so, as well as numerous. Their complexions, and generally their hair likewise, fair. They are genteel, disengag’d, of easy carriage, and good mien.’

Stukeley’s peculiar spelling is to be noticed. ‘Anything,’ he says, ‘that assists or amuses travellers is most highly commendabl;’ and his eccentricities in this way undoubtedly amuse those who travel through his folio. On the whole, the value of his *Itinera* may fairly be admitted. They preserve notices of much that has long since passed from us; and they led the way for the researches of a tourist of far wider range—Thomas Pennant. ‘Sir,’ said Johnson, of Pennant, ‘he had greater variety of enquiry than almost any man; and has told us more than perhaps one in ten thousand could have done, in the time that he took.’

Pennant, who was born in 1726, was a naturalist before he became an antiquary or a topographer. But he made a tour in Cornwall before he was twenty; and ten years afterwards passed through much of Ireland, where, he tells us, ‘such was the conviviality of the country, that my journal proved as *maigre* as my entertainment was *gras*,—so it never was a dish to be offered to the public.’ His first published tour was the record of a journey, in 1769, into Scotland, then, in his own words, ‘as little known as Kamschatka.’ Pennant’s description was received favourably, and read with much eagerness; and it was partly owing to the interest it had excited that Johnson was induced to undertake his famous tour in 1773. Pennant had already made (1772) a second expedition to Scotland. The results of this were published in 1775; and there followed, at intervals, *Tours in Wales*, *Journeys from Chester to London*, along the South Coast, and elsewhere. All were performed on horseback, since the tourist considered ‘the absolute resignation of one’s person to the luxury of a carriage to forbode a very short interval between that and the vehicle which is to convey us to our last stage.’

Whilst Pennant (1769) was daring all the unknown dangers of ‘the Highlands, the poet Gray (who already, in 1765, four years before Pennant’s first visit, had visited Lord Strathmore at Glamis Castle, returning by Killiecrankie and Blair Athole, and declares that ‘since he saw the Alps he had seen nothing sublime till now’) was visiting the English lakes, passing under and wondering at ‘that huge creature of God, Ingleborough,’ and penetrating the terrific chasm of Gordale. ‘I stayed there,’

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he says, 'not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid, for the impression will last with life.' Something of this sensibility to the grander and ruder scenery of the North is to be found in Pennant; and it is interesting to compare his Scottish tours with the 'Letters' of the Englishman, Burt, who was employed in the Highlands during the construction of the great military road (between 1715 and 1745), and whose only impression of the scenery which surrounded him was one of horror and disgust at the bald pates of the mountains. Pennant's admiration of mountain and torrent is very different; although it nowhere becomes the 'feeling and the love' that is manifest in the letters of Gray, who is, perhaps, to be regarded as the first of that 'romantic school' of tourists which has only grown into decided prominence during the present century. But even Gray is hardly so much the father of modern tourists as his contemporary and early friend, Horace Walpole. Just as the seeds of Gothic revival lay in Strawberry Hill, and those of Ivanhoe and Kenilworth in the Castle of Otranto, the germ of the modern tour lies in those adventurous expeditions in search of 'castles, and abbeys, and ruins,' of which the delightful records remain in the letters to Bentley and Montagu. Adventurous they must in truth have been to a traveller of Walpole's fastidiousness. He tells of 'piteous distresses,' bedchambers 'stinking of tobacco like a justice of peace,' 'a sugar-dish of hot water in a pewter plate' brought to make his tea; deep Sussex roads, 'great quenchers of curiosity,' through which he had to labour in the dark; frequent upsets, and occasional encounters with fierce divines and uncourteous stewards. The excursions of Walpole and of Gray have, like the journeys of Leland, though in a somewhat different manner, the charm of discovery. There were no guide-books to point out the great views, or to catalogue the antiquarian treasures scattered throughout the country. In the remotest village church which Walpole entered he might hope to find some unknown and neglected monument, in itself an illustration of English history, just as in the adjoining hall or manor-house he might discover some Holbein consigned to a garret, or (as at Hurstmonceaux) some St. Catherine in stained glass 'banished to a window in the buttery.' Such possibilities as these have long passed away. There are few English churches whose 'memorials of piety in brass and stone' are not well known and cared for, and few old houses whose ancient treasures have not been sought out and restored to positions of honour—thanks to the love of antiquarian study first made fashionable by Walpole. We can no longer set forth as discoverers.

coverers. The study of English topography and antiquities, and the admiration for every class of English scenery, have been steadily increasing from the days of Walpole in a way that we cannot pretend to follow even in the most hasty sketch ; until Mr. Murray has at last thought it worth his while to do for his own country what he has done for the rest of the world, and to give us red books which shall tell us all that is best worth knowing and seeing throughout every English county. Such books—which not only show us England as it is at present, but point out and describe for us the numberless relics of its former history—were only possible after many generations of antiquaries and topographers, and contain the very essence of their labours. Whilst travelling in England was never so easy, the means of real benefit by such travel were never more completely within the reach of all classes. What, then, do we mean by real benefit ? and what is the heritage into which we may thus enter, if we choose ?

There is no corner of England without its interest. To use Fuller's words—though in a somewhat different sense—'Some shires, Joseph-like, have a better-coloured coat than others ; and some, with Benjamin, have a more bountiful messe of meat belonging unto them. Yet every county hath a child's portion, as if God in some sort observed gavel-kind in the distribution of his favours.'\* Whatever 'things to be seen and observed' are pointed out by Lord Bacon in his Essay on Travel, are to be found in our own country not less noteworthy and not less full of instruction than on the Continent ; and to Lord Bacon's list must now be added natural scenery, the love for which, and the search after it, are developments of recent date, often, it is true, affected and unreal, yet on the whole of so great and general influence that had there been, in King James's days, anything like the existing passion for mountain and torrent, the Essay on Travel would have contained some pregnant words on the matter. There are, of course, certain classes of scenery—the grander and more sublime—to study which in perfection we must go out of England ; but we believe that many a traveller in search of the picturesque who allows himself to be hurried through the defiles of the Saxon Switzerland, or to be dragged along the passes of the Tyrol, would obtain as much enjoyment, see as much that would be new to him, and would assuredly find himself on a far less beaten track, if he confined himself to his own country ; following leisurely some such route as the line of the Sussex Downs, full of the most romantic nooks and recesses, and rich

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\* 'Worthies,' chap. ii.

in all kinds of antiquarian relics ; or penetrating day by day the long windings of the Yorkshire dales, wild districts as yet for the most part unconscious of the railway whistle. On this subject, however, we shall have more to say by-and-by. We must first discuss what we look upon as a greater—if not the greatest—advantage to be derived from English travel—the strong light which may be thrown by it on the events of English history, and the reality which it may be made to give to the words and descriptions of chronicler and historian. ‘Original records’—we quote the words of Dean Stanley, whose own writings are the best possible illustrations of his teaching—

‘are not confined merely to contemporaneous histories, nor even to contemporaneous literature—sermons, poems, laws, decrees. Study the actual statues and portraits of the men, the sculptures and pictures of the events : if they do not give us the precise image of the persons and things themselves, they give us, at least, the image left on those who came nearest to them. Study their monuments, their grave-stones, their epitaphs, on the spots where they lie. Study, if possible, the scenes of the events, their aspect, their architecture, their geography ; the tradition which has survived the history, the legend which has survived the tradition ; the mountain, the stream, the shapeless stone, which has survived even history, and tradition, and legend.’\*

Surely, if the knowledge to be gained by such study—knowledge which in travel flows in so easily and so fast—deserves to rank among the most valuable results of a foreign tour, that which ought to come to us from a well-planned English tour should be all the more valuable in proportion as a knowledge of English history is more important for us than that of any other country.

Unless the eyes are resolutely closed, something must be gained in this way from any tour. But it is well to seek such knowledge specially ; and we can hardly imagine a more efficient or a more pleasant mode of imparting historical instruction to the young than a series of ‘field lectures’—to borrow a term from the geologists—in a suggestive district. Some materials, indeed, may always be found at no great distance from our own doors, and we would especially recommend the study of the county in which the home may be situated. There is hardly one that would not afford a series of illustrations running through the whole course of English history, such as would give wonderful life and interest to the lessons of the school-room. Or let the summer tour extend through such a tract of country as that along

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\* ‘On the Study of Ecclesiastical History,’ Lecture II.

the south coast,—from Kent into Hampshire, or further, into Devonshire and Cornwall. In such scenery as is truly characteristic of England—rich, green, and tranquil; mingled with much that is wilder and bolder, among granite tors and chalk uplands; and in a coast-line of the most varied beauty—this tract is almost unrivalled; and we know of no other in which places and relics directly connected with the great events of English history are so closely packed or so easily accessible. Unlike most parts of the Continent, where the country between one great town and another has so often been swept clear of ancient relics, and where even the village churches have generally been stripped of interest, it is difficult to move for the shortest distance through either Kent or Sussex without encountering some memorial of bygone days, often more important and more interesting than those within shelter of the town-walls. This wealth of the open country in England results from the absence of causes which have devastated the Continent—long wars and invading armies. Even in the days of Cromwell's troopers few English manor-houses were destroyed, and few ancestral treasures were injured. Time and neglect have here done far more than intentional violence.

Taking, then, such a tract as this, or some portion of it, let us see what lessons it may be made to give, and in what order they should be read. Some of the southern counties are, of course, richer in antiquities of a special period than others. Cornwall, for example, is the land of the cromlech and stone circle, and of all those mysterious relics belonging to a remote, probably pre-historic age. The great camps and earthworks of a later period are best seen in Dorsetshire and on the Hampshire border. Kent, again, is rich in castles and in remains of domestic architecture; and so with the rest. But, on the whole, Kent and Sussex contain a greater number of antiquities of all periods than the counties farther west, and we will for the present confine ourselves to them. Both counties are pierced by railways in every direction, so that the various places of interest are readily accessible, either in the course of a long tour or by shorter excursions of a day or two; and both have been amply illustrated in Mr. Murray's 'Handbook.'

The history of our own country may almost be said to have begun in Kent. The period, at all events, before Cæsar's landing is enveloped in so much mist and obscurity—mist which had become denser and more dense under the treatment of the elder antiquaries—that it would hardly be safe to dwell long upon it, even in a 'field lecture.' Yet we can hardly believe that a visit  
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to the hill-side above the Medway on which 'Kits Coity House' stands, would not give some kind of reality to even that misty period. The vague mystery in which it is enveloped is at least felt more powerfully within sight of that ancient tomb-chamber and of the venerable yews which here and there darken the hill,—relics of the wood which in far-off days spread all over it. The impression thus gained will become yet stronger if we trace the less distinct but quite as interesting remains, all of them sepulchral, which extend over the ground below Kits Coity House, and which are said to have been connected with another large group of cromlechs and circles in the parish of Addington, at least six miles distant.\* Whatever be their date, they are at least pre-Roman; and the visitor may be sure that he is looking on the tombs of a powerful tribe which held this part of the island at some time—it may have been long ages—before the oars of Cæsar's galleys flashed in the sunshine as they crossed the strait towards Britain. Here, however, we are, without doubt, in a land of uncertainty. To many the more positive relics of the Roman period will convey a clearer sense of antiquity, and will enable them to grasp more definitely the distance—the long stretch of centuries—which separates us from those early days. And in these Kent and Sussex are especially rich. Following the line of the ancient Watling-Street, the Roman road which led from the sea towards London, and which is bordered here and there by chestnut copses and cherry orchards—Roman importations, both of them—we make our way from Aylesford and Kits Coity House to Richborough, near Sandwich; where, overhanging the sea and the harbour, in which many a tall trireme once rested, the massive walls of Rutupiæ, the Roman fortress that guarded the shore, are still mouldering. The ground within the walls is strewn with tiles and broken pottery; in the walls themselves the large, flat bonding tiles are visible at due intervals; and the whole scene takes us back at once nearly fifteen hundred years,—to the days of the great Stilicho, the last of the Romans who put this island into an effectual state of defence, and who, as it has been suggested with the greatest probability, may have left his mark on the ruin we here behold. Rome and Roman Britain, the power of Rome and the long sweep of her arm, become wonderful realities after we have once looked on such a relic as this; and the Montanus of Juvenal, the gastronome who could distinguish by their flavour

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\* Full notices of Kits Coity House and of all these remains will be found in the 'Handbook for Kent,' Route 8.

oysters dredged from this Rutupine strait and carried hence to Rome—

‘ . . . . . Circeis nata forent, an  
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo  
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu ’—\*

starts into far distincter life when we come upon him afterwards in the pages of the great satirist.

Richborough has other and not less interesting associations, for it was here that St. Augustine landed when, after his first interview with Ethelbert, he obtained leave to advance by the Watling-Street to Canterbury. But we are at present in the world of Roman Britain; and if the tourist still desire to remain in it, he may proceed along the Kentish shore (having in sight all the way, across the strait, the old country of the Morini, from which Cæsar set out for Britain, and speculating on the place of his arrival, which, in spite of Mr. Lewin and the Astronomer Royal, we are still inclined to fix at Deal) until he reaches Dover, with its ancient pharos, and Lymne, the ‘Portus Lemanis’ of the Itineraries, where massive walls and blocks of ruin, only less striking than those of Richborough, mark the site of another of those strong fortresses which, under the disposition of the Count of the Saxon shore, protected the Southern and Eastern coasts during the later Roman period, and formed the germ of the Corporation of the Cinque Ports. Or he may advance still farther into Sussex, where, at Pevensey, he will find the Roman walls of Anderida still nearly thirty feet in height, forming the outer court of a mediæval castle. And, perhaps, most striking of all, and most instructive to the young student if properly examined and explained, an excursion may be undertaken across the downs to the Roman villa at Bignor. Here the mosaic pavements of the different apartments, with their gladiators and their heads of gods and goddesses, speak plainly enough of the refinement and policy of the old masters of the world, who in this way, as in so many others, introduced the arts of Rome among the remote Britons. The arrangement and ground-plan of a large Roman villa may be well seen here; and although the mosaics are by no means equal either in execution or in richness of material to those of Corinium (Cirencester), or of Woodbourne in Gloucestershire, they are scarcely less impressive, and are quite as powerful in rolling back for us the stream of time. It

\* Sat. iv. 140. A friend of ours who visited Tusculum in 1859, while excavations were in progress at the villa which is commonly called Cicero's, but is said to have been more probably that of Tiberius, saw some oyster-shells turned up, which were unlike those of the Mediterranean, and appeared to be almost certainly from our own coast.

may be true, as Horace Walpole complained long ago, that such Roman remains as exist in our island, and are from time to time brought to light, are poor and of small value, compared with those found in Italy itself. But each one of them tells its own story; each does its part towards illustrating the history of the great Empire; and we are sure that a visit to some Roman town or villa—(we have confined ourselves to Kent and Sussex, or we might especially mention such sites as Uriconium (Wroxeter) in Shropshire, or Isurium (Aldborough) in Yorkshire, rich in antiquities of all kinds, and still showing traces of Roman chariot-wheels on their venerable pavements)—whose relics are overshadowed by English oaks and beeches, will often leave a far stronger impression than even a day spent among the ruins of Pompeii or in the wealthiest museum of Italy. Roman relics in England belong to our own history.

We shall not venture in this place to break a lance in defence of the Saxon Chronicle and of the historical arrival of Hengist and Horsa on the coast of Thanet in the middle of the fifth century. The whole question may safely be left in the hands of Dr. Guest, who, in his *Essay on the 'Early English Settlements in South Britain,'*\* has at least shown that it is not to be decided in so summary a fashion as has of late years been usual. But with whatever feelings we may look on Pegwell Bay, where the landing is said to have taken place, we find ourselves surrounded by relics of our Saxon ancestors about which there can be no uncertainty when we climb the hill of Osengall, which rises above it. The whole of this hill is honeycombed with the graves of the first Saxon settlers in Thanet. It had been, to all appearance, a Roman cemetery before the Saxons arrived; and graves in which the interment had been made in a decidedly Roman manner have been found here side by side with others in which the Saxons, still heathens, had been buried with their arms and personal ornaments. The relics which have been discovered at Osengall are widely dispersed; but the hill itself will repay a visit, and would be one of the best possible sites for a field lecture which should embrace the whole story of the Saxon arrival and subsequent conversion to Christianity. Below it, extends the bay to which (whatever reality we may assign to Hengist) many a 'ciule' must have stretched across from the shores of Friezland, bearing the chief and his followers, who were to find here a new home and a last resting-place. On the hill itself are their graves. Below are Ebbsfleet, now a farm in the marshes, but then a narrow promontory between the bay and

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\* Printed in the Salisbury volume of the Archæological Institute.

the Stour, where St. Augustine and the Christian missionaries first landed; and Richborough, with other memorials of them. The high ground inland is the scene of the famous meeting of Ethelbert and Augustine, finely painted by Dean Stanley, that master in the art of stimulating the sluggish imagination of the nineteenth century; and far in the distance rise the towers of Canterbury Cathedral.\* The entire history, with its results, is here suggested to us; and if, while still fresh from the hills of Thanet, the tourist should proceed to the little church of St. Martin at Canterbury—granted by Ethelbert to Augustine, and in which the Saxon King was baptized—we believe the story of the conversion would assume such life and reality as not even the study of Dean Stanley's Essay would otherwise give to it.

Saxon memorials of various kinds are, of course, scattered throughout Kent and Sussex, and our heathen ancestors have left traces of their religion on many a green mound and many a bit of lingering forest. All are worth, and all will repay, examination. But we must hasten onward; and again leaving Kent, fix ourselves on the Sussex shore, where we may study at leisure the memorials of the great battle which transferred England to the rule of the Normans. Hastings and Pevensey should both be visited; for the disembarkation of the Conqueror's fleet (600 vessels) no doubt extended along the whole coast between them, and it was at Pevensey that William himself came ashore. But the central point of interest is, of course, the great abbey, a careful examination of the country about which will readily explain the whole course of the battle. The ridge marking the line of the Conqueror's advance from Hastings; Hethebrand, the place where he and his knights armed, where his standard was raised, and where he vowed to build on the field, if he should be victorious, an abbey, in which prayer should always be made for the souls of the slain; Sanguelac, the ground over which the battle chiefly raged, now for the most part covered by the village of Battle; the Malfosse, or morass, in which so many Saxons and Normans perished; and the little rivulet Asten—

' . . . . once distained with native English blood,  
Whose soil yet, when but wet with any little rain,  
Doth blush, as put in mind of those there sadly slain,' †

\* At Sarre, in this neighbourhood, some very interesting excavations have lately been made; and the objects discovered have been partly deposited in the British Museum, and partly in that of the Kentish Archæological Association at Maidstone. See a paper with illustrations, by Mr. Brent, F.S.A., in the '*Archæologica Cantiana*,' vol. v.

† Drayton, '*Polyolbion*,' ..

may all be made out from the raised terrace in front of the abbey, whence, in the distance, Beachy, the English headland which first greeted the Conqueror as he neared the coast, is also visible. And, turning to the abbey itself, we know that the eastern apse of the church, at or close to which was the place of the high altar, was the spot where the Saxon standard was raised, and where Harold himself fell. On that altar William offered the sword he had carried in the battle and the robe worn at his coronation. All the minute details of the battle which the chroniclers have preserved, have been illustrated and explained with a most thorough knowledge of all the localities by Mr. Lower;\* and it is with a singular feeling of interest that we find ourselves, with his help, tracing on the spot, with hardly less certainty and minuteness than we should be able to bring to the battle-fields of Vittoria or Talavera, the events of the most momentous struggle which the soil of England has ever witnessed. Even if no more substantial memorials of the Conqueror's abbey remained than the 'few foundation-stones in the midst of a swamp'—by which, as Dr. Lappenberg, with strange error, asserts, 'we are alone able to determine the spot where it once reared its towers and pinnacles'†—the main features of the country, still unchanged, would be sufficiently attractive; but much of the existing building recalls the splendour and state in which the 'token and pledge of the royal crown,' as the abbey was called by its monks, continued until the dissolution; and the Conqueror himself becomes considerably less of a shadow as we stand on the scene of his victory and within the walls that commemorated it. There are few spots in England more interesting.

Relics which more or less directly illustrate the history of our country become so numerous and are so thickly strewn throughout Kent and Sussex, after passing the period of the Conquest, that we are fairly puzzled by an 'embarras des richesses.' But to follow up with the greatest advantage the historical tour we have been proposing, we should next lead the student to Canterbury Cathedral, thronged with remembrances of almost every reign in English history. 'There is no church, no place in the kingdom,' says Dean Stanley, 'with the exception of Westminster Abbey, that is so closely connected with the history of our country.' But the architecture of the Cathedral—of various dates and of strongly-marked character—is itself an historical monument, or rather a series of monuments. Its architectural history has

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\* Mr. Lower's paper will be found in his 'Contributions to Literature' (1854). He is also the translator of the 'Chronicle of Battle Abbey,' from 1066 to 1176.

† 'England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings,' vol. ii. p. 302 (English translation).  
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been traced by Professor Willis, in his admirable work on the subject, through all the successive stages of the building. The remarkable Transition work of the choir takes us back to the latter years of the twelfth century, the years (1174-1184) which immediately followed the murder of Becket (1170) and the subsequent burning of the 'glorious choir of Conrad.' It is all later than Becket's own time,\* yet there is not a stone which does not in some way speak of him. No doubt the cost of the new choir was mainly defrayed by offerings which poured in at the tomb of the new saint; and it was these very piers and arches that looked down on the solemn procession—such, we are told, as had never been seen in England before—which, led by the young King Henry III., and by Stephen Langton, the Archbishop of the Great Charter, conveyed (1220) the relics of Becket from their resting-place in the crypt to the shrine which had been prepared for them behind the high altar. Thus the existing choir of Canterbury Cathedral rose with, and witnessed the beginning of, the veneration for the saint whose shrine made Canterbury one of the great places of European pilgrimage. The superb Perpendicular nave (1380-1411) bears testimony to its culmination. Within little more than a century after this had been completed the shrine itself disappeared; but although the place on which it stood is now marked only by a slight furrow in the pavement and by some fragments of a once rich mosaic, the visitor will do well to follow its history as it has been traced for him by Dr. Stanley, observing carefully such traces of the 'Martyr of Canterbury' as still linger in stained glass or in carved stone, and resting well assured that the slightest of these relics will assist him (and he must, after all, do this work mainly for himself) in reconstructing a true picture of the past. Of other and more prominent memorials preserved in the Cathedral we need here say very little. It is impossible to look on the tomb of the Black Prince, with his own helmet and gauntlets still hanging above it—

'That helm which never stooped, except to time,'

without passing back, for a few moments at least, to the great days of Cressy and Poitiers; and there are few of the Archbishops buried here—Stephen Langton, Chichele, Courtenay, Warham, Pole—whose monuments will not at once recal the events of English history with which they were connected. These tell their own story, and the series is sufficiently complete to enable us to

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\* Of course, when we say the choir is later, we do not forget how very much there is in Canterbury Cathedral that is older than the days of Becket.

pass almost from the days of the Conquest to those of the Reformation. Dr. Hook's volumes will be read with tenfold interest after our eyes have rested on these, the most definite existing memorials of the Archbishops, when they were indeed '*alterius orbis papæ*.'

Among the remarkable things to be seen at Canterbury we ought not to omit mention of two columns lately set up within the precincts of the Cathedral. These columns formerly contributed to form the triple chancel-arch of Reculver Church, which, in consequence of the encroachments of the sea, was partly destroyed in 1810. From that time they lay forgotten and unknown in an orchard near Canterbury, until at the end of half a century they were identified as the originals of an engraving after Gandy, A.R.A., in Mr. Roach Smith's '*Antiquities of Richborough, Reculver, and Lymne*.' The third volume of the '*Archæologia Cantiana*' contains an account of the discovery, with an engraving which faithfully represents the general appearance of the columns, although on too small a scale to show the details. Mr. Roach Smith supposes them to date from the time when Reculver was a Roman station; Mr. Fergusson is inclined to regard them as an imitation of Roman work, and to refer them to the ninth century. According to either of these theories, they would be unique among English antiquities.

The connexion of Rochester—the first outpost advanced by St. Augustine—with Canterbury deserves to be carefully marked, and the Cathedral itself should be compared with its mother church. The work of the Norman period in Rochester Cathedral is very interesting and suggestive; but we especially wish to point out here the great value of the Norman keep, towering above and overlooking the Cathedral, as one of the best illustrations of that age remaining in England. The various arrangements—the outworks and defences—of an ancient castle may, no doubt, be better studied at Dover, and by all means with M. Viollet-le-Duc's book—excellently translated by Mr. Macdermott\*—in hand. But even the keep of Dover, so grand and strong that, according to tradition, it was the work of evil spirits, yields, in the degree of impression it produces, to the keep of Rochester. Dover, still a fortress, with its ancient chambers still in use, has (as is now the case with the magnificent keep of Richmond in Yorkshire) too much of modern warfare about it to carry us back completely and at once to the days of the

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\* '*Essay on the Military Architecture of the Middle Ages*,' translated by Mr. Macdermott; with the original French engravings. Oxford and London, 1860.

Norman monarchs. Rochester, on the other hand, shattered and roofless, with the light from the open sky streaming across the great pillars of its hall, has nothing of the present to interpose between ourselves and the twelfth century. The position of the Castle with reference to the walls and defences of the city, and with regard to the Cathedral below it—to which it more than once, and especially during the Barons' wars of the thirteenth century, proved a troublesome neighbour—is well seen from the highest story, which still rises to the height of 100 feet. With the help of such a book as that of M. Viollet-le-Duc, a most interesting lesson in mediæval defence and engineering might be read from this point; and a comparison with the Castles of Canterbury and of Dover would render it still more valuable. Leeds, too, which was the great central stronghold of Kent, and is partly Norman, is still to be seen rising grandly in the midst of its lake, a true feudal castle. It retains much of its ancient arrangements, and will assist in rendering complete the series of military illustrations. Pevensey, in Sussex—the 'Castle of the Eagle Honour,' as it was called—brings us to the first years of the fourteenth century; and, besides its architectural importance, has a special interest as the place from which the earliest existing letter in English was despatched by Lady Pelham to her 'trew lorde.\*' Bodiam, with striking arrangements for defence, is a fine example of the end of the same century, when it was built by Sir Edward Dalyngrudge, one of those successful adventurers whom the French wars had called forth, and who were then raising their stately castles in different parts of England. Hurstmonceaux, again, entirely of brick—the largest post-Roman building of that material in the country—dates from the reign of Henry VI., and shows us the half-fortress, half-mansion, of the later days of feudalism.

Turning from military to domestic architecture—in examples of which Kent and Sussex are very rich—we shall find that the character of each successive period is not less distinctly marked on the manor-house or the hall than on the castle. At Sore Place, not far from Plaxtole, is a small manor-house, quite perfect, which must have been built about the year 1300, during the reign of the first Edward. The insecurity of times in which a solitary manor-house was always liable to plunder from bands of outlawed men, or even from soldiers who passed it to join the King's military gatherings, is marked by the narrow loops which alone light the ground story; and the slender accommodation—the poor life of even the higher classes—is strongly

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\* See it in Hallam, 'Lit. Hist.,' i. 71.

brought before us in the few and narrow rooms above. The Moat House at Ightham—a veritable manor of romance, such as we read of in the ‘gestes’ of Sir Lancelot or Sir Percival—carries us onward through the days of Edward III., when its great hall was built, to those of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.; and witnesses, in its changes and alterations, to the gradual change of life and manners. And then—leaving unnoticed many an ancient roof-tree and many a quiet old hall, telling its own story of past ages among its own woods and meadows—we come to those later mansions, belonging, in their present state, at all events, to an age which had no longer special need of barbicans or dungeon-towers—Knole, for example, and Penshurst. They contain, of course, portions of far earlier date; but as we now see them, they rank among the best illustrations of the great Tudor mansion. And what recollections of the profoundest interest are connected with each of the places we have mentioned! Of Penshurst, especially, we may say, that if, as the famous words of Johnson suggest, it should be impossible to tread the soil of Marathon without renewing our patriotism, or of Iona without an increase of veneration for ancient piety, all that makes up the best and most thorough English character ought to gain fresh life and strength from a visit to the home of Sir Philip Sidney. Here we may return, more completely than anywhere else, to the great days of his short life. Sir Philip himself, with his own ‘keen look,’ his parents, his uncles, his brother, and his sister,—

‘ . . . . the subject of all verse,  
Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother,’

regard us from the walls of the venerable apartments, some of which are lined with furniture which Queen Elizabeth herself sent as presents to her cousins of Penshurst. As we wander from room to room, and recal the associations—the chapters from our own history—which are suggested by each one of these portraits, we begin almost to feel with the old monk, that they are in truth the realities, and we who gaze on them the shadows.

We have thus, at the risk of dwelling on what must be familiar to many of our readers, been indicating some of the most prominent historical relics of Kent and Sussex, because we desired to show how much may be found in this way within the limits of even a single county, without at all drawing for illustration on those lesser remains which every old church and every old manor-house would surely furnish. But there is no fragment of antiquity—no hint or trace of former days—which may not be made to tell its own story, and in its own degree to aid

aid us in restoring the past. The slight ridge, now in the midst of ploughed fields and enclosures, but marking where an ancient road once passed, will sometimes enable us to explain, with a clearness otherwise unattainable, events—such as the march of troops or the choice of battle-fields—which its course must have influenced. The half-destroyed dyke, in the hands of such an investigator as Dr. Guest, becomes an important witness in the question of the early settlements of our Saxon ancestors. There is no corner of England which does not contain some relic of former days; and whilst the lessons to be gained from those close at home are to be first read, and may be studied at leisure, they will surely lead, if there be anything of the true historical spirit in the student, to wider surveys and to more extended wanderings. And if anything would tend to awaken that spirit in the youthful mind, it would be, we are convinced, such a tour as we have been suggesting, under competent guidance. Every man is not destined to become an historian, or to obtain a relish for historical study. But if the true feeling is latent in the mind, it might be roused to consciousness, and that at a very early age, by a visit to the Roman walls at Richborough, or to the field of the Conquest at Battle.

Still keeping in view such great historical monuments as we are in the habit of seeking in foreign countries with the greatest zeal and eagerness, let us suggest that we have at home more than one such memorial altogether unrivalled in its kind, and which of itself might well be made the object of an English tour. Nowhere else in Europe—perhaps in no other of its ancient provinces—is the limit of the Roman Empire so remarkably traced as by the remains of the great wall, which extended, and may still be followed, from Wallsend on the Tyne to Bowness on the Solway—a distance of about sixty-nine miles. The wall and its stations have been excellently described by Dr. Bruce of Newcastle; and, since the appearance of his volume, they have been carefully mapped and surveyed by Mr. Maclauchlan, at the expense of the Duke of Northumberland.\* We have thus, besides the 'Handbook,' which condenses all their information, excellent and minute guides to the district; and we can hardly imagine a more delightful pilgrimage than that along the whole line of the wall, from which short diversions might occasionally be made to the various castles, 'peels,' and 'craggs' which lie at no great distance from it. The railway from Newcastle to Carlisle runs somewhat south of the wall; and one or two

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\* Mr. Maclauchlan's survey was printed 'for private circulation' only. See also an article on the Roman Wall in the 'Quarterly Review' for January, 1860.

of the most remarkable ancient stations may be visited from the 'stations' of the line which has replaced the military way of the legions. But the true way to enjoy such an expedition is to make it either on foot or on horseback, lingering here and there as choice or weather may induce. The wild country through which the wall passes, with its memories of moss-troopers and border-combats—'Ridleys, and Thirlwalls, and a'—is of itself sufficiently exciting; and the sharp, clear, air of the hills bracing and appetizing to the utmost. In most parts, indeed, the scene has been little changed since the Tungrian Cohort garrisoned Borcovicus, or the Asturians were quartered at Æsica; and we look over the same rough fells of crag and heather which were seen by them as they paced the summit of the rampart. Such it is especially at Sewing Shields, where the basaltic rocks 'descend in abrupt and lofty cliffs to the northern moorlands;' and where, says tradition, King Arthur and his knights are lying in an enchanted sleep within a mysterious cavern. Beyond this are passes in the wall, 'Cat Gate' and 'Busy Gap,' where the moss-troopers used to cross the barrier. The place, says Camden, 'was infamous for thieving and robbery, where stood some castles (chesters, they called them), as I have heard, but could not with safety take the full survey of it, for the robbers hereabouts.' We may now survey it with safety; although the 'robbers'—or at least one famous house of them—will be brought to mind a little further on, where is 'Hot Bank Farm, still inhabited by members of the ancient family of Armstrong, who live here with a character very different to that which they acquired in the moss-trooping days. The funeral of the late Mr. Armstrong was followed across the moorland by two hundred mounted borderers.'\*

Of the same wild and unchanged character is the country about Housesteads—the ancient Borcovicus—the most interesting station on the wall, honoured by Stukeley with the name of the British 'Tadmor in the Wilderness.' The station itself covers about five acres, and occupies a lofty ridge with a wide view stretching away on three sides of it. On the north is the wall; the west gate retains its strong central gate-post of stone; and on either side are the ruined, roofless, guard-chambers. Narrow streets, with the marks of wheels on their pavements, intersect the station; and without the walls great heaps of oyster-shells and of bones, chiefly red-deer and wild-boar, testify to the long occupation of the Tungrian Cohort, which was placed here for more than a century. That these Northern stations were not without

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\* 'Handbook for Durham and Northumberland,' p. 277.

the most stately appliances of the Roman *cuisine* is proved by the magnificent silver 'lanx' or dish, weighing 150 ounces, which was found in 1734 at Corstopitum (near the junction of the Cor with the Tyne), and is now at Alnwick. Borcovicus, however, in its flourishing days, never witnessed more satisfactory feasting than took place within its walls in 1852, when the Antiquaries of the Institute, in their progress along the Roman wall, were entertained here by Mr. Clayton of Chesters, the owner of the station. It is amusing to compare the comfort and luxury with which modern archæologists traverse the length and breadth of the island, and find tables spread for them in the wilderness, with the trials and troubles of such men as Leland or Stukeley.

Beyond Housesteads, the wall 'is seen in its full perfection and grandeur, running from hill to hill, and cresting the crags, which on the right rise perpendicularly from the moorland. On the left is a magnificent view over the valley of the Tyne and the Cumberland hills, among which Skiddaw and Saddleback are conspicuous. On the right are the dark blue Northumbrian lakes or loughs, sleeping in the hollow of the moorland.'\*

There are four of these small lakes, all picturesque. But to enumerate half the points of interest which crowd upon us as we follow the course of the wall would fill all our space. It must be remembered that along its whole line remains of the wall itself, of the vallum south of it, of the larger stations, at intervals of four miles, and of the 'Castella' placed at the distance of one Roman mile from each other, are constantly offering themselves for remark and examination. Have we not said enough to induce more than one band of pedestrians to set out, staff in hand, whilst the heather is bright over all the hills of the Border, and to cross the island under the guidance of this great relic?

Scarcely less distinctive than the Roman wall are the remains of the great Cistercian Abbeys which give so deep an interest to the picturesque valleys of Yorkshire. Citeaux, the parent monastery, has nothing to show us but desecrated buildings, of an almost modern character. At Clugny, its great rival, the towers of the church alone remain. At Clairvaux, the Abbey of St. Bernard, what remains of the monastery has been converted to a prison, and the church has been completely destroyed. There is little at either place to recal the great days of the twelfth century—St. Bernard or St. Hugh. But the pilgrim who, after gazing, not without a feeling of almost awe-stricken sadness, upon that wonderful view of Rievaulx from the hill-

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\* 'Handbook,' p. 277.

side, descends among her ruined aisles and cloisters; or, yet more strongly, who lets the long summer-day glide by him among the grassy courts and solemn shadows of Fountains, is brought almost face to face with St. Bernard and the band of monastic reformers who first gathered round him. The simple, unadorned architecture of the great church, which wants little more than its roof to become again perfect, reminds us at once of the protest made by St. Bernard against the rich and fantastic sculptures with which 'they of Cluny' delighted to fill their buildings. Much of it was, no doubt, the work of the second Abbot, Murdac, afterwards Archbishop of York, who had been one of Bernard's own monks at Clairvaux, and to whom, when in England and at Fountains, Bernard often wrote, drawing many thoughts and images from the name 'Fontes,' Fountains, which had been given to the new monastery. All the arrangements—all the daily life—of a great religious house, as it was in its prime and perfection, may here be minutely traced; and it is difficult for the coldest imagination to remain unmoved, as, portion by portion, the old world of Fountains reveals itself. No such remains—so perfect and so entirely of the earliest Cistercian period—exist elsewhere in Europe: and to all this must be added the exquisite and touching beauty of the situation and the surrounding scenery. Some of the great yew-trees which sheltered the monks who first fled to this solitary valley from the house of St. Mary's, at York, still remain, and still bear their scarlet-berries; and, beyond the church, rise the shelves of rock, overhung with fern and ivy, which echoed their first litanies. 'Where could a place'—we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a passage which so truly reproduces the spirit of the scene,—

'Where could a place be found more fit to convince the recluse, if it were only by the force of contrast, that the retirement which he enjoyed was superior to the charms of the world beyond him? Where could he live more purely, more devotedly, to God? The great book of Nature was daily open to the Cistercian there, and he would see in it what to other readers was meaningless and vain. The heavens looked down upon him with their many eyes, piercing him through and through, and telling him that everything was visible to their viewless Lord. Strange voices seemed to commune with him from between the wings of the wind as it arose and fell in that solitary vale. In everything around him, pure and simple as it was, there was something to direct him heavenwards, a type or symbol of some better thing to come.

' "Sum nemorum studiosus, ait,"—

' "There was a spirit in the woods" through which he walked, and he would

would think of the green-tree and the dry. The murmurings in the elm, the twinkling leaves of the beech which St. Bernard loved to watch, the wanton airs which ran in and out like sportive children among the branches of the oak, were as significant to him as the prophetic breeze which stirred of old "the tops of the mulberry-trees." In those rocks, once a shelter to him when he came for the first time into that "weary land," he would see a type of that great "spiritual rock" on which the Church was built, and he would beseech Him who had "poured down the stones into the valley" to be to him a "house of defence" and a "rock of habitation." The waters which bubbled up and sparkled among the clefts would remind him of the "pure fountain of life and the crystal sea;" and when he mused upon the perfections of Him who had sent these "springs into the valleys," he would join in the exclamation of the Psalmist, "All my fresh springs shall be in Thee. Benedicite, Fontes, Domino." \*

We have only mentioned Fountains and Rievaulx; but Yorkshire, we need hardly say, abounds in monastic ruins, the greater part of which are Cistercian. Byland, Kirkstall, Jervaulx, and Bolton, are all rich in interest and association, and all (including Bolton, although that was a house of Augustinian canons) situated in such picturesque valleys—

‘Silvestribus undique cinctas  
Arboribus—’

as the Cistercians loved: valleys once wild and ‘desert,’ but now full of that mournful grace which nothing but the ruins of such houses can possibly bestow. A month among the abbeys of Yorkshire would be full of instruction for the archæologist and historian, and full of delight for the artist. But if the ruins are to tell their true story, they must be visited in a thoughtful and reverent spirit; not, ‘with the vulgar citizens,’ for the sake of a holiday only.

We might go on to compile a long catalogue—much longer than would generally be thought possible—of similar ‘specialties,’ in which the best, and sometimes the sole, examples are possessed by our own country. Such, among many others, are those village churches to which we have before referred. We believe that neither France, Belgium, nor Germany, outside the walls of their great towns, can show anything like the treasures of architectural and antiquarian interest which the traveller is sure to find here whenever he leaves the main route, and penetrates the pleasant byways of England. Often, indeed, on our course from one town to another the railway hurries us by stations which would land us within an easy walk of some ancient

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\* Raine's ‘Lives of the Archbishops of York,’ vol. i. p. 215.

church, far more picturesque in its quiet beauty, and far more interesting to the archæologist than the better known 'lion' of the district, which is perhaps the main object of our journey. Here the Handbooks—carefully recording the places which adjoin each station—do especially good service. Tourists on the Continent are too much in the habit of neglecting all that lies between one great station and another; but architectural tourists in England, at all events, may be assured that they would find an occasional deviation from the main line as pleasant as it would be profitable. Such churches as Hacombe, in Devonshire, rich in ancient monuments and brasses, or as Tanfield, in Yorkshire, where, in spite of modern restoration, the effigies of the Marmions, in their low-roofed chapel, remain nearly as they were seen by Leland, and remind us of one of Cattermole's most romantic drawings, are well worth the delay of a few hours and the labour of reaching them. The superb churches of the Norfolk marsh-land, again, out of the way as they are, deserve a tour in their especial honour; or let the wanderer find his way across the heaths from Pickering to the little Yorkshire church of Lastingham, the whole scene about which remains nearly as it was when St. Cedd established his monastery there, and Bede came to it southward from Jarrow to obtain materials for his history. The Norman crypt, it is true, is of later date; but its 'antique pillars, massy proof,' are solemn enough to take us far back toward that early time. Churches such as these, and of hardly less interest, are to be found in most parts of England; and whilst the Handbooks point them out, and give a vast amount of condensed information about them, their architectural history has for the most part been illustrated by county societies, or by members of the two great archæological bodies. There is no lack of guides, at any rate.

The Cathedral Churches of England must hardly be included in the list of specialties. Yet in them we find of course much that is peculiar to this country, and that illustrates its history in the most striking and impressive manner. Beginning with Canterbury and Rochester, we may follow the progress of Christianity in our island, tracing it from Winchester to Wells and Exeter; then to the South Saxons at Chichester; then eastward and northward to Norwich, Ely, and Lincoln; from York over the whole of Northumbria; and from Lichfield over Mercia. In each one of the great cathedrals that occupy these ancient sites, we may read the history of long centuries—centuries of change in architecture, in art, in manners, in religion. The tourist, who should proceed from one cathedral to another, taking them in due historical order, and allowing himself time for a proper

proper study of all they contain, would find, at the end of his most pleasant labours, that he had amassed a greater amount of information, and had gained more direct illustrations of English history, civil and ecclesiastical, than he could have done in any other course of travel, or by any amount of unassisted book-study.

On one other subject we must touch here—the art-treasures of England contained in private collections, and scattered broadcast over the whole country. It is a fact, that to see the finest works of certain great artists—and especially of two or three of the Netherlanders—the foreigner must come to England. Rembrandt is ‘more abundant everywhere than in his own land’—most abundant, and probably finest, in England. It is the same with Teniers, Cuyp, Hobbema, and Ruysdael; and even Claude and Gaspar Poussin are, in all probability, better represented here than on the Continent.\* It is not on this, however, that we would insist at present, so much as on the fact that these treasures are not, as for the most part is the case in other countries, shut up in great town mansions or ‘palazze,’ but are to be found in almost every large country-house. Such, indeed, is the wealth of England, and such its diffusion, that it is impossible to say that the simplest villa or parsonage which the tourist passes may not contain some picture of the highest value and interest. Of no other country can the same be said; and perhaps in no other country could there be the same liberality that prevails here, for the most part, in permitting the free access of strangers to the greater and more important collections. Petworth, Cobham, and Castle Howard are grand examples. Here and there of course a portal will be found before which the most adventurous knight-errant will sound his horn in vain; but in arranging a tour through any part of England, the collections great and small which lie in the course of it may generally be relied on as accessible, and might often be made, with advantage, the chief objects of the journey. The Handbooks supply us with hints for ‘artistic tours’ in their different counties, which need not be very protracted, and would always be delightful.

If the railways which cover the face of England have destroyed much of that old secluded life which was not without its great charms, they have opened for us points of interest in every direction. But in truth many secluded districts still remain, sufficiently remote from the scream of the engine to preserve their old characteristics to a great extent. These are the pleasantest haunts of

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\* See an article on the ‘Treasures of Art in Great Britain,’ ‘Quart. Rev.,’ March, 1854.

the pedestrian. No line of railway has as yet penetrated into the recesses of Dartmoor; although the outlying bastions of that great hill fortress are beginning to

‘hear afar

The rattling of th’ un-scythed car.’

Among the granite tors, and beside the clear mountain streams, the artist with his pencil or the angler with his rod may wander day after day, in blissful ignorance of all the turmoil of nations or of cabinets. He may listen, when he does light upon some lonely farm among its wind-swept ash-trees, to old fashioned Devonshire stories, told in that true Doric which is daily becoming less and less true in the more open country; and, as he climbs the steep hillside among the bent grass and the heather, he may trace out the ancient remains which abound over all the forest—the stone circle—the hut—or the kistvaën, the ‘narrow house of death.’ It is like passing back into another century to find oneself in such an unchanged district as this;—more unchanged, perhaps, and more truly of an older world, than the wild country of North Devon, although much of that is also beyond the sweep of the railway. Portions of the Cornish coast again, especially that on the north,

‘All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,’

from Morwenstow with its venerable church to the famous Tintagel—a sunset seen from which will be one of the events of an artist’s life—and farther west, to St. Columb, are hardly less old-fashioned and unconscious of modern influence. The pedestrian indeed may well be advised to make the circuit of the coast, passing down it on the north, and returning to Plymouth on the south. But the greater part of Cornwall is now readily accessible by railway; and the general tour of this county is one of those which are most certain to reward either the archæologist, or the wanderer who is only in search of the picturesque. Corners of Northumberland, of Durham, of the lake country, of Derbyshire, and least generally known, perhaps, of all, of Yorkshire, will supply excellent ground for the wanderer who desires to escape for a time from the cares and the associations of this nineteenth century. The western dales of Yorkshire, the wild district of Craven, and all that mass of rugged hills and moors that stretches northward from Ingleborough to the borders of Westmoreland and Durham, are little trod by pedestrians, and retain much of their primitive character. They abound with scenes of extreme beauty and grandeur; Gordale chasm, indeed, about nine miles from Settle, is probably unrivalled in England (and even in the Scottish Highlands we should not easily find a scene that

that would surpass it) in its almost terrific sublimity. It is in wanderings through such tracts as these that we learn thoroughly to appreciate the beauty and the variety of English scenery ; and to recognise, more or less distinctly in proportion to the study we bestow on it, the wonderful power with which its many phases have been rendered by Turner, and by many another English painter of landscape. The following, from its source to the sea, of such a river as the Yorkshire Wharfe, as the Severn, the Dart, or the Thames (the last, perhaps, the most completely English in the character of its scenery) would, we are convinced, bring far greater pleasure to many a tourist than the usual steam voyage up the Rhine ; and would leave him wondering at the unsuspected beauties of his native country.

Many a delightful tour, on foot, on horseback, or sometimes using the railway, as chance and opportunity serve, might be arranged by making its object some definite point of examination ; antiquarian, historical, or even geographical. The battle-fields of the Wars of the Roses, Towton and Wakefield, Barnet and St. Alban's, and Bosworth, with its many memories, might be made to illustrate all that troubled and very obscure period ; or we might follow in the track of Simon de Montfort and the Barons' war of the thirteenth century—visiting Lewes, with its 'Mount Harry,' the scene of the battle, its Castle and its Priory—and Evesham, where the great Earl fell, and where his tomb in the Abbey Church became one of the shrines of English pilgrimage. We might too, like the illustrious Dr. Heavystern, when he rode northward from York to visit Mr. Oldbuck at Monkbarns, insist on ignoring all turnpike-roads, railways, and other modern appliances, and betake ourselves to the course of Watling Street, or of the Icknield Way, the true old 'King's Highways,' whose stones were laid by the Roman legions, and whose 'peace' is proclaimed in the laws of Saxon monarchs. Let us listen for a moment to Dr. Guest's comment on the charms of the Icknield—the road which crossed the island from Norfolk toward Devonshire :—

'I know,' he says, 'no part of England—and I am well acquainted with its bye-ways—where so much of genuine legend still lingers among the peasantry as along the course of the Icknield Street. Plott represents the road as almost deserted in his day ; yet your guide will talk of the long lines of pack-horses that once frequented the 'Ickley Way,' as if they were things of yesterday ; and a farmer in the Vale of Aylesbury told me, as he was pointing out the course of the Ickneild Street along the sides of the Chiltern, that in the Popish times they used to go on pilgrimage along it from Oxford to Cambridge. . . . . There is something in the deserted aspect of this

old trackway which is very fascinating to the antiquary : while the boundless views which, throughout its whole course, open to the west and north, and its long stretches of springy turf-land, which even the agricultural changes of the last ten years have not wholly obliterated, are accompaniments that will no doubt be more generally appreciated. The absence of ancient towns along its course has been often noticed. . . . . But the want of Roman remains is amply compensated for by the many objects, mostly of British antiquity, which crowd upon us as we journey westward ; by the tumuli and the camps which show themselves on our right-hand and on our left ; by the six gigantic earthworks which, in the interval of eighty miles, between the borders of Suffolk and the Thames, were raised at widely distant periods to bar progress along this now deserted thoroughfare ; by the White Cross which rises over the Vale of Aylesbury, and the still more ancient 'White Horse that looks down upon the Vale of Wantage. When it is remembered that in its probable course westward, the Ickneild Street passes by 'Wayland's Smithy,' and the mysterious Avebury, and that it crosses the Wansdyke in its progress toward Stonehenge and Old Sarum, it will be conceded that no line of country of the same extent in Britain can show objects of greater interest to the antiquary, and—why may we not add the more dignified name?—to the historian.\*

If the tourist do not return from such an expedition '*religiosior* or *doctior*—with more piety or learning ;—it is surely his own fault if he do not depart *jucundior*, with more pleasure and lawful delight.' †

When the railway has once brought the traveller to the scene of his intended labours, we strongly counsel him to mark carefully the various places of interest which may be within reach from the lesser stations, and to allow himself as much time as possible for occasional excursions to them. We will add that a tour through a single county, or through any district of which the boundaries are well marked, will, if it be thoroughly carried out, be found to give higher pleasure, and will certainly send home the wanderer '*doctior*'—with more learning—than one which should extend over half England. In these more confined excursions we learn to identify ourselves with the district we are traversing ; we become really at home in it ; and can better appreciate the traditional feelings, the associations, and the prejudices which help to distinguish it from the rest of England. Sometimes, too, whilst tracking the pleasant byways of a picturesque county, we shall light upon some old-fashioned hostel, with its large garden,

\* 'The Four Roman Ways' '*Archæological Journal*,' June, 1857. We may add that Dr. Guest's very interesting paper is illustrated by a map, which (as well as the paper itself) will assist the tourist who may gird himself up for the adventure of the Ickneild.

† Fuller, '*Worthies*.' Introduction.

full of such flowers as made up the beau-pot in the best room, in the days of the 'Highflyer' and the 'Defiance.' At such a place, if it be at all centrally situated, the traveller will do well to set up the staff of his rest for some days, and to make his excursions from it. He will find that, for the most part, the 'comforts o' the Saut-market'—which, as Baillie Nicol Jarvie wisely remarked, a man cannot always carry about him—will be supplied in such quiet corners with more entire good will, and at far less 'cost and charges,' than at better known inns on the main lines of travel. Country hostelrys of this sort are, however, rare. In large towns there are always two classes of inns: those grandly distinguishing themselves as 'Family Hotels,' where you are generally sure of good living, good attendance, and tolerably long bills; and those which are known as 'Commercial,' altogether of a second class. Wherever a really large railway hotel has been established, we believe most travellers would find it best to take advantage of it. The charges in such hotels rarely exceed those of the better class of inns elsewhere, and are generally less. There is always a large and well-arranged public room, and the bedrooms are usually so arranged that the noise of the railway is shut out from them as much as possible. Some of these railway hotels are perhaps the best examples in England of what an hotel for ordinary travellers ought to be. But the best are still capable of improvement, and in all the scale of charges is probably much higher than it need be. The old-fashioned 'Family Hotels' continue, of course, to present their old-fashioned bills; and with them, we fear, there is little chance of reform. The traveller who frequents them, and who denies himself none of the Baillie's 'comforts,' must still reckon that his cost will be from fifteen shillings to a guinea a day, exclusive of his expenses by rail or road; but a pedestrian or a tourist who does not look out for all the comforts of home when away from it, may do, and do well, for much less. Mr. White tells us that the expense of his month's walk through Yorkshire was, on an average, four and sixpence a day; but it is not every one who can economise in this manner. Ten shillings a day will generally be found enough to supply every comfort that need be required.

What is the best and pleasantest season for travelling in England? Most of us begin to move when the late summer is passing into autumn, and when the foliage, if it has not begun to change, has at least assumed that tint of deeper green which precedes the richer hues of the 'fall.' But this was not our ancestors' fashion. Chaucer's pilgrims set out—

'Whanne that April with his shoures sote  
The droughte of March had perced to the rote,

\* \* \* \*

When Zephirus eke with his sote brethe  
Enspired had in every holt and hethe  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Had in the Ram his halfe cours yronne.'

Those who make their pilgrimage at this most delightful time of the year will surely meet their reward. Grey cathedral and ruined monastery are never more impressive or more touching than when their lichen-stained walls are contrasted by the fresh, tender green of young leaves; and, although the grandeur of mountain scenery is almost independent of the seasons, it is in the spring and early summer that the most exquisite effects follow the changes of light among the scarred hill-sides and through the deep river valleys. There is a certain stir of the blood, too, at this season, which naturally inclines us to motion. 'Then longen folk to gon on pilgrimages.' We sympathise with the brisk spring wind, driving its flocks of white cloudlets along the sky; and with the dashing hill-stream, that seems to call with especial joyousness through the young green of its birches and rowan trees. But, after all, few of us can choose our own time for holiday; and, however we may ourselves prefer the spring, we know well how many charms follow in the train of—

'Autumn bold  
With universal tint of sober gold.' \*

No season, indeed, is without its delight. Even mid-winter may sometimes be chosen with advantage by the archæologist who sets out to trace the lines of ancient earthworks or to follow some boundary dyke through an enclosed country. Slight morning frost or thin snow, whilst disappearing, will often render visible very slight inequalities of the ground which would otherwise have passed unnoticed. At all seasons, and in all parts, the traveller in England who journeys with his eyes open, will find no lack of interest. Let us hope that Lord Burleigh's grave head-shake and Master Peacham's excellent advice will be duly pondered by such of our readers as feel themselves in the number of those to whom they were addressed.

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\* Keats, 'Endymion.'

- ART. IX.—1. *Speech of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone in the House of Commons upon the second reading of the Borough Franchise Bill.* London, 1864.
2. *Debate upon the Vote of Censure moved by the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, July, 1864.* Hansard's Debates. London, 1864.
3. *Rules and Regulations of the House of Commons.* London, 1859.

WHATEVER may be the course of events, it seems to be scarcely possible that the present House of Commons should survive to see another July. When or whence the blow shall fall which will cut the brief thread of its remaining existence, no one can guess. But a House whose continuance depends upon such contingencies as the votes of some nine men, or the continued capacity of an aged man for an exhausting office, clearly does not hold its life upon any very certain tenure. Whenever its fate shall come, it will pass from existence with a fair title to the gratitude of Englishmen. It has done that which it is most difficult and most salutary for a Parliament to do—nothing. Or, if it has not quite reached to the height of this achievement, it has approached to it more nearly than any Parliament of equal duration of which we have the record. With the exception of a few hasty financial changes introduced by Mr. Gladstone, antedated of their true period by a few years to suit his impetuous disposition, and discounted, consequently, at the cost of a crushing income-tax for the time, the conscience of this Parliament is burdened by the recollection of no statute which the future historian will find it necessary to chronicle. But though it has produced little, it has extinguished much. It has made an end, for the present at least, of the great delusion of Reform, and has released the statesmen on both sides from the suicidal pledges by which they had indiscreetly bound themselves. It has converted the overwhelming majority against Church-rates into a majority the other way, which has at least sufficed to stifle the Parliamentary agitation against that endowment. And in respect to other matters of more secondary importance, its negative energy has left equally wholesome traces behind. The Burials Bill, the Endowed Schools Bill, in fact the whole programme of the Liberation Society has disappeared. The House has opposed to its attacks, not an enthusiastic championship of the Church or of the Constitution—for enthusiasm in a body which acknowledges Lord Palmerston for a leader is out of the question—but the stolid and far more effective resistance of a sandbag. Liberalism has vainly buried its shafts in that impenetrable mass. The same inertness has, perhaps, been less

less favourable to our foreign policy ; for it has suffered a feeble Minister to betray an ally, and to persuade the world of England's impotence. But still it has done its best. No harm that has happened can be charged upon its meddlesome interference ; and, if it has not always let well alone, it has simply been in the cases where there was no well to let alone. Its fault has been, if any, an Epicureanism or fatalism in politics, which, perhaps, may have allowed many evils to flourish that might otherwise have been cured ; but which, on the other hand, has spared us the agitation attendant upon over-hasty progress, or the rude shocks of heedless innovation. It has stood by quietly and watched many a change pass over the face of this unstable world. It has seen Italy thrown into Medea's cauldron, with the full hope of immediate rejuvenescence ; and has cynically looked on as the hopes of the operators have been gradually dashed by increasing debt, and ineradicable discontent, and the ever-menacing aspect of a religious organisation which can neither be reconciled nor crushed. It has seen America torn in pieces by civil war ; and it has preferred that the industry of its own people should be ruined by the result rather than that the torrent of blood should be stayed. It has witnessed revolutions in Greece and Poland, and the commencement of European war in Denmark. It has seen treaty after treaty torn up ; and it has stood by while its Government, with a spider's undiscouraged perseverance, has striven to weave new subject-matter for similar operations. Garibaldi has been fêted like a prince ; his disciple Stansfeld, with a cruel contrast of destiny, has been hooted out of office. But during all this various drama, and across all these changing phases of feeling, the House of Commons—so far as its journals record its history—has preserved a mute impassiveness, which may pass for dignity or for helplessness, according to the charity of its critics. Its existence has been one long negative. If it were not that its forms occasionally clothe a decision substantially negative in the guise of an affirmative, the Speaker's duty might almost have been performed by an automaton constructed to articulate the sounds, 'The Noes have it.'

Unquestionably its inaction has reflected the cautious temper of the day. So many bubbles have been bursting all around, and so many political theories, which a few years ago passed for sterling gold, have proved themselves to be the veriest pinchbeck, that our rulers may be forgiven for displaying diffidence and scepticism. All honour, therefore, to the Legislature that has expended all its energy in harmless talk which hurts nobody but those who are rash enough to read it. If some previous Parliaments had been equally garrulous and unpractical, England would

would have escaped some trouble, and more danger. Some people are foolish enough to complain of the length of the Parliamentary debates. They irreverently assert that Parliament attends to the business of every nation except its own, and occupies its time in making and listening to splendid declamations upon events that are passing in countries over which it has not the slightest power. No such ungrateful murmurs shall escape from our pen. Honourable members cannot be better employed. If they were absolutely idle, some mischief, according to the hymn, might still be found for them to do. May their tongues never be less! May they long be disabled from all power of damaging the Constitution by the exhaustion consequent upon their own debates!

This curious machine that governs us is worthy of attentive study. It does the work, undoubtedly, in a fitful, slovenly, accidental sort of fashion; but still the result is on the whole successful, and, rough and rude as the machine may be, it is not difficult to see how large a share its peculiarities have had in securing our prosperity and our freedom. There is no doubt that, whatever its merits or demerits, it is absolutely unique. There have been many attempts to imitate it; but the results have borne about as much resemblance to the original as 'Gladstone claret' bears to the vintages of Bordeaux. Those who have set them up have found themselves very much in the position of the enthusiast who bought the 'Automaton Chess-player,' and forgot to bargain for the services of the living inmate who lay imbedded and hidden in the midst of the machinery. The forms of the House of Commons, or the laws under which it is chosen, would be of very little use indeed, without the English social system which supplies it with members, and the English spirit and habits of thought that control its deliberations. Considered from a theorist's point of view, the House of Commons does not present very much that is worthy of imitation. The system under which it is chosen is anomalous to the last degree. The various constituencies who return its members have nothing to show that entitles them to the proud privilege which they enjoy, except the fact that they are in possession. The limit of suffrage upon which the representation reposes, owes its existence to no other fact than that it happens to be represented by a round number, and that it presented some unexplained fascination to Lord Russell's mind at a critical period of English history. The elections are deformed by every kind of theoretical defect. Bribery and intimidation are not put down, and never will be, so long as the voters belong to a class which is exposed to those influences. The proceedings of the House itself, and the regulations

lations under which they are placed, would not be more satisfactory to a theoretical politician. They are uncouth, complicated, often unmeaning, founded upon circumstances which have ceased to exist, often defensible by no reasons applicable to the present state of things, and liable at any time to misuse, which would bring the whole business of the country to a standstill. If they work their proper purpose, and promote the well-being of the country, the credit is due, not to their own excellence, but rather to the common sense of those who work them. If the workmen were not good, the tools would be intolerable. Of course, it has been found impossible to export a legislative machine whose success depends upon the political climate in which it has been put together, and the inbred instincts of those who drive it.

The rules of the House of Commons are well worthy of the study of political philosophers; for they contain in miniature an exhibition of the causes which make the British Constitution work so well in spite of the anomalies which perplex and scandalise foreigners so much. We shall select one or two examples of the most trivial kind; and we shall do so purposely, because they are the most trustworthy illustrations of the spirit they represent. It is in small matters, where no great occasion invites to a special exertion of self-restraint, that the temper of both men and nations is most surely shown. One of the first peculiarities of the House of Commons that attracts attention, and one that has proved a stumbling-block to almost every other representative assembly, is the absolute freedom of speech in respect to quantity. The mode in which it is controlled, and the contrast which exists between practice and theory, is a fair specimen of the slovenly but effective fashion in which the whole machinery is worked. The theory of the House is that every Member has a right to speak once upon every question that is put, for as long as he pleases. There are some fifty or more questions put in the course of the evening; and, setting aside the Speaker—the only man who may not speak—there are six hundred and fifty-seven Members in the House. It is easy to calculate what chance there would be of any business being done in the course of a sitting of eight or ten hours, if this right were carried really to excess. Nor is this all. When the House is in Committee—a transformation which it must undergo once in the course of every bill, and twice in the case of any financial measure—every Member may speak as often as he likes. One would naturally think that such a liberty must lead to an inevitable break down. It is evident that the legislators of other countries have thought so. Scarcely any have ventured to imitate the English freedom. In America, what is known as the one-hour

hour system is adopted in the House of Representatives, the eloquence of each representative being limited within those narrow proportions. In France, in constitutional days, it was open to any member, at any period of a debate, to move *la clôture*. A division upon that question was immediately taken without a discussion; and if the division showed that the Assembly had had enough of the debate, it was at once peremptorily closed. Under the Empire, the debates of the Legislative Assembly are brought to a termination in far more simple fashion. Whenever M. de Morny has had enough of it, he simply announces that the Chamber is weary of the debate, and forthwith puts the question. All attempts to introduce similar limitations, even in the mildest form, into the English House of Commons, have always been steadily resisted. The fear of a tyrannous majority, of which Englishmen never lose sight, has always operated to make statesmen prefer the severest punishment which it is in the power of a bore to inflict, rather than place in the way of a majority a temptation to stifle discussion.

But it must not be supposed that the British House of Commons is wholly given up as a prey to bores. It has its own method of self-defence, which, though rude in more senses than one, is usually effective. According to the theory of its proceedings absolute silence is preserved in the House during a debate. But in the working of the British Constitution, theory and practice do not invariably coincide. According to an order passed on the 22nd of January, 1693, and still in force, 'to the end that all the debates in this House should be grave and orderly as becomes so great an Assembly, and that all interruptions should be prevented, no member of this House is to presume to make any noise or disturbance whilst any member is orderly debating, or whilst any bill, order, or other matter is being read or opened; and in case of such noise or disturbance, Mr. Speaker is to call upon the member by name making such a disturbance, and every such person will incur the censure and displeasure of the House.' Such is the ideal. But, like many other ideals, the practice falls painfully short of it. There is an amount of human frailty, that mingles in practice with these high conceptions, and which occasionally produces a result which an intelligent foreigner might have a difficulty in recognising as the practical expression of the order we have quoted. The House has its own way of making known the fact that it desires to hear no more—a mode of expression which, perhaps, Mr. Gladstone would not call 'the highest form of political articulation,' but which, at all events, has the merit of leaving no doubt as to its meaning.

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A good specimen of the *modus operandi* is furnished by one of those annual motions in favour of Radical nostrums upon which members must vote in order to keep their ground with their constituents; but upon which nothing new can be said, and which therefore is to be disposed of in the most summary manner. It stands first upon the paper; that is to say, it will come on for discussion about five o'clock. The House meets at four, but it always spends a preliminary hour in a number of desultory occupations and a good deal of idle gossip. First come the prayers, which, by a curious combination of the practical and the devout, serve the double purpose of sanctifying the deliberations of the Legislature and enabling members to secure their places. After prayers are over, half an hour is spent in a practice which curiously shows the attachment of Englishmen to established forms. Parliamentary labours are classified under the two heads of public business and private business. Public business includes everything that is ordinarily known as legislation. Private business consists of the proceedings necessary to authorise the construction of great public works, such as in other countries are dealt with by the general law. The English Parliament, however, insists on keeping them outside the province of any regular authority or tribunal, and requires that no public work shall be carried out until a special law has been passed to authorise it in each case. The consequence is that each of these proposals has to go through both legislative and judicial forms. It is in substance question for judicial cognizance, and therefore it is referred to a Committee which hears counsel, and examines witnesses, and conducts its proceedings as far as it can in judicial form. But it professes to be a proposal for a new law; and therefore it has to go through all the forms of being introduced, read a second time, committed, reported, read a third time, passed, and sent up to the House of Lords. The half hour between four and half-past four every day is devoted to the fulfilment of this curious superstition, and sometimes it is barely sufficient for the purpose. During its performance the House is abandoned to Mr. Speaker and the clerks, one indefatigable member, Mr. Forster, who is bound over to act the part of mover to all the bills, and the indomitable spectators in the gallery, who are never known to flinch from the task they have undertaken. The trio, Mr. Forster, the Speaker, and the Clerk, gallop through the necessary formulas with an agility that does credit to their organs of articulation. There is nothing that at all approaches to their rapidity of recitation except the pace at which the usher of a court of justice appeals to the Supreme Being. But there is necessarily a limit which cannot be passed. It has been calculated

culated that it takes thirteen seconds and a half to read a bill a second time; and besides that the performers must occasionally take breath. So that when there are four or five hundred private bills waiting to be forwarded a stage, half an hour is a very inadequate allowance for the ceremony.

By half-past four, however, the House has sacrificed enough to the decent fiction of private legislation. The time for public business has arrived, and the seats begin to fill rapidly. The Ministers arrive to submit themselves to the battery of questions by which their constitutional responsibility is supposed to be carried out. Of late this has been the most exciting period of a House of Commons' sitting. The security of Ministers has depended on the skill with which they have been able to keep their secrets from the Opposition, and the hopes of the Opposition have turned upon the possibility of luring or taunting the Ministers into some incautious revelation of their misdeeds. The portion of public business at half-past four has consequently taken the form of a sharp tournament of question and answer, in which a good deal of ingenuity is sometimes displayed. Each Minister has his own peculiar mode of parrying the thrusts which are pointed at him. Mr. Layard gets angry, and stands upon his dignity, which is undoubtedly the worst plan. Mr. Milner Gibson says something wholly beside the question, and at the same time smiles in so bewitching a manner that a questioner who should attempt to pursue his inquiry would feel himself the most brutal of mankind. Mr. Gladstone plunges into a labyrinth of words, through which his listeners despairingly give up all attempt to follow him; and when the torrent stops he leaves them so bewildered and dazed that they are fain to abandon all further questions till their intellects have been tranquillised by a few minutes' repose. But Lord Palmerston is far the greatest master of the foil. A keen perception of what the point really is; a firm determination not to seem to see it; and an audacity in making bad jokes, and returning impertinent answers, which, often as the exhibition of it has been repeated, seems every time to take the House by surprise, as a refreshing novelty—all these qualities constitute him the most perfect adept in the use of language upon Talleyrand's principles that the present generation has witnessed. It is a game in which the Opposition very seldom win. They have no means of testing the truth of the answers they receive; and circumstances now and then occur which would almost seem to countenance the notion—of course entirely erroneous—that the Minister holds himself absolved from any blame in point of morality or honour if he misleads them.

them. At the time when the Treaty of London, which has just come to so unlucky an end, was being negotiated, a question was put in Parliament upon the subject. Probably it did not suit Lord Palmerston's purpose to allow the fact to get abroad, that such a treaty was in contemplation; at all events, he roundly declared that England was keeping herself studiously aloof from any such negotiations.\*

The questions once over, the lighter amusements of the evening are over. All that can be known of Ministerial decisions or Opposition plans of attack has been disclosed. The rest of the sitting is formal, and probably dull debating. A marvellous change passes at once over the appearance of the House. While the questions were being asked it was a tolerably decorous representative assembly. It never, indeed, presents itself to great advantage, in point of dignity, before the eyes of a foreign spectator. 'Le sans-gêne de ces Messieurs' is a standing marvel to foreigners who know the enormous authority and the world-wide fame of the assembly whose free-and-easy proceedings they are

\* This specimen of Parliamentary fencing has been noticed more than once in the House of Commons; but still the contrast between the assertion made by Lord Palmerston in the House and the Despatches is so curious that it may be worth while to reproduce them:—

'Mr. Urquhart begged then to ask further whether in this correspondence there had been any negotiation as to the succession to the Crown of Denmark, or in respect to the succession in the Duchies?

'Viscount Palmerston.—A good deal has passed in regard to these points; that is to say, in regard to the succession to the Crown of Denmark: and as connected with that in regard to the arrangements for the order of succession in Schleswig and Holstein. But her Majesty's Government had studiously and systematically held themselves aloof from taking any share in these negotiations. Her Majesty's Government had confined themselves strictly to the mediation which they undertook; which was a mediation for the purpose of bringing about a restoration of peace between Denmark and the Germanic Confederation.'—*Hansard, March 20, 1851.*

In point of fact, England had been actively negotiating for more than a year upon these questions of succession. The following is the opening of a despatch from Lord Palmerston, dated February 19, 1850:—

'I have to instruct you to press strongly upon the Danish Government the great importance of settling without delay the question as to the succession to the Crown of Denmark, which is the key to the whole of the questions pending between Denmark and Germany. If the Danish Government could so settle the succession to the Danish Crown as to insure the continuance of the Sovereignty of Denmark and of both the Duchies in one and the same person, it is manifest that all other questions connected with the government and organization of the Duchies would become of secondary importance, and the solution of them would be rendered much more easy.'

Such was Lord Palmerston's idea of 'keeping studiously aloof from taking share in negotiations upon the succession in Denmark and the Duchies.' It is worthy of remark that this curious contradiction was charged upon the Prime Minister by Mr. Bernal Osborne in the House of Commons upon the 19th of April last, but he took no notice of the charge.

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watching. But at all events, while the questions are going on, it is attentive, and does look like a deliberative body. The moment they are over, and the mover of the first motion gets up to make his speech, it becomes simply a very noisy club-room. It is what the agora was to the Athenians,—the place where each man comes to say and to hear some new thing. It is the great Stock Exchange of political gossip, each member disposing of the accumulation he has been collecting during the day, and gathering new treasures of small-talk for use during the approaching evening. Speaking in the middle of the buzz which all this conversation causes is like speaking under a waterfall, or in an American frog-marsh. The orator whose address is receiving this irregular accompaniment may possibly be audible to himself, but he is certainly audible to very few besides. It is curious to watch the different effect which this strange ordeal has upon different speakers. It is inflicted almost equally upon all, if the subject they have in hand does not happen to be of pressing interest. Even Mr. Gladstone, if his topic happens to be a detail of subordinate importance, is not exempted from the buzz which marks the pet gossiping-time of the House of Commons. But different men take it very differently. Upon ordinary members it has the salutary effect of confusing their thoughts, and bringing their rhetoric to a speedy close. Ministers of State are case-hardened by practice, and do not show many signs of suffering; but even upon them it exercises an abbreviating virtue. Lawyers alone are quite impassible. It is said that they are so accustomed to address auditors who are paid to sit and listen to them, that their hearts are steeled against sympathy or pity for those who may be getting weary; and the inattention of their audience never occurs to them as a reason for shortening their speeches. Be the reason what it may, they are certainly the only speakers whom no amount of interruption can discompose.

Conversation, however, is the slenderest form of rebuke which an impatient House can inflict upon a tedious speaker. It is a mere snaffle-bit, and he does not yield to it unless he has a comparatively light mouth. Some tenderness, too, is shown to the mover of a question even if his subject be uninteresting. Moreover the hours between five and seven must be occupied, and the nature of the material which fills the gap is not a matter of great importance. It is not till the mover has sat down, and a succession of speakers have carried the hour-hand of the clock close up to the mystic number seven, that the House seriously bethinks itself of applying the remedies against prolixity of speech. But as time gets on, and the debate appears likely to continue, solitary cries

cries of 'Divide, divide,' are heard in various parts of the House. At first they come singly, like drops of rain before a storm. The voices that raise them are ashamed of finding themselves alone, and do not persist. Then they begin to multiply, and to come from little groups of impatient hearers. Some decorum, however, is still observed. The members gather in a thick cluster near the door of the House, and the front row stand looking at Mr. Speaker with demure and respectful silence, while a knot of stentorian shouters hide themselves behind. If the Member who is speaking be ordinarily thin-skinned, nay, if he be of Saxon blood at all, these hints are sufficient to convince him that his eloquence has ceased to be acceptable. But sometimes it happens that at that critical moment of the evening an Irishman is in possession of the House; and to his combative temper such interruptions rather act as a challenge to persevere, than as a motive for sitting down. He simply looks indignant, and tries to raise his voice above those of the interrupters. But the only result of his persistence is that the uproar spreads. The dinner hour approaches fast, and the meekest and mildest join in the outcry. At last isolated voices cease to be discernible, and the cry of 'Divide' takes the form of a universal chorus, which rises from all parts of the House except the official benches, each time the luckless orator attempts to open his mouth. If the debate at these points were accurately reported, it would have to be printed somewhat in this form—'Mr. —: I beg, Sir, to assure the House ('vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide), but one minute ('vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide), I wish to express ('vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide), if the House will only ('vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide, *crescendo*),' and so on indefinitely. All the while Mr. Speaker looks on with splendid unconsciousness, as if it had never crossed his mind that the debate was otherwise than 'grave and orderly as becomes so great an Assembly.' Sometimes the struggle endures for a quarter of an hour, or even more: but at last the most pugnacious Irishman becomes convinced of the inutility of pitting one voice against two hundred, and the House goes to a division, and then to its dinner in peace. Such is the method by which a licence of debate theoretically unlimited is reconciled with a due control upon the part of the House of Commons over its own debates. The plan may be rough and rude, and may sometimes provoke irreverent comparisons with the noises that issue from the dens in the Zoological Gardens just before four o'clock. But at all events it is more effective than the one-hour system, and less open to abuse than the *clôture*. It is a fair sample

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of the irregular evasions by which the rules of the House of Commons are made to work easily in spite of the theoretical difficulties they seem to offer. But it is quite clear that such a licence of debate upon the one hand, and such a mode of checking it upon the other, would only be endurable in an Assembly which could be trusted, when the need arose, to display moderation and self-constraint.

The whole system of our Constitution is to trust to the good sense of those who have to exercise its powers. A little blundering, a little undue self-assertion in this part, or in that, might at any moment bring the machine to a dead lock. Sovereign, Ministers, House of Lords, House of Commons, are all endowed with powers which might easily be made to clash; and if any serious collision occurred, the whole of our elaborate mechanism of government would be thrown out of gear. That no such catastrophe has occurred now for near two centuries sufficiently indicates the secret of the success of the British Constitution. The House of Commons on a smaller scale is worked upon the same principle. Powers are left in the hands of each individual member which he might use, if he were so minded, to the serious damage and almost to the destruction of Parliamentary government; but trust is placed in the good sense of the members, and in their fear of incurring the bad opinion of their colleagues. It cannot be said that this trust has been deceived, or that the exercise of these powers has been ever, in recent times at least, pressed to an extravagant excess. Take, for instance, the power of indefinite adjournment. It is theoretically open to any two members for ever to prevent the House from doing any business whatever. A great deal has been said of the *liberum veto* in Poland; and the ills of that unhappy country have been attributed not to the temper of the nobles, but to the accidental vices of the Constitution under which they lived. But the power of adjournment possessed by Members of the House of Commons only differs from it in that the consent of two men is required for its exercise instead of one. The form is for one member first to move the adjournment of the debate, and to take a division upon the question—then for his coadjutor to move the adjournment of the House, and to take a division upon that. The first member may then renew the motion for the adjournment of the debate, and so on indefinitely. For temporary purposes upon matters of detail, the privilege is not unfrequently used. Whenever a minority considers that it has been unfairly surprised into the consideration of a measure which the mass of the House did not expect to come on, they sometimes insist upon its postponement to another evening  
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by this means. It is a power against which it is almost impossible to struggle; and after five or six divisions have been taken, the majority generally give way. Of course the charge of factiousness is freely levelled at their opponents by those who have been foiled by the process; but it is never used without a good *prima facie* reason to justify it. It is easy to see that such rules, worked by different men in a different spirit, would speedily clog the constitutional machine. These are undoubtedly trivial indications; but they are taken from the ordinary everyday incidents of Parliamentary business, and they show perhaps the temper in which Parliamentary institutions are worked more faithfully than would be done by the conduct of members on great critical occasions, when their patriotism was powerfully invoked.

Proofs of that kind, however, are not wanting. It is often made the subject of a reproach to the House that it is very fond of discussing foreign affairs in which it has no concern, while it carefully abstains from touching those in which England is nearly interested. The debates on Italy have been abundant; though, as it had been fully agreed that we were not to waste a shilling or a man upon Italian politics, our sentiments could not possibly affect the destiny of Italy. But upon America it has preserved a nervous silence, and even upon Denmark it has refused to speak until events had deprived its voice of power. Such a policy may not have been strictly dignified. It may speak more highly for the discretion of the House of Commons than its valour. But still it is an evidence of curious self-restraint on the part of an assembly so large, so bitterly divided in opinion, and recruited from classes and even races so distinct. It is not often that any man or body of men refuse to grasp the sceptre when the very handle of it is within their reach. The House of Commons would undoubtedly be a singularly unfit body to exercise executive power. Its proceedings are too slow, its policy too uncertain, and too dependent on the numerical majority of the moment. And the very publicity which is the breath of life to it would be fatal to functions requiring accurate and often secret information, and in the exercise of which it would be called upon at times to shape its course in such a manner as to humour the feelings of powerful personages in other countries. But it is in the power of the House of Commons to extend this executive authority to whatever it thinks fit. An address to the Crown pointing out this or that policy is practically decisive of the course the nation takes. The control which it possesses, if it pleases to exert it, is quite absolute. By a simple vote it can paralyse any single department or all the departments

ments of the civil service. The possession of such a power confers inestimable advantages upon us. It brings the nation and the Government into so close a connection, that any policy which is approved by the mass of the nation is certain to be promptly adopted by its rulers. Other countries have tried to produce the same result by providing that the ruler shall be periodically elected by the people. The contrivance fails in two ways. It makes no provision for changes of opinion which may take place between the intervals of election; and it takes no note of any public opinion except such as can make itself heard over the din of artificial cries which it is the professional duty of an organized body of electioneers to raise. No one can at present say whether the genuine public opinion of the Northern States of America is for war or peace. The enormous machinery of corruption which is at the command of the Government may enable them to extort from the ballot-box at the ensuing election a verdict favourable to themselves, while the mass of the citizens are averse to the policy they are pursuing. In England the machinery which carries the will of the nation into the policy of the Government is far more sensitive. No Government could exist in England for three months that was acting in the face of a decided national conviction. But we pay for the delicacy of our mechanism by the danger of disturbance to which it is exposed. The relations between the Legislature and the Executive are not, as in America, defined by rigorous laws. There is no written constitution to protect, however feebly, one branch from the invasion of the other. The boundary line which separates their functions might be easily passed; a short period of passion or imprudence might introduce an irreparable confusion. The safety of the Constitution and all the blessings it confers depend upon the moderation of the House of Commons; and the conduct of the House of Commons can be secured by no legislative provisions, but turns wholly upon the discretion and the patriotism of the men of whom it may chance to be composed.

It is not surprising that the composition of a body upon which so much depends should have become the subject of keen political strife. On the one hand it is full of anomalies of all kinds, as we have seen. On the surface of things, neither the suffrage nor the distribution of electoral areas can be theoretically defended. It is quite intelligible that a working man who happens to have political tastes, and lives in a nine-pound house, should think himself hardly used because so sharp a line is drawn between himself and his neighbour who pays sixpence a-week more rent. He finds it hard to reconcile himself to the constitutional theory

which supposes all the gifts of political wisdom to reside in that extra sixpence. It is intelligible, too, that the towns of Huddersfield or Wakefield should feel irritated to think that while they are only allowed one member a-piece, their little neighbours, Knaresborough and Ripon, should be trusted with twice as much political power as themselves. Of course, such objections are merely superficial. If there is to be any inferior limit to the suffrage at all, the dividing line must seem sharp to those who are shut out; and the franchise of the small boroughs is merely an indirect mode of giving a fair share of political power to the rural districts, who without such a reinforcement would be enormously under-represented in the House of Commons. But though the objections can be easily answered, it is not unnatural that they should be felt. On the other hand, those who value the freedom and security we enjoy, now so hard to find elsewhere in a similar degree, are intelligibly jealous of experimental meddling with the body upon whose composition all the political blessings we possess depend. What the effect might be of the substitution of an absolutely new class of persons in the place of those who at present fill the House of Commons, it is, of course, impossible to predict with certainty. All we know is, that the attempt will be absolutely new. The forms may remain the same; the proceedings may be recorded in the same journals; the new assembly may meet within the old walls; but it will not be the old House of Commons. The existing body, with all its faults and merits, is dependent upon the social system out of which it is drawn. A body representing the Trades' Unions may have many virtues. It may display all the qualities with which we are familiar in those organisations which, under the plans that have been proposed, unquestionably will furnish the largest portion of the constituency. It may be energetic and thorough-going; and its vigour may be tainted with no suspicion of cowardice or even of discretion. But if it succeed to its predecessor's self-mastery, and self-denial, and the delicate appreciation of the limits of the position which it has a right to occupy, it will marvellously belie its parentage. Anyhow its characteristics must be a matter of sheer guesswork; for it will be a phenomenon of which we have no experience worth the name. A democratic legislature, sovereign, uncontrolled, in the midst of an aristocratic society, is an experiment of which we have had only one example, and that of a somewhat inauspicious kind. The Constituent Assembly of 1789 is not likely to find imitators of its wild pranks in an English atmosphere; but it is literally the only precedent strictly in point, for a House of Commons transmuted as our advanced Reformers desire. Two months ago

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we would have said that it was idle to speculate upon a contingency which was simply visionary. It may not be anything more substantial now; but a temporary importance at least is given to the idea by the sponsorship it has recently received. That a great Statesman at this time of day should think fit to raise again the banner of Reform is of itself a phenomenon which cannot be hastily passed by.

Mr. Gladstone's speech upon Reform would have created less excitement if he had not laid down the doctrine that every man was 'morally entitled' to the franchise who was not disqualified for it by some personal unfitness, or by some political danger. It was this dogma which created so remarkable a sensation. The House was prepared for some momentous utterance that was to elevate Mr. Gladstone to the post of Radical leader, and chain the democracy to his standard. Rumours had been rife that some bid on his part for that distinction was to be made in the course of the discussion on Mr. Baines's bill. It was obviously a political necessity of his position. He had no friends to look to except the Radicals. The Tories he had alienated by a succession of hostile measures, and the Whigs, for some reason which it is difficult to fathom, have never been able to persuade themselves to give a hearty welcome to their distinguished convert. Upon the Radicals, on the other hand, he had created a favourable impression by the precipitate changes which he had introduced into the tariff. They were inclined, for the time at least, to condone his Churchmanship, if they could only be assured that he would assist them in the enterprise of ousting the present class of electors from power. It was fully expected, therefore, that he would seize this opportunity of making his profession, and, indeed, he had hinted as much to a deputation of the trades' unions. It was clear enough that a man, whom the sight of the trades'-unions, with all their terrible organisation and all their lawless traditions, could not deter from undertaking the advocacy of democratic change, must have made up his mind to bid high for the adhesions which he sought. Accordingly the House of Commons was fully prepared for a startling declaration; and though it was only at the very beginning of a Wednesday morning sitting, a considerable audience was already collected to hear him. But, nevertheless, when it did come it took every one by surprise. Nobody had expected anything so sweeping as the new manifesto seemed to be. That Mr. Gladstone should have supported Mr. Baines's bill for a six-pound franchise was naturally to be expected, and that he should have devised some curious paradox in its support could be no matter of surprise; but that he should at a single bound clear the

whole space that separates the existing English constitution from a system of universal suffrage was an event which the wildest imagination had not ventured to forecast. The Radicals shouted with delight; a murmur of consternation ran through the rest of the House. Mr. Gladstone saw how acute was the impression that he produced, and made a floundering attempt to retrace his steps. But he mistook the cause of the dismay he had aroused. He fancied that it was only the prospect of immediate change which terrified the House, and he hastened to assure them that the results to which he pointed were not to be the consequence of any sudden revolution, but were only to be reached by gradual stages. He did not succeed in reassuring his astounded hearers. The rapturous cheers of his Radical allies accompanied him to the end of his speech; and he left upon the minds both of friends and foes the undoubting belief that a leader for the revolutionary party had been found.

The alarm created by this conversion, apparently so sudden, of a statesman who had once been described as 'the last hope of the stern and unbending Tories,' has prompted Mr. Gladstone to offer an explanation in the shape of his celebrated Preface. That remarkable document cannot be said either to have tranquillised or to have enlightened those to whom it was addressed. It conveyed, indeed, a general impression that its distinguished author desired to draw back a little from the position he had taken up, and did not exactly know how to do it; but it did not leave upon the public mind any distinct idea of the limitations, if any, by which he was willing to restrain the stupendous changes he had recommended. It is probably true, as he broadly hints, that the sweeping formula he constructed was struck out in the heat of debate, and was not the fruit of deliberate reflection. It will be evident to any one carefully tracing the course of his ideas, that he stepped into it unawares in the heat of a search after some proposition that should be a logical reply to the argument of his opponent. Mr. Cave had challenged the supporters of the bill to produce either a substantial grievance or any evidence of discontent. If the existing system was evil, it would bear evil fruit; if it was unpopular, it would have called forth either an agitation, or at least a considerable number of petitions against it. As neither evil results nor unpopularity could be shown, the *primâ facie* case in favour of the bill absolutely failed. Mr. Gladstone seems to have felt the necessity of meeting this argument; but his mind was not entirely satisfied with the ordinary commonplace that the change should be made at a time when the working-classes did not wish for it, in order that, when they did wish for it, they might have less to wish for. Nor was he likely to betake

betake himself to the curious theory that they are like the parrot in the story, which, because it did not speak, thought all the more. It was evident from the mode in which he approached the argument to which he had to reply, that it embarrassed him. He floundered from one line of reasoning into another, manifestly not satisfying himself any more than his audience with the fallacies which he successively picked up and threw aside. At last in despair he saw that there was nothing else for it but to throw the whole onus upon his opponent. He could not make a case out for extension, and he concealed his difficulty by challenging his opponent to make a case out for exclusion. And thus to effect this argumentative manœuvre, he laid down, without thinking where it would lead him, the tremendous proposition that every man has a natural right to a vote, except those against whom a special disqualification could be charged.

There is little doubt that Mr. Gladstone did not intend to propound a system of universal suffrage. There is still less doubt that he practically did so. The unlucky contradiction between his meaning and his words, in the mouth of so great a master of language, is due to a style of reasoning which is peculiar to himself, and which the English of all nations in the world are the least capable of understanding. During the whole of his varied mental history the passion for sweeping general principles has steadily adhered to him. Widely as his intellectual position differs now from that which he occupied when he wrote his essay upon the 'Relations of the State and the Church,' this habit of thought retains as strong a hold over him as ever. He is not comfortable unless he can base his proposed action upon the foundation of some simple, large, grand first principle, which, applied to the existing condition of the world, would turn society upside down and revolutionize every existing institution. But this result is in no way his intention. His actual objects are often moderate enough. Accordingly he proceeds to cut down his great first principle by limitation after limitation, until, for practical purposes, the merest shred of it is left behind. Even in a scientific point of view this mode of proceeding is very unphilosophical. It involves a forgetfulness of the object for which general propositions are used at all. At best the whole apparatus of rules and exceptions are merely figments of the human mind, devised by it to aid itself in picking its way through the endless variety of Nature. To lay down, therefore, a rule which is swallowed up by its own exceptions, or a rule which applies to fewer actual facts than those which must be classed under the exceptions from it, is to pervert a nomenclature which is intended to act as an aid to thought, and to make of it  
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an element of confusion. When Mr. Gladstone laid down that all men are morally entitled to the franchise, and only excepted from that rule the cases of those who were personally unfit, or whose admission would involve a political danger, it appears that he intended to make an exception so large as to leave little of the rule remaining. It would surely have been more accurate in that case to lay down that only those had a claim to the franchise whose admission was politically safe. But the scientific error of putting his rule where his exception should have been, and stating as the exception what in reality was to be the rule, was trivial compared to the political blunder which it involved. The mass of Englishmen do not understand logical gymnastics. When a great performer makes a jump, they cannot be brought to comprehend that it is only the beginning of a summersault which when completed will leave him standing much as he was before. They will conclude that when he throws himself upon his head, it is upon his head that he means to remain. They have no patience to wait out the upshot of that internecine struggle between general propositions and particular limitations, which issues, like the battle of the Kilkenny cats, in leaving only the tip of the tail of one of them behind. When a man says that every one is morally entitled to a vote, they conclude that he means it, and that if he accompanies his statement with any exceptions the cases to which they are to apply are really to be exceptional. If Mr. Gladstone is generally supposed to have taken up the battle-cry of manhood suffrage, he has only himself to thank for it. It was a construction that was not put about by the malice of his enemies, but was adopted as confidently by the working men whom he desired to conciliate as by the party whom he was advisedly deserting. It was the natural sense of his declaration, according to the standards of interpretation by which men usually give meaning to each other's words. And after all, the sense of most political importance was not that in which the author uttered it, but that in which hearers and readers received it. It raised as many groundless hopes and bred as much perilous discontent among the small portion of the working class who are inclined to agitation as could have been done by the most revolutionary manifesto. The speech throughout incited the working-men to consider the existing state of the law as not only an injustice, but an insulting imputation of personal unfitness. If the effect of the speech has been insignificant, that happy result has been due to the wise apathy of the working-men, and not to the moderation or carefulness of Mr. Gladstone's language.

The short time that has elapsed since the speech was made is happily

happily sufficient to enable us to predict that it will be devoid of practical consequence. It evidently strikes no responsive chord in the national feeling of the day. Nobody wants Reform—except the few who think they have ground to hope that the constituency of the future will not display so mortifying an ignorance of their merits as the constituency of the present. To the mass of the nation the existing form of government has this inestimable recommendation, that it succeeds. Those outside the electoral pale who are capable of political reflection are not inclined to believe that either they themselves, or the country to which they belong, will derive any notable advantage from the privilege of possessing the ten-thousandth part of a right to return a Member of Parliament. But as the Chancellor of the Exchequer's new political creed does not seem likely to pass out of the domain of speculation, it may be worth while to examine it a little in that point of view. It professes to rest upon a basis purely theoretical: it may be worth while to ascertain what the speculative value of that basis is. It is not likely that so practical a people as the English will ever consent to abandon institutions which work well, in order to satisfy a philosopher's ideal. But still, as the matter has not come yet to be the subject of practical agitation, there is leisure for the harmless pastime of political metaphysics. In the real business of life no one troubles himself much about 'moral titles.' No one would dream of surrendering any practical security, for the advantages of which he is actually in possession, in deference to the *a priori* jurisprudence of a whole Academy of philosophers. But as a matter of literary controversy the subject is as interesting as any other. Theories, moreover, though they probably never inspired with enthusiasm any considerable mass of human beings, are yet prized for the purpose of throwing a veil of decency over the naked passions by which political convulsions are brought about. The 'rights of man' have already served as the pretext for many an orgy of bloodthirsty frenzy, at the memory of which nations now recoil: and they always have this interest about them, that, if opportunity serves, they may be put to the same use again.

In conducting the discussion upon the abstract rights of the population of this country to the suffrage, it is the habit entirely to avoid all reference both to the nature of the suffrage and to the object which it is designed to serve. The laws of nature, whatever they may be, do not contain any allusion to representative assemblies. Writers upon them usually lay down that mankind have a natural and inalienable right to their freedom—that is to say, to doing what they like with their own muscles and their own bodies, so long as they do not therein interfere with the similar

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right possessed by their neighbours. Then they lay down another right, subject to a similar limitation, that every one has a right to do what he likes with his own property, so long as he does not interfere with his neighbours' rights. The community of men, which we call a State, exists, or is theoretically supposed to exist, in order that these two rights may be adequately protected, and also that their exercise may be rigorously kept within the boundaries of these two limitations. Every political right which a man can be said to possess by natural law, according to any received interpretation of that vague term, must arise from one of these two fundamental rights—from his right to the free control either of his own body or of his own property. It is obvious that if men enter into a community, this unfettered control must be to a certain extent abandoned. It must needs be that the decisions of the whole would constantly be at variance with the decisions of individual members: and that in such a contingency the former must overrule the latter, unless the organization of the community is to be arranged upon the model of the Diet of Poland, in which case it might as well not be a community at all. Many a man has to pay taxes, very much against his will, for objects whose value he does not recognise. Many a man has to serve on a jury who had much rather not do so: and in other countries may be forced, with most genuine reluctance, to go as a conscript and stand to be shot at in a quarrel with which he does not sympathize. His free control over his person or his property in such cases is a very imaginary quantity: but for the convenience of having a theory of some kind to go upon, writers on these subjects have agreed to assume that that free control is not compromised so long as the constraint to which he is subjected is approved by the community to which he belongs. To the unlucky man who is sold up for not paying taxes which he dislikes, or is shot for running away in a war in which he had rather not take part, it may very possibly seem a mockery to tell him that he is nevertheless a free man. But he must console himself with the reflection that it would be impossible to put together a coherent theory on any other terms. Perhaps he may be of opinion that being shot or ruined by order of a despot, or of an officer appointed by a representative assembly in which a man whom he once voted against at the hustings has a seat, is very much the same thing to him. But that only shows that he is unacquainted with the elementary principles of freedom. What seems a very practical fallacy to him is an indispensable postulate in the construction of a representative system. It is very desirable, on the one hand, to be able to tell everybody that they have an inalienable right to be free

free. On the other hand, it is indispensable for the interest of their neighbours, and in some degree, perhaps, for their own, that large inroads should be made upon that freedom. The only chance of reconciling these two divergent objects is the invention of a doctrine that a man is free so long as he has (if he be in the majority) a practical part, and (if he be in the minority) a theoretical part in the selection of the governors under whose authority he lives.

But then, the question is, what part? If everybody came into the common concern with an equal contribution, it would be just that he should possess an equal share of power over the whole. So far as Government has to do with the disposal of life and limb, each man stands before it with a tolerably equal claim, and may demand an equal voice. The Teutonic constitution of ancient times, giving to each man an equal share in the election of the chief, was reasonable enough at a time when the amount of accumulated property was insignificant, and one man was nearly as rich as his neighbour. But the problem we have to consider is a very different one. We have to divide political power among a people to whom anything approaching to equality of property is unknown. In such a case, is an equal share a just share? The chief object of Government, in England at least, is the protection of property. For with the protection of life and limb Parliament has not now very much to do. It is part, undoubtedly, of its duties, and a part which is not, even now, wholly free from difficulty. But still, the main business of Parliament is to make laws to define and to secure in some form or other the distribution of property. The Church controversies, which occupy so large a share of its attention, are in essence only a struggle between different sets of persons for the possession of certain rates, or tithes, or lands. Finance, which has been the battle-field of so many conflicts, is a contest between various classes waged for the purpose of resisting the imposition of what each considers an unfair proportion of that contribution from property by which the service of the State is carried on. Even foreign policy, so far as the mass of the nation is concerned, is more a question of property than of anything else. Here and there, with individuals or among certain classes, sentimental considerations predominate. But with the large bulk of the inhabitants of this country the course towards foreign nations which they desire their rulers to take is traced out by material interests alone. And so it is throughout. If all that business were to be withdrawn from Parliament which directly or indirectly affects the distribution of property, its occupation would be gone. If it were

were not for the complex interests which the existence of property creates, the machine of civilized government would be far too cumbrous for its work. If it were not for the guard which those who own property must keep over their possessions, representative assemblies would scarcely be needed, and assuredly no one would care to dispute over their composition. Countries where property is slender in amount or equal in distribution seldom find the necessity of an elaborate form of government, and, still more rarely, of violent political agitation. As property is in the main the chief subject-matter of legislation, so it is almost the only motive power of agitation. A violent political movement (setting aside those where religious controversy is at work) is generally only an indication that a class of those who have little see their way to getting more by means of a political convulsion.

Here lies the fundamental fallacy of those who press for a wide extension of the franchise. They tell us that every man has a right to a share in the government of the community to which he belongs. But they persist in forgetting that 'the suffrage' means something very much more than a share. It means an equal share. To give 'the suffrage' to a poor man is to give him as large a part in determining that legislation which is mainly concerned with property as the banker whose name is known on every Exchange in Europe, as the merchant whose ships are in every sea, as the landowner who owns the soil of a whole manufacturing town. An extension of the suffrage to the working classes means that upon a question of taxation, or expenditure, or upon a measure vitally affecting commerce, two day-labourers shall outvote Baron Rothschild. This is the result to which we are brought by vague declamations about 'moral titles' or 'natural rights.' The best test of natural right is the right which mankind left to themselves to regulate their own concerns naturally admit. Now, the idea of representative government is not confined to governments. It is well known in commercial enterprises. Joint-stock companies, like States, find themselves too numerous to undertake in person the management of their own affairs; therefore they elect representatives to do it for them; and they confide to those representatives, subject to certain constitutional limitations, all the powers which they themselves possess. How do they settle this thorny question of the suffrage? They have no mediæval traditions to prejudice them. They have no powerful aristocracy or intriguing Court to beguile them. They are not rude mechanics or impressible peasants. In their keen rivalry, in their perfect freedom from prepossession, in their enlightened perception of their own advantage, they are as happily placed for forming a trustworthy judgment

ment upon any point affecting their common or conflicting interests as any persons the world has ever seen. How then do they settle this knotty controversy upon the distribution of the franchise? Is it upon the principle that the two day-labourers are to out-vote the one Rothschild? If such a proposal were made to them, would they exhibit a very complimentary appreciation of the common sense of the man who proposed it, or be inclined to take him as their guide upon the question of natural rights? Men's minds are confused upon this question of the franchise by the controversy which it has excited for two or three generations. If they came to look at it for the first time, the theory of the English suffrage, even as it stands, and still more as the Reformers propose to alter it, would be thought to be the dream of a lunatic.

It is quite true that a higher view of the State may be taken. It may be looked at as something grander than a Joint-stock Company for the preservation of life and property. Undoubtedly, with the East India Company's career in our recollection, the logical division between the two may be hard to state in words. But there are sentiments and emotions attaching to the idea of a State which have nothing commercial in their nature. The self-sacrifice and heroism that it can evoke when it is threatened show that it is the object of emotions far higher than self-interest. The glory which it has won, or hopes to win, centres round it affections and aspirations which would not be felt for an organization that only existed to foster the material well-being of those who belonged to it. But this sentimental aspect is not the one in which our advanced school of Reformers love to look at it. Their efforts are unceasingly directed to the task of stripping off these poetical trappings. They tell us that such follies are the heritage of darker times; that it is a delusion to give a personality to the State; to attribute to it moral duties, or to employ its powers for the gratification of lofty aims and feelings. Their constant struggle is to present it nakedly as a Joint-stock Company for the preservation of life and property; and they are estopped by their own philosophy from appealing to the loftier views of it which have descended from less business-like times. But in any case these loftier views have nothing to do with the agitation for the extension of the franchise. That is purely a struggle for material advantages. It is only as an instrument for dealing with property that the agitators desire to obtain for the lower classes greater influence in the Legislature. Political power is recommended to the working-classes as a worthy object of their desires and their efforts, almost entirely by a recital of the changes in taxation, or in the laws affecting property, which that power might be used to bring about. They are told that the taxes are unjustly

unjustly distributed, and that if they obtained a Reform in Parliament they would be able to lay a larger proportion of them on their richer neighbours; that the law which regulates the relations of employers to their workmen will be in such a case made more favourable to the latter; and that such marvellous changes would be made in the laws affecting land, that the working men of England will possess, like the peasantry in some other countries, each his own plot of freehold. To agitators acting with such objects, the State is obviously nothing more than a machine for regulating rights of property and claims upon it. They simply regard themselves as shareholders in the great Joint-stock Company, whose interests are unfairly treated, and who therefore wish for a more powerful voice in the conduct of its affairs. They are demanding that each one among them, with only the very smallest stake in the concern, shall have as much influence in its management as the largest holders. Their proposals are about as reasonable as those of a body of shareholders would be, who, having only one share a-piece, should demand that each of them should have as many votes as the holders of a thousand shares.

The constitutional system under which Joint Stock Companies are managed, we believe in every country, is that which is dictated by common sense, viz., that each man should have as many votes in the government as he has shares in the concern. It is a system whose justice has never been disputed. The question has never even been matter of controversy. The wildest dreamer never suggested that all the shareholders should each have a single vote, without reference to the number of shares they might hold. But let us indulge for the moment in an extravagant hypothesis. Let us suppose that some wild delusion came over the minds of commercial men. Let us imagine them to have discovered in their internal consciousness, or other source of philosophical revelation, that it was one of the elementary rights of man that the shareholder of one share should enjoy an equal suffrage with the shareholder of a thousand shares, and that every Joint Stock Company in which this rule did not prevail was a community of tyrants lording it over slaves. Assume further that one or two Companies were weak enough, in a moment of panic, to endorse these doctrines and to introduce this reform into their constitutions,—would it require any gift of prophecy to conjecture the result? The shareholders of one share, especially if they happened to be comparatively very numerous, would soon discover that it was their interest to act together. They would find out that it was possible to manage the concern entirely to their own profit, without burdening in any degree that modest portion of the capital which was represented by their own shares.

shares. If they were cold and strictly logical in the pursuit of their own interests, they would at once resolve that all the calls should be made upon the shares of the larger holders, and that all the profits should be divided amongst themselves. It is possible that a remnant of morality might hinder them from formulating robbery in terms so naked, at least for some time; but such a result would be the point towards which all the measures they resolved upon would most assuredly tend. It is quite true that when once the deluded theorists, whom we have assumed to make this experiment, had found out by actual experience the folly of which they had been guilty, no more Joint Stock Companies would be formed upon such terms, and that if such a constitution were imposed upon such associations by the law of the country, capitalists would betake themselves to some saner and happier land. But it is equally certain that, unless rescued from the faults of its own organization by some strong external power, the Joint Stock Company that had tried the theory would be irreparably ruined.

What hinders the parallel from being applied to States? Can any one deny that the same rule governs the gigantic finance of a State which governs the smaller finance of a Company? The bestowal upon any class of a voting power disproportionate to their stake in the country, must infallibly give to that class a power *pro tanto* of using taxation as an instrument of plunder, and expenditure and legislation as a fountain of gain. As the disproportion becomes greater, the power increases in dimensions; with each new admission of working men to the privileges of an equal franchise, it would become more uncontrollable; and when universal suffrage was reached, it would be a simple despotism. It is not necessary to assume that that despotism would at once, or necessarily be used for an evil purpose. No despotism, no oligarchy, has been invariably bad; and though the despotism of the multitude would be free from the political fears that keep aristocracies and autocrats in check, still it would be liable to all the influences which do modify human selfishness, and prevent the world from being nothing else than a battle-field of rival self-interests. It is not to be supposed that the working-classes, more than any other classes, would commit an act of glaring robbery unless they had some very strong motive to do so, and something in the nature of a pretext to cover from the eye of their own consciences the nudity of the operation. But this reservation, though edifying and necessary to make, is wholly beside the question. Political systems have only been devised because these restraining influences have been found to be imperfect. As despots are liable to individual temptation, and aristocracies sometimes give way

way to class selfishness, so the pressure of want or the intoxication of passion will overpower the conscience of a democracy. It is to provide against these exceptional aberrations on the part of the depositaries of power that constitutional checks have been invented. If there was no danger that any one would ever desire to take what does not belong to him, politics would be an extinct science, and law would be reduced to a system of friendly arbitration. It may be conceded, therefore, that the working classes, if they obtained that monopoly of power, which any considerable extension of the suffrage would secure to them, would not consciously rob the classes above them. But no one in politics ever need be conscious of the wrong he is doing. In political morality it is easier to gloze over guilt with a varnish of good intention, even than in other ethical departments. Political rights are so complicated, and often so ill-defined, that there is no difficulty in persuading people that they are doing right to violate them, especially if their stomachs applaud the argument. No political crime has ever been committed for which it would be difficult to discover a defence specious enough for a hungry crowd. A demagogue will always be found to furnish the necessary sophisms, if the presence of distress or the vehemence of class-hatred be there to drive them home. The good intentions or the good feeling of the multitude are of precisely the same value as the good intentions or the good feeling of a despot—and no more. They may serve for ordinary times, and in the absence of special temptation; but they will not stand a strain.

Natural right, then, cannot be made to justify an equal suffrage, so long as there is not equal property to protect. The common consent of mankind, expressed in the management of their own concerns, has agreed that in the government and administration of common property, men should vote in proportion to their shares. But it may be said, that even according to that view of the case, the working classes have reason to complain. There is a very large proportion of the population who have no votes at all. Now they all have some share in the commonwealth, however small. An amount of influence in the government of the country, equal to that of his richer fellow-citizens, may be more than a working-man has a right to claim; but, surely, no share at all is by the same rule much too little. Such an objection to the existing state of things would be unanswerable, if our representative arrangements professed to be based upon any kind of theory. That is very far from being their character. They are not the result of any calculation. They do not record the labours of any one man's brain, nor of any number of brains working in any one direction. They cannot be said to be the issue of any kind

kind of intellectual operation, individual or collective. They are a collection of the trophies of centuries of conflict—an accumulation of the deposits which have been left behind by the varying tides of political sentiment that from age to age have flowed over our island—the resultant of all the political forces, which, working in harmony or in antagonism, have combined to propel England along the track in which it has been her destiny to travel. Ever since the House of Commons assumed even a small importance in the State, the efforts of various competitors for political power have been directed to the task of arranging its composition for their own ends. Sometimes they have done it by the direct transfer of electoral rights, more constantly by the slower process of operating upon the constituencies themselves; but it has been done according to no theory. As each rival class or party saw its opportunity, it has made of the House of Commons an instrument for establishing its own supremacy. The combined results of these sectional efforts have been salutary to the whole country. They have secured that every interest should sooner or later place upon the statute-book the laws which are necessary for its own well-being; and the general consequence has been the enormous prosperity and material power which England enjoys. But the process by which this desirable consummation has been achieved has been necessarily irregular, because it has been thoroughly natural. With the exception of the unhappy adoption of a uniform suffrage of 10*l*.—one of the most infelicitous ideas that ever issued from Lord Russell's brain—not a single line in our representative institutions betrays the stiff hand of the theorist. They are all the more elastic, and all the more suitable to the capricious, unstable world we live in on that account. But it is simply impossible to defend them before a jury of philosophers.

We should be very sorry to substitute any amount of theoretical symmetry, for an efficiency which has been tested by experiment. But if it is to be so, it must be done completely. If we are to import Mr. Gladstone's 'natural rights' and 'moral titles' into the discussion, they must be accepted without reserve. It is very possible to find theoretical objections to the English Constitution in its present shape. Its only defence is its practical success. But the extension of the suffrage Mr. Gladstone desires would only make its worst theoretical error more flagrant than before. According to the letter of our present law, the influence which the possessors of property enjoy in the government of the country is utterly inadequate to their pecuniary share in the concern. It is true they contrive to get it back in a variety of irregular ways; but it is  
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very far from desirable that the necessity for this self-compensation should be increased. Mr. Gladstone's proposal for the extension of the suffrage would enhance this anomaly. He would bring in more and more of the needier classes to outvote the owners of property. The large shareholders would be reduced to a still slighter share in the administration of the concern. They might, or they might not, be able to indemnify themselves by the irregular means to which we have referred. They might, or they might not, be able to buy up, or frighten the crowds of poorer voters at whose mercy they would legally be placed. If they failed to do so, the security for their rights of property would be gone, and they would sooner or later realize, in unfair taxation and profligate expenditure, the ruinous helplessness of their position. If they succeeded in saving themselves by bribery, the scandals which at present attach to the working of our elections would be increased tenfold.

This is the true answer to Mr. Gladstone's proposals—that, unless he will recast the whole system upon the plan of a graduated suffrage, every extension of the franchise only aggravates the anomalies and the disregard of 'moral titles' with which our present law is chargeable. But there are other practical evils which the present state of the world forces upon our notice. We have already pointed out how little the House of Commons is indebted for its success to its own rules, and how much it depends upon the common sense and good feeling of those who compose it. It is an instructive fact that, at this moment, we should have in two different quarters of the world specimens of two States that have been brought to ruin by the want of moderation displayed by the politicians who rule them. We have before this expressed our opinion upon the merits of the quarrels that have originated the Danish and the American wars. But, setting the merits aside, there can be no question that the disputes were pushed to the last terrible arbitrament of war chiefly in consequence of the impracticable temper in which they were handled by the statesmen of the moment. If Mr. Seward and Mr. Sherman had not issued the celebrated declaration in favour of Helper's book, the advent of their party to power would not have been, as it was, the signal for immediate secession. If the earlier stages of the rebellion had been dealt with in a more conciliatory spirit, it is likely that Virginia and North Carolina would never have seceded. Again, if M. Hall had insisted upon the rights of Denmark in a less pugnacious spirit, such fearful consequences would never have resulted from a controversy which the great German Powers, in its earlier phases, at least, were not anxious to embitter. In each of these cases the constitution

constitution of the country is democratic, and the Minister who has done the mischief was the nominee of universal suffrage. The same phenomenon—the connection between a democratic constitution and the political recklessness of those whom it brings to the surface—is equally traceable in the history of the democratic period of ancient Rome and modern France. And the cause is not difficult to perceive. The moderate and calm-judging type of politicians consists of those whose resources are independent of politics, and whose minds are formed, and whose tempers are restrained by the public opinion of an educated class, among whom they live. Such men a democracy excludes from power. It loves them not; and the aversion is reciprocated. Be they right or wrong, educated men do not like going round, hat in hand, begging for the votes of a mob. It may be pride, or finery, or undue fastidiousness. The name which is given to the feeling is of small importance. The material point is, that it exists. Educated men generally, in the present age, dislike begging for anything. They dislike it still more when that for which they beg is, or is supposed to be, for their own advantage. But their aversion becomes almost insurmountable when those from whom they have to beg are their inferiors in the ordinary concerns of life, are rough and coarse in their manners, and delight in humiliating a ‘gentleman,’ and require him to swallow the most claptrap pledges as the condition of their support. The consequence of this feeling has shown itself both in Denmark and the Northern States of America. The higher class refuses to enter upon political life. Politics ceasing to be the pursuit of the richer men of the country, loses its position as a vocation. It is no longer a liberal profession. It becomes the refuge of educated men who have lost their character, and of ready-tongued adventurers. The man of easy means, who in England would betake himself to politics, at once as a means of making his life useful and as a mode of increasing his own social consideration, in America flies to art, or science, or travel, or commerce. He abandons politics, as an Englishman abandons professional betting, to the offscourings of his own class. The reaction upon the government of the country of this change in the elements out of which it is formed is direct and inevitable. The politician pursues a public career, not out of patriotism or party feeling, or under the pressure of his friends, or as a path to honour, but simply that he may live. It is his livelihood—his wherewithal to obtain meat and drink. Viewing his election in that light, it is naturally his only object to propitiate those by whose favour he is enabled to pursue his vocation with success. He consults their fancies with as much care as a confectioner

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displays in suiting the palates of his customers. He is no more scrupulous of changing his politics to suit them, than the confectioner is of changing his sweetmeats. He will speak for war or peace, for slavery or abolition, for protection or free-trade, for extravagance or parsimony, according to the views of his constituents, with as little compunction as the confectioner would display in obeying orders for cream-ice or water-ice; or, if he is of a more honest type, it is because his character is in unison with that of the multitude, and secures their sympathy by hard, pig-headed, unreasoning obstinacy. As long as easy times last, in which nations prosper without guidance and even in spite of mis-government, the recklessness of such men does no harm. But when the tempest comes, their country is left upon the rocks such a wreck as America or Denmark.

This law, by which a gulf is dug between democratic constituencies and the better kind of the candidates, would be of small importance to us, if signs were not showing themselves that it had begun to operate among us. The evil, if it exists, has not gone very far. But there is, even now, an enormous difficulty in finding good candidates for the larger constituencies; and there is an uneasy feeling abroad that the race of public men is deteriorating—that there is a gap in the succession, which is but scantily and unsatisfactorily filled up—and that when those who attained to manhood before the passing of the Reform Bill shall have died out, they will leave their posts to a race of statesmen of an inferior and less capable type. The career of politics is not sought out, as it once was, by the cleverest men of the upper class of society. The feeling is gaining ground that the solicitation of a constituency's votes is so degrading a task, that a man has a right to decline it without any slur upon his patriotism. Whether these anticipations are exaggerated or not, there can be little doubt of the effect that would follow if all constituencies were to become large and democratic. If Mr. Gladstone were to have his way, the aversion which clever men are apt to show to politics would become unmanageable. The sacrifices required of an English politician are heavy enough as matters stand. It is surely enough that he should give his time, his money, and his health to his country, and devote himself to an exhausting labour without reward. To require of him, in addition to all this, that he shall seek the privilege of being permitted to do it by solicitations and compliances which he feels to be degrading, is a heavier trial than the patriotism of the better spirits among the educated classes will bear for any length of time.

But we must turn from this theoretical discussion upon the  
composition

composition of the House of Commons, in order to devote a few words to its latest great appearance in the character of supreme controller of the national policy. In the minds of most of our readers the House of Commons will be principally associated with the great debate and division that have recently taken place. As far as the debate was concerned, there is nothing that those who are jealous for the credit of the House have reason to regret. It contains nothing to justify the apprehension to which we have referred, that, in respect at least to our elder race of orators, anything like degeneracy has set in. The speeches of Mr. Horsman, Mr. B. Osborne, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone, were in their several styles fully equal to what any average epoch of Parliamentary eloquence has produced. The tone also of the debate is creditable to the discernment of the very multifarious body, gathered from all classes and conditions, who constitute our representatives. Whatever their political predilections might be, none of the speakers allowed themselves to be led off upon the false issues so pertinaciously thrown in their way by the Government. Even the most Liberal orators disdained to accept the explanation that was offered of the false hopes and false threats that the Foreign Office had held out. No one believed Mr. Gladstone's plea that the ignominious bluster of the Government had been adopted in conformity with the language of France and Russia: no one was misled into accepting the Attorney-General's doctrine that encouraging hopes, of which the fulfilment is uncertain, is one of the normal duties of diplomacy, or that a long string of menaces is justified by the intention of 'withdrawing our sympathy.' That our deeds have been unworthy of our words, was recognised by every independent speaker in the debate. There were differences of opinion about war or peace, about Denmark or Germany; but there was none as to the ignominy of a foreign policy, which is brave and contemptuous of danger until it comes in sight of a drawn sword, and then suddenly remembers the importance of our commerce and the Christian blessings upon peace. If the debate could have been terminated without a division, the House of Commons would have been judged to have done its duty as the guardian of English honour, and the Government would have remained branded with all the disgrace that can be inflicted by the unanimous reprobation of every independent statesman.

Great efforts were made on the part of the Ministers to draw the discussion off from the question of their own responsibility to that of the issue between war and peace; but they were made in vain. It is possible that we had no other alternative than to remain at

peace. With such exposed points as Canada open to attack—with a vast trade inviting privateers upon every sea, and with no prospect of aid, but rather of opposition, from Russia and France, a European war would undoubtedly have been a tremendous undertaking. Under a more heroic Minister, and in a less self-seeking age, it is probable that England would have preferred the risk, whatever its extent, to the infamy of betraying an ally, whom she had enticed into peril. But our Ministry is not heroic; and our generation, though not indifferent to glory, prefers it when it is safe and cheap. A war waged at the other end of the world, which does not send the funds down and only stimulates the iron trade, is not an unacceptable excitement; and so long as these conditions are observed, the religious objections to blood-shedding keep themselves modestly in the background. But piety receives a marvellous accession of strength when it pushes in the same direction as profit. It is astonishing how quickly martial ardour subsides and gives way to the tenderest instincts of humanity, when there is a likelihood that war may possibly interfere with commerce. There can be no sort of doubt of the policy which public opinion in this country has advocated during the last few months. ‘Cheap war’ is the cry with which, if our age were not too respectable to speak its mind, members would return to their constituents. As long as the public fancied that we could obtain the aid of Russia or France in a Baltic war, the war feeling ran breast high for Denmark; but as soon as the fact dawned upon them that some sacrifice might be necessary to save their friends, they contented themselves with what Lord Palmerston euphemistically calls ‘honourable sympathies.’

The Ministry would, therefore, probably have risked all that remains to them of popularity, if, at the end of last month, they had resolved upon going to war—and that is more than such a Ministry could be expected to do for any cause or any sympathies. A large section of the Opposition were also inclined for peace—especially those who represented manufacturing populations. It was, therefore, assumed as a foregone conclusion throughout the whole debate that England was not to go to war; and in that view the House of Commons, no doubt, accurately represented the feelings of its constituents. But that assumption in no way bettered the case of the Government. It was true they had arrived at the point at which the House desired them to arrive; but what had they intermediately gone through? If the Foreign Office had been shut up, and Lord Russell had been deprived of his pen for the last twelve months, we should equally have arrived now at the point of peace; and we should have escaped all the discredit

credit we have earned during that interval. In point of diplomacy Lord Palmerston has committed exactly the same error which General Grant has committed in respect of strategy. Both have arrived at that point at which their friends and partisans generally agree that they ought to have arrived. But both have done so at last, instead of doing it at first. If General Grant had intended from the first to attack Richmond on the Petersburg side, he ought to have sailed for the James River in the first instance, instead of wasting eighty thousand men, and bringing great disgrace upon the arms of his country, by trying to force his way through the northern part of Virginia. If Lord Palmerston had intended from the first to leave Denmark to her fate, and to allow Prussia and Austria to do their worst upon her, it was easy to have come to that conclusion in November last. It was easy to have sent word to Copenhagen, as was done by the Government of France, that the Danes were not to rely upon us in case of a war with Germany. It was easy to have abstained from those menaces, which have recoiled upon England's good fame—from that encouragement to Danish hopes which has lured a gallant people to the depth of ruin—from that restless, fretful, fidgetty diplomacy which has made English representations, and protests, and warnings, the laughing-stock and the by-word of every European Chancellerie. It was not so much for the goal to which they actually attained, as for their gratuitous excursions into the dirt in their struggles to attain it, that the Ministry are to be blamed. Their error was, that from the first they did not know their own minds. Their policy was shifting, capricious, irresolute, the offspring of no definite plan, but only of the moment's impulses and needs. If they had pursued any one policy, even the most reckless or the most tame, no great harm would have happened. The evil came because at various periods they pursued every possible policy, and followed none out to the end. They ingeniously contrived to combine all the irritation that could be produced by fighting, with all the contempt that could be produced by running away. They intervened sufficiently to excite and embitter the contending parties; they did not intervene sufficiently to compel them into peace. All that England and Europe have suffered might have been avoided if Lord Palmerston or his Cabinet had asked themselves the question in the autumn of last year, 'What do we mean to do if the Germans overwhelm the Danes?' Did they mean to stand by the Danes at all hazards, with allies or without? A plain intimation of that determination in Vienna or Berlin would have probably averted the war. The statesmen of those two capitals

capitals are not reckless, and the most reckless statesman would have shrunk from a death-grapple with England—which would probably have meant French conquest on the Rhine, the bombardment of Prussian ports, and insurrection aided by foreign force in Hungary and Venetia. Did they mean, as they have since asserted, to stand by Denmark only if they could obtain the ‘consent and co-operation’ of France and Russia? A question addressed to these two Powers before the differences had risen to the height of war, would have enabled the English Government to declare plainly to the Danes whether they were or were not to count on English aid. Warned in time that they were really ‘alone,’ they would either have made terms with their enemy while it was in their power, or they would have gone into the contest with a perfect knowledge of the resources on which they were justified in relying. Again, if the Government had made up their minds to a pacific policy, happen what might to the Danes, an intimation of their intention ought to have been given at the very first appearance of actual war. In any of these cases, the course of events would have been very different from that series of calamities of which we are now the sorrowful and impotent spectators. We should not have abandoned Denmark to her fate at the very moment when her assailants were most confident of their own strength, and most exasperated against their victim. The Danes would have saved themselves, by yielding, if that was to be their hard fate, while concession could do good; or, if not—if Denmark was to be ruined—England would at least not have been dishonoured.

But a consistent policy was precisely what the Government, by the law of their being, were incapable of pursuing. Infirmity of purpose is the besetting weakness of coalitions. Recruited from different and antagonistic political schools, bound together by no party associations and by no community of creed, the policy they adopt must of necessity be a compromise. It is well if the compromise consist of a distinct plan, intermediate between the views of conflicting sections, and deliberately agreed on from the first. More commonly the result is a policy oscillating violently from one extreme of the coalition to the other, in proportion as each side alternately gains the mastery. Each successive step in it is not the result of a settled compromise, still less of principles that have been adopted in common. It is rather the daily *tertium quid* suggested at the close of an exhaustive Cabinet sitting, in order to terminate the daily bickering. As a whole, it is the result of the vicissitudes of a Cabinet campaign, in which each successive battle has had a different issue. It is a motley, parti-

parti-coloured product; a coat of many colours, to which each member of the coalition contributes his own peculiar hue. In the humiliating story of these Dano-German negotiations you may successively trace the hands of the various members of the Cabinet, as each of them contrives to put in a word. On one page you may see Lord Palmerston's anxiety to maintain the treaty for which he has a parent's fondness—on another Mr. Gladstone's nervous apprehension, expressed in all his own magnificent ambiguity of style, lest war, that deranger of Budgets, should arise; on another, Mr. Milner Gibson's uncompromising love of peace and perfect ignorance of the question shine out resplendent. Every now and then an indiscreet Parliamentary utterance betrays the Duke of Somerset's eagerness to try his iron ships upon somebody; and right through the whole despatches, combining them as with a silver thread, may be traced that irrepressible passion for bluster which is the one unchangeable part of Lord Russell's mind, which failures cannot tire and old age cannot soften. It is idle to expect unity of purpose or a definite plan from a Ministry thus composed; and therefore a Vote of Censure was the only way of meeting the case that could present itself to those who saw what the evil was and desired to meet it. Before the Ministry can produce a consistent policy it must be itself a consistent whole. The blunders of which it has been guilty are not accidental errors, but vices inherent in its structure; and so long as that structure remains what it is now those vices are liable to reappear. No human skill could extract any coherent system of foreign politics out of a mixture composed of Mr. Gibson's peace-at-any-price, Mr. Gladstone's parsimony, Lord Russell's bluster, and Lord Palmerston's remnant of English feeling.

Lord Palmerston, however, saved the Ministry—as he has done before on more than one occasion—by his personal popularity with members of the House of Commons. The division was most illogically contradictory of the debate. If all the Liberals who had censured Lord Palmerston in the debate had voted against him in the lobby, there could have been no doubt as to the result. But the Liberals voted together with unusual coherence, while a number of votes sufficient to turn the scale strayed over from the Conservative camp. The balance was supposed to have been held by the Irish Roman Catholics; and those, whose object it was to make mischief, adroitly circulated a rumour to that effect. But this turned out to be a mistake. They would undoubtedly, if they had been united, have inclined the victory to whichever side they pleased. But

But they split into two sections—a considerable portion following the Ministry—while another, and slightly larger body, adhered to the Opposition. The balance was really held by about a dozen loosely-attached Conservatives, who were reluctant to unseat Lord Palmerston, and who, on that ground, either voted with him or stayed away. When the decisive number is reduced to so small a body of men, it is difficult to speak confidently of motives. Personal affection or dislike, social preferences upon which it is impossible to dwell publicly, the desire to avert a dissolution as long as possible, a belief in the ingenious fable that the support of a section of the Roman Catholics had been purchased by promises unworthy of the Conservative party—all these feelings may have had their influence; but the preponderating consideration was probably one which could have had effect nowhere but in England, and which was as ridiculous in point of logic as it was morally respectable. There was a strong feeling against turning a man of eighty out of office. Of course this is a position of which the strength increases with years; and as Lord Palmerston grows still older, his majority will increase in proportion. The tone of thought which considers the feelings of the occupant of an office, more than the exigencies of the public service, is very amiable in itself, and by no means confined to the House of Commons. But those who indulge in such luxuries of feeling must not complain if they pay for them by the ruin of their allies and the humiliation of their country.

But the justification of the Ministry is the smallest and least important part of the vote which has been given. So far as it goes, it promises impunity to future blunderers, and makes the supervision of the House of Commons in practice illusory. But this is not the worst that has taken place. What the House of Commons has done is far more serious than that which it has left undone. It is no light event in our history that at a moment when those whom we have threatened are laughing at our threats, those to whom we have promised are cursing us for our perfidy, and all Europe is exulting over the fall of the proud England that was once so dreaded, the House of Commons should have seized the opportunity baldly and bluntly to express its satisfaction that the Crown should have preserved peace. Other nations may talk of honour, or promises, or threats; we do not trouble ourselves with such things. We do not even put ourselves out of the way to notice the very suspicious case that has been made out against us, or to refute the sarcasms that are on the lips of every foreigner. All we care for is that we are at peace. We will express our satisfaction at that result, no matter what the  
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process may be through which they have reached it. Peace will save us from the wrath of Germany and the United States, and the possible unfriendliness of France and Russia. Peace will preserve intact the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Peace will save our rich merchantmen from the attacks of American privateers. Therefore peace is the paramount object; and we will not be so foolish as to inquire how it has been obtained.

No doubt there are men in the House of Commons who would adopt these sentiments in all their nudity. But it is a new thing that this reproach should be recorded against England by the united voice of the representatives of the people themselves. We have now given to foreign nations a right which we cannot contest, to reproach us with valuing peace above honour. Former Parliaments in less enlightened days would have inquired first whether the honour of England had been preserved, and would not have registered their felicitations over peace without some reference to that by the side of which peace is trivial. But if times are changed, and these sentiments are out of date, perhaps it was well that the fact should be proclaimed by an authority that could not be doubted. As we have uttered our views concerning the relative values of the material and immaterial blessings which are known by the terms 'peace' and 'honour,' it is as well that the world should know it. 'Tout est sauvé fors l'honneur,' is the modern version of heroic consolation. The House of Commons has proclaimed to the world what is England's single care; and the world will guide itself accordingly. Insult us if you will; tear the treaties we negotiated into shreds; trample into the dust the ally to whose 'integrity and independence' we have avowed that we attach the highest importance; but so long as you leave us in peace we will hug ourselves with joy over the result. Such is the language which in a moment of frantic party loyalty the House of Commons has in effect addressed to Europe. It marks a new era in our foreign policy—an era which our present Premier has been fitly selected to inaugurate. Whether it is of a kind to be the equal of the era it supersedes in glory, or even in the safety which is our only care, is a question which it will remain for posterity to decide.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi.* Lyon, 1810-1814.
2. *Embassy to Cochín-China.* By W. Crawford. London, 1828.
3. *The Chinese Repository.* Canton, 1832-1851.
4. *The China Mail.* Hong-Kong, 1845-1864.
5. *The Straits Times.* Singapore, 1835-1864.
6. *Le Courrier de Saigon.* Saigon, 1864.
7. *Histoire de l'Expédition de Cochín-Chine en 1861.* Par Léopold Pallu. Paris, 1864.
8. *Travels in Indo-China (Siam), Laos, and Cambodia.* By M. Henri Mouhot. London, 1864.
9. *The Brief Chronicle of Cambodia.* By the King of Siam. MS. unpublished.

**H**ITHERTO our knowledge of Cochín-China,\* its people, geography, and general resources, has been limited and superficial; while the accounts that have reached us of missionary enterprise and warlike operations conducted by the French in that country have been meagre and mysterious; and it has always been difficult to understand the nature of the drama enacted in this secluded part of South-Eastern Asia, which has recently terminated in the annexation of Lower Cochín-China to the French possessions in the East. Occasionally the curtain has been uplifted, and we have beheld the representatives of France high in favour at the semi-barbaric court of the King at Huê, instructing the mandarins and soldiers in the Western art of war and the construction of military defences against the incursions of revolutionary chiefs. This has been followed by glimpses of missionaries barbarously tortured and murdered by the servants of a monarch hostile to Christians; while a scene has not long since closed in which the tricolor flag was seen emerging from clouds of smoke over the citadel of Saigon. Having followed up this success with further hostilities against the government and with the subjugation of the inhabitants, the

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\* The original name was simply Cochín, and China was added by the Portuguese to distinguish it from Cochín on the Malabar coast.

conquerors boast that they have laid the permanent foundation of the 'French East Indies,' where the Gallic eagle is to rise as a phoenix from the ashes of the old Annamese\* city. For this purpose the Imperial Government has specially banded over the administration of affairs to officers of the navy, who have exhibited unusual energy in proceeding with the task before them. Already the site of the former city of Saigon presents the aspect of a European town. Wide and regular streets are laid out with numerous dwelling-houses, warehouses, and public edifices. Here are military barracks and a well-stored arsenal; with a squadron of large war vessels and a flotilla of gun-boats in the river, having a sea and land force of ten thousand men. At this port the fine steam-ships of the *Messageries Impériales* call *en route* to and from China, and the march of Western civilization on that new field was inaugurated on the *jour de l'an* of the present year by the issue of a newspaper under the auspices of the Government, professing to enlighten the world on the official, political, and commercial position of the colony in particular, and in general to furnish correct accounts of the resources of 'French Cochin-China.'

The realization of the schemes of French ambition in the far-East has created much speculation and some uneasiness in the English mind as to the designs of the Emperor in forming a great naval station in the China Sea, where British commerce has so much at stake, and at the embouchure of the great river Me-kong, which leads through Cambodia and Laos to the eastern confines of our Indian Empire. It would appear that this uneasiness, expressed from time to time in strong language by the journals of the day, has made itself felt in the Imperial Cabinet, and has elicited a pacific explanation. During the debate on the Emperor's message to the *Corps Législatif*, at the opening of last session, when the Mexican and Chinese expeditions were under discussion, one of the ministers, in reply to the arguments of the Opposition against the line of policy pursued by the Government, expressed himself as follows:—'We must not let our country remain in the rear of other nations. A great country like France requires to plant her flag on some point, and, when she has done so, she must, for the security of her subjects and for the protection of her commerce, declare that she is determined to defend it.' Be it so. Let us accept this declaration as announcing the progressive policy of France in the annexation of Lower Cochin-China to her dominions; at the same time let

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\* *An Nam*, whence the name of the inhabitants of Cochin-China is derived, means 'The Peace of the South,' and is the designation commonly given to the whole country.

us inquire how far the principle is borne out in the facts connected with the conquest of that country—a conquest which has not been accomplished without a hard struggle with the Annamese, and the clash of contending interests among the conquerors themselves, an account of which would form an interesting episode in the annals of colonization. In the absence of such an account, there is a wide gap between the published records of the past state of Cochin-China and its present condition. This gap we shall attempt to fill up, by giving from authentic sources an impartial sketch of the leading events, and a description of the seat of government at Saigon.

Looking back to the period of our first detailed account of Cochin-China—some forty years ago—when our countryman Crawford visited the chief ports, on a friendly and commercial mission from the Governor-General of India,—we are informed that the country was then in a state of tranquillity after the recent demise of an unusually intelligent king, who had ruled with a vigorous and strong hand. Everywhere peace and plenty prevailed, especially in the agricultural districts, where rice formed the staple produce; and this being the ‘staff of life’ for the support of the inhabitants in the upper provinces, which are unsuitable for its culture, a plentiful rice-harvest in the lower districts was of the utmost importance to the well-being of the whole empire. The towns were likewise flourishing with internal and external commerce, and it was with a view to the extension of British trade in the East, by negotiating treaties of a reciprocal character, that this mission was projected by the East India Company.

For this purpose Mr. Crawford first visited Saigon, which report stated to be the richest commercial port in Cochin-China. Although the extent of the city and its shipping did not meet his expectations, still it appeared to be an important place, for he describes the fertility of the adjacent lands, viewed while ascending the river, for twenty-five miles below the city as ‘one extensive sheet of rice cultivation.’ From thence he proceeded to Huê or Huey, the capital, where he was surprised to find a strongly-fortified citadel, constructed on European plans and mounted with guns of large calibre; walls of a quadrangular form five miles in circuit; numerous canals crossed by good stone bridges; wide streets paved with marble, many of the houses of foreign architecture; granaries for storing up provisions for three or four years’ consumption; a manufactory of guns and ammunition which reminded him of Woolwich Arsenal, and led him to think that foreigners must have aided in their establishment. This he soon found to be the case, and he was courteously entertained during

his stay by two 'French mandarins,' MM. Vanier and Chaigneau ; the former an officer in the navy who had resided with his family in the country for thirty-three years, and the latter a civilian of twenty-nine years' residence. These gentlemen informed him that the defences of Huê had been projected by the previous reigning sovereign, who himself displayed extraordinary skill in military engineering, and that they had been constructed under the superintendence of themselves and other French residents, with the approval of the French Government.

Mr. Crawford was not furnished with credentials from his Sovereign to the Annamite King, but only with a letter from the Governor-General of India ; and in consequence of this want, after much dilatory and vexatious negotiation with the mandarins in endeavouring to obtain an audience of the King, in which the envoy refused to deliver up the Governor-General's letter except to the King in person, the mission left Huê overland by way of Tourann or Touron Bay,\* without accomplishing its principal object, although it had obtained permission for British subjects to trade at the ports of Saigon, Faifo, Touron, and Huê. Previous to this mission in 1822 there had been one from Canton in 1804 and an embassy from Calcutta in 1778, neither of which secured for England any greater political or commercial advantages. Upon each of these occasions it was remarked, as we also find it recorded in Crawford's narrative, that though the Annamese Government made great professions of a wish to cultivate a closer intercourse than that which existed with our representatives in the East, still it appeared as if there were a secret impediment in the way that prevented their intentions from being fully carried out. It was generally understood, and there were reasons at the time for supposing, that obstacles were thrown in our way by the French, who were not only our enemies, but, it was presumed, were naturally jealous of any other European nation, especially the English, stepping in and contesting the advantageous position they held in Cochin-China. Be this as it may, subsequent events have shown that the Annamese were as exclusive towards French embassies as they had been and have continued to a recent date to the English. In 1817, M. Achille de Kargarion, a French envoy sent to negotiate a treaty of commerce, was refused an audience of the King on the same grounds as Mr. Crawford, viz. that he was not provided with a letter direct from his Sovereign. In order that this deficiency should form no obstacle to the negotiation of

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\* Touron is derived from the French word *Tourann*, signifying the Tower of Hann, the native name of the bay, where there is a fort or tower at its entrance.

a treaty with England, Sir John Davis, Governor of Hong-Kong, in 1847 was accredited as British Plenipotentiary to the court of Huê, with a letter from Her Majesty. He arrived at the harbour of Tourann in October of that year, but found the Government still contumacious, and departed highly incensed with them.

From this it will be seen that the ill success of the attempts on our part to establish diplomatic relations with the King and Government of Cochin-China has arisen from their antipathy to, and dread of *foreign intercourse generally*, and not from *special dislike* of the English or any other nation. It is the result of that natural spirit of exclusiveness which characterises this people in common with the cognate races of China and Japan. Therefore we may fairly conclude, that the ideas entertained of French influence at the Court of Huê disposing the Government to reject our advances, are immensely exaggerated, or entirely without foundation. The French diplomatic and ecclesiastic missions have equally failed with those of other nations seeking a footing on Annamese soil, when these were merely of a friendly character. France, which had infused a strong religious element into the people through her missionaries, found her honour at stake when these were cruelly tortured and murdered. What she could not secure by diplomacy, she achieved by the sword, avenging her children while she extended her power in eastern Asia.

The annals of the religious persecution directed against the missionaries in Cochin-China date as far back as two centuries ago, not long after the introduction of Christianity into Tonquin, in 1626, by some members of the Society of Jesuits. Whether these zealous men gave cause for the persecution by interfering with affairs beyond their religious calling, is not certainly known; but there is reason to think that this was the case, and the pioneer band were forcibly expelled the country twenty-six years afterwards. These were Italians. A French priest of the Foreign Missions came to try his efforts at the propagation of the Faith in 1666. He succeeded beyond the expectations of the Jesuits, who took courage and assisted him in his mission. Some Spanish Dominicans next arrived on this new field of conversion, and they agreed with their colleagues to take different sections of the country for their labours; that of Cochin-China as far inland as Cambodia falling to the lot of the French missionaries, and Tonquin to the Spaniards.

For upwards of a century from this period the propagation of the Faith throughout Cochin-China and Tonquin was steady and progressive, under the management of these zealous associations, which continued to strengthen their missions; notwithstanding the

the dangers from fatigue and disease in an unknown climate, and the persecutions of a relentless Government. In 1776 it was estimated that there could be not less than three hundred thousand native Christians in the kingdom, which had a population of six millions. This success was not accomplished, however, without great suffering and martyrdom amongst the missionaries, both native and foreign; although it may be remarked that the converts among the people rarely suffered in person, as it was the policy of the mandarins and their underlings to make them a source of profit by fresh exactions in money. Numerous cases of these heartrending persecutions are recited in the '*Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*,' and the '*Nouvelles Lettres Edifiantes*.' In the latter collection of letters an account is given of the martyrdom of Father Hyacinth Castaneda, a Spanish Dominican, and Vincent Liem, a native priest.

In the year 1798, shortly after a rebellion in Tonquin, there was a great persecution of Christians, when two native priests, Emmanuel Trieu and John Dat, suffered martyrdom. At this time the French mission in Cochin-China was under the superintendence of an astute bishop, Monseigneur Pigneaux, Bishop of Adran, who joined the legitimate party among the powers contending for supremacy, and so ably did he counsel them to avail themselves of the aid of his secular countrymen, that he was the means of restoring the ancient dynasty to the throne. The representative of this dynasty, with whom the bishop came in contact, happened to be a man of unusual abilities, and at once accepted the offer of some French military and naval officers then in the country to assist in disciplining his army and erecting fortifications on the European system. In 1801 he attacked the rebels with vigour, and after many successful engagements drove the usurper from his throne, and recovered his kingdom. Finding his arms victorious over the rebels, he next drove the Tonquinese invaders out of his territory, and marched into the enemy's country. Here success was with him wherever he went, until he conquered this rival kingdom in 1802, and GIA-LONG returned to his capital at Huê, where he assumed the title of 'Emperor of Annam.' In consideration of the important services rendered to him by the French, he rewarded every one liberally, and raised two of them, MM. Chaigneau and Vanier, to the posts of high mandarins near his person—the same who are mentioned in Mr. Crawford's narrative.

Gia-long reigned for seventeen years, adding to his hereditary possessions by the annexation of the old kingdom of Ciampa, and the greater portion of Cambodia. During his reign the missionaries

missionaries had a more peaceable time of it, and they were allowed to go about their work of conversion without persecution. Still it was evident that he only tolerated the spread of Christianity through his dominions, in gratitude for the judicious counsels and important services rendered to him in his days of adversity by the Bishop of Adran and his countrymen.

This monarch was succeeded by one of his sons, who, under the title of MING-MENG, assumed the sovereignty over all the territory conquered by his father. Being much inferior to his able predecessor, he had great difficulty in keeping these possessions intact; his administration was tyrannical, and the seeds of rebellion began to grow apace during his reign. Moreover, he evinced no desire to retain the French mandarins and other foreigners about his court and capital, and MM. Vanier and Chaigneau left Huê for their native country in 1825, the former taking with him his Cochin-Chinese wife, whom he had married, who is still alive, and resident in France. Then the troubles of the missionaries increased afresh, for not only were they subjected to the exactions of venal mandarins, which Gia-long had suppressed, but the king himself became the most cruel persecutor they ever had. Every kind of pretext was invented to punish the priests and levy fresh exactions on the converts. At one time they were considered as rebels, and at another as propagating immoral practices among women and young girls.

Some idea of his virulence and intolerance may be gathered from the following decree:—

‘For many years, men from the West have preached the Christian religion, and deceived the lower class of people, to whom they declare that there is a place of supreme happiness and a prison of frightful misery. They do not respect the god Phat (Budha), nor adore ancestors, which are certainly great crimes against the prevailing religion. Besides, they build houses of worship, where they receive a great number of persons that they may seduce women and young girls. We, therefore, command all who follow this religion, from the Mandarin to the lowest of the people, to renounce it. We require that all officers examine carefully all Christians living in the territories under their jurisdiction, ascertaining whether they are disposed to obey our commands, and constraining them to trample the cross under their feet in the presence of the officers. If they will do this, let favour be shown them. Let cognizance be taken of the houses of worship, and of the houses of the priests, that they may be demolished. Hereafter, if any one is found professing these abominable customs, he shall be punished with extreme rigour, in order that this religion may be destroyed to the root.’

Such

Such was the general tenor of the edicts promulgated by this tyrant for the suppression of the new creed, which threatened to upset the ancient idolatrous religion. Not only were these mandates enforced by the mandarins, but in many instances they exceeded their cruel instructions, in order to extort money from the native Christians who sheltered the missionaries from the myrmidons of the law. Those who were wealthy bought themselves off, while the poorer classes suffered torture and decapitation when they stood firm to their principles; but by far the greater number renounced outwardly the hated doctrines, by trampling on a flag with the semblance of the cross, and pulling down the chapels they had built. So rigid was the execution of the persecuting decrees, that Italian Jesuits, Spanish Dominicans, and French missionaries alike, had to escape from the towns where their mission-houses were established, and fly into the forests and coverts, where they lay concealed for days, weeks, and months, suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst, in an unhealthy tropical region, in the hope that the persecution would soon cease. In this expectation they were woefully disappointed, for a secret edict was issued commanding the officers charged with its execution to 'Seize upon the leaders of this religion, making use of stratagem more than force, and bring them to the capital.' Those who were so unfortunate as to be captured were imprisoned in cages, where they could neither stand nor lie down, and were fed upon the smallest modicum of food that would sustain life. From these filthy dens they were taken, after being immured for weeks and months, according to the leniency of their captors. A few were banished into the Cambodian territory, but the greater number were strangled after suffering the most appalling tortures. So bitter was the feeling against one martyr named Marchand, that his limbs were first seared with hot irons, the flesh severed with hot pincers, the body hewed to pieces with sharp swords, and the mangled remains actually pounded in a mortar and afterwards thrown into the sea—a refinement of cruelty that surpasses anything in the history of the Spanish Inquisition. We have deemed it necessary to refer to these painful records, in order that the causes should be fully understood and fairly given to explain the French invasion of Cochin-China.

The execution of M. Marchand occurred on the 30th November, 1835. From that time the persecution continued to rage unabated. In 1838 alone, seven European and ten native priests and missionaries fell victims to it. Among these was M. Jaccard, who had been retained as an interpreter by the king, to translate  
works

works for him, upon the population, extent, manners, and religions of other countries. These services did not save him from the tyrant's wrath, and he was strangled on the 21st September. Another missionary, M. Cornay, was beheaded on the 27th August, 1837; several suffered death in 1839; and in January, 1840, two native priests were beheaded. In the following year Ming-Meng was called to his long account, and the Christians once more began to breathe freely. Again were the wretched survivors of the persecution disappointed; for his successor THIEN-FRI seized and imprisoned, with heavy chains, all who ventured from their hiding-places. The only time when there was a relaxation of the persecution was in 1841, when the British operations against the Chinese were going on, which had the effect of putting into the King's heart a wholesome dread of Western nations, so that the axe, already uplifted over the heads of several priests, was suspended. At that time the French had only a small squadron in the far East; the commander of which apparently had no instructions to visit with condign punishment those barbarous oppressors of his countrymen, the extent of the persecution being almost unknown beyond the territory. In 1843, however, it happened that the captain of the French corvette 'Heroine' put into the Bay of Tourann, when accounts reached him of five missionaries being incarcerated, for whose liberation he made such peremptory demands that they were given up, and he carried three of them in his ship to France, during the reign of Louis Philippe, whose government investigated the matter, and forwarded instructions for all men-of-war to visit the harbours of Cochin-China in future.

Shortly after this the head of the mission, Bishop Le Fevre, was imprisoned, and the circumstance was reported to Rear-Admiral Cecille, commanding the naval forces in China, who immediately despatched (in May, 1845) the 'Alcmène' corvette, 36 guns, Captain Duplan, with a letter to be delivered to the authorities at Tourann, requiring his release, and also demanding toleration generally, and proposing negotiations for a treaty of friendship and commerce between the two nations. After some delay the Bishop was given up to his deliverers, and the vessel came away. But the Admiral was dissatisfied, as no written reply was given to his letter; and he considered that the honour of his flag was at stake until a satisfactory answer was received. As his commission on the station had expired, he delegated the settlement of the matter to his successor, Commodore La Pierre, who, however, delayed taking any active measures until 1847; when he entered the bay of Tourann with a frigate and a corvette, demanding a reply to the unanswered letter left by the 'Alcmène.' He waited

waited several days, but received no reply, and he saw evidences of hostile intentions. Anticipating an attack, he opened fire upon the batteries on shore, and five foreign-built armed vessels in harbour, all of which he destroyed, and inflicted a severe blow upon his contumacious enemy; when he departed, intimating that he would return again and repeat the stroke, should his demands not be complied with.

From this collision has resulted the conquest by the French of the southern provinces of Cochin-China. From this time, also, it may be remarked that the religious element, which hitherto had formed the great source of discord, became at once a secondary question. It will be observed that the affair did not originate in a desire to avenge the murders and cruelties committed on the missionaries, but that force was resorted to in order to punish the Annamites for the arrogant and contemptuous manner in which the King and his mandarins had treated the attempts of the naval commanders to open a friendly intercourse on behalf of their country. French courtesy had been proffered and refused with silent contempt: the pride of the nation was wounded; the honour of the navy was at stake to resent the insult, and to that arm of the service was delegated the power to inflict chastisement, with *carte blanche* of war. The object for which this first blow had been struck not having been accomplished, it rankled in the minds of successive admirals and commodores, up to 1852.

France, in the mean time, had passed through her revolutionary ordeal, and accepted the second empire as a return to law and order. Her navy being augmented under the master-hand of the present Emperor, she was enabled not only to send her usual squadrons abroad to foreign stations, but in many instances an increased force, where her interests seemed to prompt such a measure. Among the latter was the China station, a desirable field for naval operations; especially against the Cochin-Chinese. Instructions were given to the admirals and commodores, not merely to visit the ports on the coast of Cochin-China, but to make, as far as practicable, a minute survey of them, with detailed reports of the nature and resources of the country, and the character of the inhabitants, government, and institutions. Accordingly these commanders sent home the most favourable accounts of the numerous fine harbours between Saigon and Tourann; the fertility of south Cochin-China; the obedient character of the people under a despotic rule, and the eligibility of the region between these two harbours for establishing a colony and naval station. The Emperor was quite alive to the important suggestions of these naval commanders

manders to increase the possessions of France in the East, which had dwindled down so lamentably. Here was a grand opportunity to extend the new empire by establishing a French East Indies, which his predecessors had failed in accomplishing. Moreover, if the conquest of the country were entrusted to the navy, it would afford an occasion to raise its credit. Far be it from us to impute no other motives than these to the sovereign who sent his fleets to overawe a nation where so many of his countrymen had suffered martyrdom; but we point out these political and material advantages as the chief inducements for undertaking the costly expeditions that followed.

Changes had likewise occurred during this interval in the kingdom of Cochin-China. Thien-fri died in 1849, and was succeeded by TU-DUK, who reigns at present at Huê. This prince evinced no desire to check the persecutions carried on by his predecessors, and haughtily refused to accept the friendly missions of the French. From time to time he exhibited his sanguinary disposition in punishing the native converts and any missionaries that fell into his power; and in the year 1856 contemptuously refused to permit an envoy from Napoleon III., who was charged to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce, even to land on his territories.

This unsatisfactory state of affairs reached a climax in 1857, when Bishop Diaz, the Spanish vicar-apostolic, was beheaded, after undergoing cruel torture. All peaceable negotiations were thrown aside, and an alliance was entered into with the Spaniards to attack the King in his capital, with a formidable naval and military force. The command of the expedition was entrusted to Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, who entered Tourann Bay in August, 1858, with a squadron composed of one frigate, two steam-sloops, five gunboats, and four transports, containing about 4000 combatants (of whom nearly one half were Manilla Spaniards), including a troop of cavalry. Tu-Duk was not greatly alarmed at this force, as he was safe within the citadel of Huê, defended by strong fortifications, mounting 1500 cannon. The invaders made their first attack on the forts in Tourann Bay, where they met with a warm reception. This checked the ardour of Admiral de Genouilly, who had underrated the prowess of his enemy; and, as usual, had to alter his plans, and in turn act on the defensive. He seems to have been deficient in the qualities of a commander; and, as might have been expected, very little acquainted with land operations. Hence, instead of carrying out the plan of his expedition to assail the city of Huê, he entrenched himself in the bay of Tourann, 100 miles distant, making petty attacks on the outposts of the Cochin-Chinese army, encamped

encamped in the neighbourhood. In that unwholesome climate his force was attacked with diseases that laid his men up, and created a mortality which prevented further action for many months.

Under the guidance of their ecclesiastical pioneers, the allies imagined that, on the appearance of their force, the friendly natives, especially the converts, would aid them in the invasion of the country, if not by actual assistance in arms, at all events by furnishing them with supplies of food. In this expectation they were grievously disappointed, for Tu-Duk had issued a decree, threatening with death any one who should hold communication with the enemy, on any pretext whatever. The consequence was that the inhabitants fled from their farms and villages at the approach of the allies, and their live stock were driven into the interior, while there was scarcely any rice or other grain to be had. In this plight the expedition was obliged to maintain itself by ship supplies of salt meat and biscuit, which added to the disease and mortality. Four months passed in this manner without the smallest success, when the Admiral resolved on making an expedition to Saigon, in the southern provinces, with about half the disposable land and sea forces.

Here the expedition met with unexpected success, and the Manilla troops did considerable execution, as they were in a manner at home in the climate from which the French suffered so much. Saigon was captured and held by a strong force, and has become the nucleus of the French position in Cochin-China. In this affair the French were aided by the timely arrival of the Spanish war-steamer 'El Cano.' Considerable booty was taken, and the town of Saigon surprised its conquerors by the extent of its streets, and by its numerous population. The people at first were unmolested, but afterwards the buildings were set fire to by the bombardment, and many of the unoffending inhabitants perished. The news of this success was received with much satisfaction by the French Government through the reports of the Admiral, who deemed this blow decisive, and likely to bring Tu-Duk and his Government to terms. De Genouilly returned to Tourann, expecting complete submission to his demands, but in this he was deceived, and he met with severe losses in that 'grave of his force.'

What he did not secure by a decisive victory, he unexpectedly attained through events over which he had no control. In May, when the deadly heat of that climate sets in, and he was prepared to build hospitals for his men on a large scale, an envoy from Tu-Duk appeared with a proposition for the suspension

sion of hostilities, with a view to negotiate an amicable treaty. This was gladly accepted by the Admiral, who was getting sick bodily and mentally of the whole affair. After four months' negotiation, in the course of which the wily King and his emissaries used every means to delay the signing of a favourable treaty, De Genouilly found that he had been tricked; that some internal rebellion had required the presence of the Cochin-Chinese army in Tonquin, and the negotiations were a mere *ruse de guerre* to gain time for overcoming the insurgents. Under these circumstances he renewed offensive operations, and gallantly carried at the point of the bayonet a fort strongly defended. This was his last effort to subdue the enemy. He sailed for France in October, and was relieved by Admiral Page.

This commandant did not make much progress; and although he succeeded in carrying some of the enemy's works, yet it was at such a cost to the strength of his little army, that he resolved on removing the field of operations to Saigon, where the garrison was being harassed. Here the allies made a successful stand, driving the Cochin-Chinese soldiers away from every fortified place in the neighbourhood; and by the 1st January, 1860, the port and river were open for trade. The commerce that came to this once flourishing place was insignificant; and the French by restrictive regulations prevented any nation but themselves and their allies the Spaniards from securing any advantages that might accrue to foreign traders. Moreover, the rice plantations were abandoned by the natives, and there was no traffic in the staple product of the country, while the farms were allowed to fall into decay. After holding the command for two years, Rear-Admiral Page was succeeded by the first governor and third commandant of the new conquest, Rear-Admiral Bonard, with a large executive staff composed of none but naval officers. This selection of the administration from that branch of the public service which is least capable of governing a new colony has been one of the serious blunders committed by the Imperial Government, as it led them into enormous outlay, and disgusted the other branch when required to co-operate with the navy in land operations. Admiral Bonard was even less qualified for the post than his predecessors, from his uncompromising disposition, which led him to carry out the harshest measures towards the inhabitants, without discrimination of friend or foe. At last the home Government curtailed his power, and obliged him to adopt a more pacific deportment towards the native government and people, after he had gained further victories over them. For eighteen months the allies were always more or less in the field against

against their opponents, who showed great aptitude for military tactics, and considerable courage in defending their fortresses. But these were of no avail against the disciplined troops of France and Spain, who, armed with all the modern appliances of war, everywhere conquered and held their conquests.

King Tu-Duk, seeing that his forces were unable to stem the torrent of invasion, once more bethought himself of opening negotiations with the enemy; which was becoming the more desirable as his subjects in Tonquin were again showing symptoms of disaffection. Accordingly, about the beginning of June, 1862, plenipotentiaries were despatched in haste from the Court of Hué, offering to ratify the proposed Treaty which had formed the subject of negotiation with Admiral Rigault de Genouilly four years before. Of course these envoys and their master were now taught a lesson in European diplomacy which convinced them that their invaders were a match for all their Asiatic cunning at the council board. While the salient articles in the former treaty were retained, fresh concessions of territory were demanded, with a money indemnity for the expenses of the war. With an inward dread of the consequences, these plenipotentiaries laid the terms before Tu-Duk, who was enraged beyond measure at the new demands. Nevertheless he had to leave the matter in the hands of his ministers to make the best of it; and on the 15th of the month the treaty was signed.

Whatever may have been the intentions of the French in former days as to cultivating a close connexion with the Annamese, it is abundantly evident that under the present *régime*, from their first hostile landing in Cochin-China, they intended to secure a permanent footing in the country. During that period—of which we have given only a slight sketch of the chief events—the work of colonization advanced *pari passu* with the conquest. Having abandoned Tourann, they established a central government at Saigon, and it is here and in the suburbs that all their means and appliances have been directed towards the construction of public works, and the safe navigation of the river and its entrance leading to the city. The first object the traveller sees on land, indicating the occupation of the country by the French, is the lighthouse erected on the prominent rocky point called Cape St. James. Here stands, at the extreme verge of a bluff, a substantial stone-built tower forty feet high, with a fixed dioptric light visible at sea for a distance of thirty-five miles on a clear night. It was lighted up on the 15th August, 1862, and has become an important object to navigators in these waters, for which the French are entitled to the thanks of the maritime world at large. Considering its utility, we can excuse the grandiloquent language

language of Bonard's despatch announcing its completion: 'The lighthouse of *Cap St. Jaques* throws its rays on the banks of the river Saigon, and looks like a brilliant sign of a definitive possession of the country on the part of France.'

At the base of the hill on which the lighthouse stands, and round a snug cove, there is a pilot station, where efficient pilots come off to navigate foreign vessels up the river. Here a safe outer anchorage is formed at its estuary, by the western point of Cape St. James and the opposite shore jutting out, presenting a harbour of a horse-shoe form, open to the south, where one or more French ships of war may be seen at anchor. This stream is named the Dong-nai, and is represented on our best English maps of the country as flowing from the south-eastern slopes of the great mountain range that divides Laos from Cochin-China. No doubt there is an independent source in that direction, at a distance of three or four degrees from Saigon. But the maps do not fully exhibit the advantageous character of the stream for internal navigation, and the deep volume of fresh water which flows through its channel to the sea. Since the country has been occupied by the French, they have made careful surveys of all the rivers and harbours, and found that the Dong-nai and its co-affluents, the Dong-thrang and Soi-rap, receive a large portion of their waters from the Me-kong or great river of Cambodia. According to the charts and maps published by the Government, the whole territory of French Cochin-China is situated on the *delta* of this stream, from the Gulf of Siam on the west to the China Sea on the east; including within its boundaries all the mouths of the Me-kong, with their numerous creeks, which form a network of navigation unequalled in the world. Admiral Bonard, in exploring these streams to the westward in a steam-vessel, reached the vast lake of Touli-Sap, in the heart of Cambodia, and visited the wonderful ruins of Ongcor, the remains of an ancient and powerful civilization.

Here we must divert the reader's attention to that part of our subject which relates to the realm of Cambodia, or Camboja, as it is sometimes called.\*

While the warlike operations we have adverted to were being carried on by the French, who have thus opened up to our geographical knowledge the interior of Lower Cochin-China, an intrepid traveller and naturalist was exploring the comparatively unknown regions of Cambodia and the adjacent states bordering on Cochin-China and Siam. This was the late M. Henri Mouhot, who, during three years, 1858-60, with the aid of the

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\* Hence the 'Gamboge' of art and medicine.

Geographical and Zoological Societies of London—who, he says, ‘kindly encouraged him, whilst France, his own country, remained deaf to his voice’—wandered through that tropical land pursuing his scientific vocation, until he finally succumbed, a victim to the malarious climate. The result of his travels and explorations is embodied in a posthumous work, the title of which is comprised in the heading to this article. These volumes are presented to the reading world in a most attractive form, as the subject matter is copiously illustrated by well-executed engravings from sketches taken by the author on the spot, which vividly delineate the past and present condition of this ancient empire of Indo-China.

Prior to the visit of Admiral Bonard in his steamer, *M. Mouhot* had sailed through the great lake of Cambodia in a native boat, and pronounced that it is more than 120 miles long, and must be at least 400 in circumference. Its Cambodian name is *Touli-Sap*. The entrance to it from the *Me-kong* River is by a branch of that great stream, which joins the main river about fifty miles south of the lake.\* For more than five months in the year the lake is full, but it grows shallower by evaporation, its width continuing nearly unaltered. Its waters are literally swarming with excellent fish of every variety.

On the banks of this immense lake the inhabitants are of different races. There are amongst them half-savage and nearly independent tribes, of whose origin almost nothing is known—a people ethnographically distinct from the dominant race, and keeping aloof from the more civilized communities. These people are called *Shiâmes* by the Cambodians, and are said to be of Malay origin, the descendants of the ancient *Tsiampo*, who inhabited the once powerful kingdom of *Tsiampa* or *Ciampa*. Be this as it may, there is abundant evidence to show that a great people once inhabited the shores of this lake; for their remains are still to be seen in the mighty ruins of *Ongcor*, which *M. Mouhot* pronounces to be grander than anything left to us by Greece or Rome.

These ruins are situated between the northern shore of the great lake and a range of mountains that divide the Laos terri-

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\* *M. Mouhot's* account of this branch (vol. i. pp. 221, 271) is meagre and unsatisfactory. He says, ‘on descending the great arm of the *Mekon*, which is here 1200 metres wide, I was astonished at seeing the current running from south to north instead of following the course of the river into which it falls.’ Can it be, that this tide reaches this arm of the river, forcing its waters into the channel of the lake, into which he sailed during the flood? In the French maps there is no mention of this extraordinary by-wash, although features of minor import are noticed near the *fleuve du lac*; so that we are inclined to think that *Mouhot* was mistaken, and that the *Me-Kong* has little or nothing to do with the lake, having an independent channel to the sea by the *Han Giang*, which runs parallel to the westward of the main stream.

tory from Cambodia; the most perfect of them not more than fifteen miles from the lake. After the traveller has passed across an arid plain, and through a dense forest, the first objects of interest are seen at the angles of an esplanade, where the forms of two colossal lions sculptured out of the solid rock astonish him by the appearance of high art in the midst of a desolate wilderness. This is the entrance to the Buddhist Temple of Ongcor, where gigantic flights of steps lead up to a terrace with 112 fluted columns, surmounted by capitals formed in every case of a single block of stone. Their basement, like that of the whole building, is ornamented with very beautiful sculptured mouldings, varied in style, and entirely covered with delicate rose and arabesque carvings, worked with the chisel, with a taste and skill equally wonderful. After passing through a grand portico, a second and a third terrace are reached by flights of steps, and at each landing extensive galleries are seen with triple-roofed porticos and double colonnades, having richly-carved mouldings above the columns. On the walls are bas-reliefs representing the public events of the ancient kingdom; besides a multitude of fabulous animals, and groups of men, animals, and birds, illustrative of the dress, manners, and customs of the people, of whose language and authentic history nothing is at present known. Here a military procession—bodies of soldiers headed by chiefs, some mounted on elephants, others on horseback, and each corps carrying different arms, lances, halberds, javelins, sabres, and bows—there a triumphal march;—all depicting the warlike character of the nation. Again, there are representations of the Hindoo Paradise, Swarga, and the infernal regions, Naralma; with the rewards and punishments appropriate to each. Strange and wonderful are these ruins, that seem now only to have started into the light of day after being hid so long in the gloom of barbarous ages. In the language of the author,

‘The temple of Ongcor is the most beautiful and best preserved of all the remains, and the first also which presents itself to the eye of the traveller, making him forget the fatigues of the journey, filling him with admiration and delight, such as would be experienced on finding a verdant oasis in the sandy desert. Suddenly, as if by enchantment, he seems to be transported from barbarism to civilization, from profound darkness to light.’ . . . ‘What strikes the observer with not less admiration than the grandeur, regularity, and beauty of these majestic buildings, is the immense size and prodigious number of the blocks of stone of which they are constructed. In this temple alone are as many as 1532 columns. What means of transport, what a multitude of workmen, must this have required, seeing that the mountain out of

which the stone was hewn is thirty miles distant! In each block are to be seen holes  $2\frac{1}{2}$  centimètres in diameter and 3 in depth, the numbers varying with the size of the blocks; but the columns and the sculptured portions of the building bear no traces of them. According to a Cambodian legend, these are the prints of the fingers of a giant, who, after kneading an enormous quantity of clay, had cut it into blocks and carved it, turning it into a hard, and at the same time light, stone by pouring over it some marvellous liquid.\* . . . 'The principal entrance forms a long gallery with a central tower, and two others of less altitude. The portico of each tower is formed of four projecting columns, with a staircase. At each extremity are similar porticoes, beyond which, but immediately contiguous thereto, is a high door or gateway, on the same level, which served for the passage of vehicles. From constant use the wheels have worn two deep ruts in the massive flagstones with which the ground is paved.' . . . 'All the mouldings, sculptures, and bas-reliefs appear to have been executed after the erection of the building. The stones are everywhere fitted together in so perfect a manner that you can scarcely see where are the joinings; there is neither sign of mortar nor mark of the chisel, the surface being as polished as marble. Was this incomparable edifice the work of a single genius who conceived the idea and watched over the execution of it? One is tempted to think so; for no part of it is deficient, faulty, or inconsistent. To what epoch does it owe its origin? As before remarked, neither tradition nor written inscriptions furnish any certain information on this point; or rather, I should say, these latter are as a sealed book for want of an interpreter; and they may, perchance, throw light on the subject when some European savant shall succeed in deciphering them.'

We must confess that a sceptical reader perusing M. Mouhot's description of this temple would be excused in doubting its reality, or at all events might accept it as highly embellished, so much does it read like the ideal sketches of a dreamy imagination. But in the work itself the buildings are so truthfully portrayed by the pencil of the accomplished author, that they strike the mind at once with their claims to a bygone magnificence and a refined civilization. And when we further learn that this is but a small portion of these ruined cities, which cover an area of many square miles, we may conceive what they were at the height of their prosperity. To illustrate this, and the present aspect of the country, our author describes the view from Mount Bakhêng:—

'On the one side you gaze upon the wooded plain and the pyramidal temple of Ongcor, with its rich colonnades, the mountain of Orome, which is beyond the new city, the view losing itself in the waters of

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\* May there not be some foundation for this notion of the liquid?

the great lake on the horizon. On the opposite side stretches the long chain of mountains whose quarries, they say, furnished the beautiful stone used for the temples; and amidst thick forests, which extend along the base, is a pretty, small lake which looks like a blue ribbon on a carpet of verdure. All this region is now as lonely and deserted as formerly it must have been full of life and cheerfulness; and the howling of wild animals, and the cries of a few birds, alone disturb the solitude. Sad fragility of human things! How many centuries and thousands of generations have passed away, of which history, probably, will never tell us anything! What riches and treasures of art will remain for ever buried beneath these ruins; how many distinguished men—artists, sovereigns, warriors—whose names were worthy of immortality, are now forgotten, laid to rest under the thick dust which covers these tombs!

These, indeed, are interesting questions for the antiquary, the philologist, and the ethnologist to investigate. To venture upon an opinion in the preliminary stage of inquiry presented in the work before us would be premature. From the character of the temple we may suppose that the religion of this extinct people came to them from India, as it has been imported into China; while from the representations of men in Chinese costume with Chinese musical instruments, there is no doubt that the people of that nation formed a large element in the body politic, as it does in all those countries at the present day. M. Mouhot tells us that 'Nokhor, or Ongcor, was the capital of the ancient kingdom of Cambodia, or Khmer, formerly so famous among the great states of Indo-China, that almost the only tradition preserved in the country mentions that empire as having had twenty kings who paid tribute to it, as having kept up an army of five or six million soldiers, and that the buildings of the royal treasury occupied a space of more than 300 [square] miles!'

M. Mouhot did wisely in recording what he heard, however wild. There is often much wisdom and deep feeling in these notes, which he jotted down with a view to correct them after further inquiry in Europe, should he have been spared to return. Such, however, was not his fate; for he was cut off in the prime of life by a malignant fever caught in the forests of Laos, where his remains were buried. With a presentiment that he should not live to superintend the publication of his journal and notes, he writes:—

'Should these rough notes, written hastily and with no claim to any merit but truth, be destined to see the light; whether God reserves for me the happiness of again seeing my native country, in which event it will be my endeavour to put them into some sort of readable shape; or whether I fall a victim to pestilence or ferocious beasts, and some

kind person takes charge of these sheets, scribbled generally by the light of a torch, and on my knees at the foot of a tree, amidst interruptions of all sorts, of which the mosquitoes are not the least annoying ; in either case, living or dead, I shall need, I am aware, an indulgence seldom granted.'

Undismayed by these gloomy forebodings, this ardent naturalist penetrated far into the interior, where European foot, as far as we know, never trod before. On ordinary maps this region is designated Laos, which word is derived from the Cambodian *lao*, ancient ; so that the inhabitants are not considered a separate race, or the country far removed from existing States in its government and institutions, but simply the oldest-populated territory of the ancient empire of Khmer or Cambodia. Hence it has been asserted, with great show of argument, that the civilization of Ongcor came by land from the north, either from India or China. On the other hand, it is argued that the people who raised that nation to its eminence reached the lake Toulisap from the sea, and in all probability were from the Malayan Peninsula ; and that they were driven from their wealthy cities back to the sea by the inland race, of whom the Laotians and Cambodians are the descendants. These points M. Mouhot discusses with extreme modesty, offering no positive opinion. In like manner he describes a race of people residing in the tableland among the mountains of Upper Cochin-China, who live in a savage state like the inhabitants of the islands in the Pacific, to whom, if we may trust the likenesses of a man and woman pictured in the book, they bear a great resemblance. These he names Stiëns, and considers to be the aborigines, who have never succumbed to the rule of the more powerful civilized races living in the lower countries. In their native fastnesses these savage tribes bid defiance to their invaders, and love their mountain homes with an attachment that is only subdued by death ; for when any of them happen to be captured by the Annamese, Siamese, or Cambodians, who sell them into slavery, they quickly pine and die. They occasionally offer human sacrifices. The opinion that they are the *autochthones* of Indo-China, Annam, and Cambodia, is disputed by Mr. Crawfurd, the veteran ethnologist, whose practical knowledge of Asiatic races is extensive. It is his opinion 'that these tribes are merely mountaineers ; of no distinct origin, but simply the natives in a rude, savage, uncivilized state, as those who exist in Hindostan and China itself.' From what we know of the Chinese empire and its multitudinous people, we are inclined to receive this view of Mr. Crawfurd's with doubt ; as the Miaou-tsze in the mountain provinces of China,

China, whom he refers to, are undoubtedly a distinct race from the Mongols, and may possibly be another branch of the indigenous inhabitants of south-eastern Asia.

An investigation of the ancient and modern history of Cambodia is expected to follow the occupation of Cochin-China by the French. In a treaty recently concluded with the ruler of the State by the Governor of Saigon, a clause was inserted allowing freedom of travel and protection to person and property to all Frenchmen exploring the country; and as the Governor—Admiral de la Grandière—is a gentleman of literary attainments, he will render every assistance to the *savans* who may come to examine how so much civilization has lapsed into so gross a barbarism.

The present King of Siam, to whom Cambodia is tributary, is himself an accomplished scholar, and learned in Sanscrit and other ancient Eastern languages: he writes and speaks English with ease, while he exhibits an intelligence superior to Asiatic princes generally in a desire to explain the peculiar history and state of his dominions. We have before us a copy of a succinct narrative, drawn up by him, of the relations that have subsisted between Siam and Cambodia since 1782, the first year of the present dynasty—of which he is the fourth King. It exhibits a fair command of our language, and contains much interesting matter not yet published. From this chronicle it would appear that in 1783 the Cochin-Chinese united with the Malays to drive the Cambodian princes from the country, and so far succeeded that they took refuge in Siam, and requested the King to aid them. This prayer was granted, and an army was sent which put down the insurrection and reinstated the princes; but, as the prince entitled to reign was too young, provisional arrangements were made for the government of the country until he came of age. When that period arrived, the young prince was, according to the Siamese account, appointed viceroy, and he and his successors acknowledged fealty to the King of Siam, paying him a large annual tribute for the services he had conferred upon the State. Cochin-China and Siam were constantly contending for the ascendancy over Cambodia: and besides the payments to Siam, it appears that the Princes of Cambodia were forced by their powerful neighbour the King of Cochin-China to pay him tribute every three years; and the once powerful kingdom of Cambodia was reduced to one-tenth of its former area by the annexation of its lands to Siam and Annam.

It was in this condition when the French invaded Cochin-China, and after they had subjugated that country they turned their

their attention to Cambodia. Here they were surprised to find a country far superior to that which they had spent so much blood and treasure in trying to obtain, and with an eye to future acquisitions they sought to enter into a treaty with the Cambodians. With the astuteness that characterizes the Emperor of the French, his special envoy sent to negotiate the treaty, and Admiral de la Grandière, were instructed to inform the Viceroy of Cambodia,—Somdetch Phra Naradom,—that now France had conquered Lower Cochin-China, he must consider the Emperor as his master, and ignore the supremacy of Tu-Duk, the King of Annam. This rather surprised the Viceroy, and he asked for time to refer the matter to his legitimate suzerain, the present King of Siam. But the Admiral would have no delay, and in one day the treaty was drawn up and signed—very reluctantly—by the Somdetch Phra Naradom, who complained to his suzerain. That monarch was just as afraid of the French as the Viceroy, and the treaty was ratified with as good a grace as possible, so as to make the best of a bad bargain, which gives up to the French some eligible land in Udong, the capital of Cambodia, while they relinquish all claim to the triennial tribute formerly paid to the King of Cochin-China. As a sop for these satisfactory concessions, the French proposed that Phra Naradom should be constituted King of Cambodia, in which also his Siamese Majesty acquiesced; and in May last the Viceroy was duly invested with all the power and privileges of a monarch, though still obliged to pay annual tribute to the King of Siam.

Since the ratification of the treaty and the investiture of the new King, Udong has become a place of importance in the eyes of Europeans; and the French have stolen a march upon other nations, that does not reflect much credit on their Government, by exclusively establishing a diplomatic representative there, with power, according to a clause in the treaty, to give a veto against the residence of any other foreign envoy whom they may deem inimical to their interests. This dog-in-the-manger clause, if acted on literally, or indeed in any save the most liberal spirit, may lead to serious collisions with other Powers who are desirous of holding friendly intercourse with Cambodia. Already the nature of the treaty has been the subject of comment in the House of Commons, when an evasive reply was mentioned as having been the result of inquiry through the Foreign Office. Although the French Minister denied that any exclusiveness on the part of France existed in the treaty, he had not the courage or the courtesy to forward a  
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copy of it; so that it is not filed on the diplomatic records of Parliament. The following is a copy of this document, obtained from the most authentic source:—

**'TREATY BETWEEN THE VICEROY OF CAMBODIA AND THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.**

'This Treaty having been duly considered and concluded between the Admiral on the part of the Emperor of the French and the Prince of Cambodia, in order that Cambodia may be in peace and prosperity, and as the two nations are contiguous, the Cambodians must not be on unfriendly terms with the French. For this reason the Emperor of the French commanded the Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral de la Grandière, Governor of Saigon, to consult with the Prince of Cambodia, to make it publicly known that the Emperor of the French will assist to protect Cambodia. For carrying into effect this object the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral de la Grandière, Governor of Saigon, and the Somdetch Phra Maha Uperat, Governor of Cambodia, have concluded the following treaty:—

'Art. 1. The Emperor of the French will assist to protect Cambodia.

'Art. 2. The Emperor of the French will appoint a French officer as Consul to reside near the Prince of Cambodia, to enforce the observance of this treaty by both nations. This French officer will be under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief at Saigon. The Prince of Cambodia will appoint a Cambodian officer to reside with the Commander-in-Chief as Consul.

'Art. 3. If a French officer reside in Cambodia in the above-mentioned capacity, he is to be considered as a noble of high rank, and to be respected and feared as such.

'Art. 4. If any other Foreign nation desire to appoint a Consul in Cambodia, the Prince of Cambodia and his chief nobles will consult with the French Commander-in-Chief at Saigon; and if all agree, then that Foreign nation can appoint a Consul. If the Prince of Cambodia and his nobles will not consent to allow any Foreign nation to appoint a Consul in Cambodia, the Admiral Commander-in-Chief at Saigon will also refuse his consent. If the Prince of Cambodia and his nobles consent to the appointment of the Consul, the Admiral Commander-in-Chief will also consent.

'Art. 5. If any French subjects desire to travel about for the purposes of trade, or to build houses in Cambodia, they must inform the Cambodian authorities, who will provide them with documents to enable them to do so.

'Art. 6. If any Cambodian subjects go to the French territories, they shall have like privileges and power.

'Art. 7. If French subjects and Cambodians have disputes together, they must complain to the French Consul; and if, after investigation, the case is not settled, the Consul and the Cambodian officers will consult together and arrange the matter justly. If Cambodians and Cam-  
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bodians have disputes, the French Consul will not interfere in the matter. If French subjects have disputes among themselves, the Cambodian officers will not interfere. If foreigners, natives of Europe, have disputes with the French, the French officer will settle the case. If a French subject, having committed an offence, fly to Cambodia, the Cambodian authorities will assist the French Consul to convey the defaulter to the Commander-in-Chief at Saigon for judgment. If there be no French consul or officers in Cambodia, the French Commander-in-Chief will have power to act for the Consul in arranging such matters.

‘Art. 8. If a French subject wish to reside in Cambodia, he will register himself at the French Consulate, and the French Consul will inform the Cambodian authorities of the circumstance.

‘Art. 9. If a Cambodian wish to reside in French territory, and there is no impediment to his doing so, he will be registered by the Cambodian authorities themselves, or by the Cambodian officer appointed by the Prince of Cambodia to reside at Saigon.

‘Art. 10. If traders bring merchandise of any description from foreign ports, with the exception of opium, for sale in Cambodia, and they have a pass from the Saigon authorities permitting them to come, the Cambodian Custom-house must not levy any duty; but if the traders bring opium, the Cambodian authorities can levy a duty on it.

‘Art. 11. All articles of commerce which traders take from Cambodia to Cochin-China, if the Cambodian Custom-house officers have already collected the duty on them, and the “Tangkau” has a pass from the Cambodian authorities, which will be countersigned by the French Consul, will be permitted to be sold in the French territory free of duty.

‘Art. 12. If any French subject in pursuit of science come to Cambodia, he must inform the Cambodian authorities, who will render assistance for his safe conduct.

‘Art. 13. If French ships or junks be plundered by pirates anywhere within the Cambodian territory at any time, and the Cambodian authorities of that place are informed of the circumstance, they will examine the matter, seize and punish the robbers according to law, and the property recovered will be restored to the owners or to the French Consul, who will deliver it over to the owners. If the robbers are not found, and no property recovered, and if the Cambodian authorities have made every search without success, the said authorities will not be held responsible. The above is also applicable to the property of French subjects in Cambodia.

‘Art. 14. If Cambodian ships or junks be plundered by pirates in the French dominions, the French authorities of the nearest place on being informed will search for the robbers, seize and punish them according to law, and the property recovered will be restored to the owners; if the owners be absent, to the Cambodian officers for transmission to them. If after making search for the robbers and property the French officers do not find them, they are not to be held responsible. If Cambodian officers in French territory be plundered of any kind of property

property, the above is also applicable to them; and if the French officers have done their utmost to find the robbers and property, but without success, they will not be made answerable.

'Art. 15. All French Bishops with authority to teach religion throughout the territories of Cambodia, the Cambodians will place no impediment to their doing so. If they wish to build churches, schools, or hospitals, they will inform the Cambodian authorities, whose consent will be necessary.

'Art. 16. The Emperor of the French recognises the Prince of Cambodia as a legitimate Prince, and agrees to assist him in preserving peace and friendship, and to protect Cambodia from her enemies and from the oppression of other countries. The Emperor of the French honestly will assist the Prince so as to enable him to collect duties from the traders, and to enable them to proceed to sea.

'Art. 17. In order that the foregoing article may be easily carried into effect, the French Commander-in-Chief, Governor of Saigon, desires some land at "Charvey Chung" to build houses for coals and godowns for rice for the French vessels. The Prince of Cambodia to give the said land at Charvey Chung, viz., from the north of the fort and stockades upwards of 15 seu (1800 feet). If any Cambodian temple-grounds intervene they must be avoided, and such grounds to continue to remain and belong to the said temples. If the French Commander-in-Chief desire any more land anywhere, the Prince and his nobles, if after consideration they find a piece suitable, will grant it on the same conditions as at "Charvey Chung."

'Art. 18. In order to show their gratitude for the protection afforded by the Emperor of the French for the purpose of promoting the peace and prosperity of the country, the Cambodians agree that if the French wish to cut timber in the Cambodian forests for the purpose of building the ships of the Emperor of the French, they shall be permitted to do so upon informing the Cambodian authorities, who will send instructions to the Governors of the Interior to that effect. On the part of the French they agree to pay all expenses incurred. If the French buy any merchandise in Cambodia, they will be permitted to do so with facility, the price of such merchandise to be arranged between the purchaser and the seller.

'Art. 19. This treaty being concluded, requires only the Emperor of the French's consent by placing his seal on it; three copies have been made. The Prince of Cambodia, Somdetch Ong Phra Naradom, has signed and sealed them, together with the French Commander-in-Chief.

'Dated Udong, 11th August, 1863.'

While we comment rather unfavourably on the circumstances attending the negotiation and ratification of this treaty, we do not gainsay the right of the French to conclude a convention with a semi-barbaric Power adjacent to their conquest in Cochin-China. But unless they begin by liberal encouragement of the commerce of the country with foreign nations, their pre-

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sence will do more harm than good. If, for example, they pursue a course similar to that which they have adopted towards the Annamese, they will drive the industrious people from the country, which must again lapse into anarchy and ruin. It is true that such a state of affairs is not new in the land, and the richest provinces are the first to be desolated by bands of marauders and banditti. M. Mouhot, whose opinion on this head is entitled to great weight, represents the state of Cambodia as deplorable during his sojourn there, while he considers the resources of the country in vegetable and mineral wealth to be practically inexhaustible:—

‘The chief productions of Cambodia are tobacco, pepper, ginger, sugar, gamboge, coffee, silk, and cotton. The latter important article of commerce thrives here admirably. A vast field might be opened on the banks of the Mekong and of Touli-Sap for European activity, industry, and capital! England, that great nation for colonies, could soon make of Lower Cochin-China and Cambodia a vast cotton-plantation; and there is no doubt that, if she set about it in earnest, with her Australian, East and West Indian, and New Zealand possessions, she might soon secure to herself the monopoly, which America now has, of this precious article. We should in that case be compelled to buy of her. Why should we not be our own purveyors? The island of Ko-Sutin alone, in which the lands belonging to the Crown are let to cotton-planters in lots for one pound per lot, may be adduced in order to give an idea of the profits realised by the cultivation of this plant. Each lot affords an income of 1200 francs. The forests situated on the higher grounds abound with justly-celebrated timber, as also trees yielding resins and gums much esteemed in commerce, likewise the eaglewood and several species of dye-woods. The mountains contain gold, argentiferous lead, zinc, copper, and iron, the last two in some abundance. One is astonished to find these fertile lands furnish so little for exportation; but the Sovereigns and Mandarins enrich themselves by spoliation and extortion, and every abuse which can ruin a country and retard its progress. If these dominions were ruled wisely and carefully, with probity, and with regard to the interests of the working classes, the whole aspect of affairs would be changed. The taxes now weigh solely on the cultivator and producer: the more he raises the more he has to pay: disposed, therefore, to indolence by the influence of the climate, he has little inducement to combat this vice. The beautiful cardamom of Poursat, much sought after by the Chinese, who pay very highly for it, is entirely monopolised by the King and his Ministers; and it is nearly the same with every other valuable product. I do not think that the country contains above a million of inhabitants, and, according to the last census, the number of free men fit to carry arms is thirty thousand, the slaves, as in Siam, not being liable to serve in the army, any more than to pay taxes. Besides a number of Chinese, relatively great, there are many Malays.

.. ‘European conquest, abolition of slavery, wise and protecting laws,  
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and experience, fidelity, and scrupulous rectitude in those who administer them, would alone effect this regeneration. It lies near to Cochin-China, the subjection of which France is now aiming at, and in which doubtless she will succeed : under her sway it will become a land of plenty. I wish her to possess this land, which would add a magnificent jewel to her crown ; but it is also my earnest desire that she may make a judicious choice of Governors, and that the name of France, my dear and beautiful country, may be loved, respected, and honoured in the extreme East, as it should be everywhere.'

In these latter remarks we fully coincide, and we trust that, should events throw this territory into the hands of the French, they will appoint an administration better qualified to uphold the glory of their country and to forward the interests of the inhabitants under their jurisdiction, than that which has made of Cochin-China almost an inglorious conquest. This has resulted not so much from the policy adopted in dealing with the conquered Princes as from the harsh measures adopted towards the industrious inhabitants and the foreign traders. Let us, therefore, glance at what the French have done in Cochin-China, as an indication of what they may do in Cambodia.

The restrictions and charges imposed upon foreign as well as native commerce and shipping at Saigon amount almost to a prohibition of trade, unless it is carried on under the French and Spanish flags—which have peculiar immunities and exemptions. Hitherto the import trade has been confined, with trifling exception, to the supplies required in provisioning the naval and military forces ; and although the greatest tonnage has been in English and German bottoms, still they were allowed to enter and depart under the favoured regulations, in consideration of their carrying government stores. Of course all clothing and munitions of war are free. Consequently if we deduct these items from the import list and shipping inwards at the port of Saigon, the actual trade of a profitable nature in foreign commodities has been limited to small parcels of goods brought from Singapore, Hong-Kong, Canton, and Macao, by the Chinese shopkeepers—who command all the petty trade of the settlement. The few French merchants in the place are contractors for the government supplies, the heaviest items consisting in flour and wheat from California.

However, it is only fair to state that the French have never calculated upon their new possession as a market for imports, so much as they have looked forward to a large export of native produce, especially rice, which from time immemorial has been the staple article of trade in Cochin-Chinese vessels, that regularly  
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visited Canton, Hainan Island, Siam, Singapore, and intermediate places. Since the French have been in possession of the country this native trade has dwindled away, partly from their harsh and unjust measures towards the junkmen and their craft during the war, and partly in consequence of the embargo laid upon the export of produce by the King, Tu-Duk, while there was not sufficient rice raised in the country for home consumption. The only data we have for computing the quantity of rice exported before the French invasion, are the statistics of the trade with Singapore, where from ninety to one hundred junks arrived from Saigon in the rice season, averaging 100 tons each, showing an aggregate export of at least 9000 tons of rice to Singapore, which was not one-third of the total to other ports, so that we may safely conclude that the annual export was between 30,000 and 40,000 tons before the commencement of hostilities. Since then the actual export under French auspices, was in 1861, 15 ships, 5250 tons; 1862, 12 ships, 4200 tons; and in 1863, 5 ships, with 1900 tons. Here then is actually a retrograde movement in that trade which should be the mainstay of Saigon as a commercial colony; and unless this item be restored to its former position on the export list, with an annual increase, commensurate with the appliances and resources of foreign traffic, the colony cannot support itself.

To those who have visited the port of Saigon there is no mystery in this dearth of the staple export. The traveller who now ascends the Dong-nai River, where formerly it wound its serpentine way through one vast rice plantation, sees nothing but deserted fields rank with jungle; the places where once farmsteads and villages stood are obliterated save where a few charred posts remain to show how they were destroyed; and instead of the industrious Annamese who used to be seen cultivating and irrigating the land, the lifeless landscape is only disturbed by the occasional movements of monkeys leaping from tree to tree. The sagacious looks of these *quadrupeds*, and their independent mode of living on the fruits of the jungle, compare favourably with the appearance of the few wretched looking natives you pass in their canoes fishing for a bare existence, and subject to the oppressive taxation of the foreign invaders of their fatherland. Poor creatures! they had a sad time of it during the invasion, and their lot would not appear to be much better now that peace is restored. The fisher-farmers who have remained are called upon by the French to contribute to the support of the government, when they have scarcely enough to make both ends meet; while those who  
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are situated near the borders of Tu-Duk's territory are obliged to pay his mandarins also. In planning out this method of taxation, the French have *improved* upon the native system of exaction, so that the inhabitants who felt the yoke of Tu-Duk to be heavy, consider the domination of their new taskmasters intolerable. If the faults committed by the expeditionary force were great and evident, the vices of the administration have been well calculated to render the French odious in the eyes of the natives. Young naval officers, as ignorant sometimes as they are arrogant, are sent into the interior in the capacity of *préfets*, to administer laws to the people, and collect direct taxes from them. There they revel in wanton authority, and many of them come into collision with the inhabitants in a most disgraceful manner.

The French boast of their civilising influence upon the Annamese. As far as we have seen, those intelligent people appear not much behind, if they are not equal to their invaders in point of social civilisation. Indeed we believe that the governor in one of his despatches remarked the similarity between the institutions of Annam and France. We may add in the same comparative sense, that, geographic and ethnographic differences in the human family considered, there is not much to boast of in the moral superiority of the sons of *La Belle France*; certainly up to this time the Annamese have derived from France some of the very worst evils of Western life without any of its advantages.

From the level nature of the country there is nothing remarkable about the aspect of Saigon and its suburbs. The town is situated on the main stream of the Dong-nai, with a small anabranch or blind creek on its southern boundary. Here the shipping at anchor have ample room to swing with the tide and current, while there is depth of water sufficient to float a ship of the line, and space, in what might be termed a great natural dock, for the construction of every appliance for repair of ships. As a naval station, perhaps there is no harbour in the East superior to that of Saigon, and the French are converting it into an important arsenal. It is on the water, therefore, that the observant traveller sees the chief life and bustle of the settlement, and its importance to a great nation like France. As the reach, on which the town is situated, opens up to view, he is surprised to see a line-of-battle ship, an old three-decker, at anchor; two large hulks as hospital and engineer ships, a frigate, a corvette, several gunboats, and one or two despatch steamers or tenders. These, surrounded with native canoes

canoes and ships' boats, plying to and fro, while the shrill pipe of the boatswain's whistle is heard above the song of the sailors hoisting supplies on board, give a life and animation to the scene that is unexpected and full of interest. On the river bank, also, the chief works that meet the eye are of a naval character. Here is a ship-building yard, with a gunboat, perhaps, of native timber on the stocks; or men busy hammering the rivets of a small iron steamer which has been brought out in pieces. Piles of shot and shell are heaped up under sheds with guns and mortars ready for shipment. The sound of blows on the anvil leads the visitor to a range of workshops, where repairs to machinery are going on. The yard is strewn with boilers, boiler-plates, and duplicate shafts, wheels, and cranks of every kind, suitable for engines of small or great horse-power; and the pieces of an iron floating dock are being put together, beside a dry dock for gun-boats already completed. Everywhere there is evidence that no expense is spared in making this a Cherbourg of the East; so that in a few years the French will have better means and appliances for refitting and repairing their ships of war at Saigon than we have at Hong-Kong. In addition to the navy yard and docks, the *Messageries Impériales* Steam Navigation Company have erected workshops for the repair of their machinery, and stores for supplies to their Indo-China line of steamers, which call at this port on their route to China. The vessels of this service are magnificent iron boats, supplied with officers from the Imperial navy, who may at any time be recalled. Thus naval officers are trained up to a practical knowledge of the Eastern seas and harbours, that will be of immense value to the fleets in India and China, which hitherto have depended greatly on foreign assistance to pilot the vessels in these dangerous waters; while the Company's boats will in times of emergency become available as transports, and from their strength and build would be serviceable as an armed flotilla.

Adjoining the navy-yard stand the artillery-barracks, the next important arm of this warlike colony. These are extensive, and form the dépôt of eight batteries, with abundant store of shot and shell. A contingent of Annamese have been drilled as auxiliary gunners and ordinary artillerymen, and have shown great aptitude for the service. The infantry of the line have inferior barracks to the artillery, and it is easily observable that they hold a subordinate position compared to that of their naval *confrères*. For one soldier you meet many sailors, and the sentries at all the government offices are blue-jackets. These buildings are grouped in the most central part of Saigon, formed of timber, and tastefully surrounded

surrounded with gardens. Here is a telegraph-station with a clock-tower, from which electric wires radiate to every point of the compass, reaching to My-tho in the south, to Bien-hoa in the north, and the intermediate stations westward and on the frontier. Excellent roads have also been constructed leading to these points, which converge towards this station and the governor's residence, so that if any outbreak is reported among the natives, reinforcements can be sent without delay. Happily, eighteen months of peace have rendered these means of intelligence and transport comparatively idle. Still they are maintained in the most efficient state, for the day may come when they will be wanted on an emergency. On this head the Minister of War and Marine reports to the Chambers as follows:—'We must not dissemble the circumstance, that our conquest and our pacification are of too recent date to allow us to consider our domination as definitively accepted by the former possessors of those rich countries. It is, then, essential to keep in Cochin-China forces sufficiently large to convince the Annamese who have submitted to the government of Huê of their impotence as respects ourselves.' With this view, the war establishment at Saigon is kept up to the strength of ten thousand men of all arms; eight batteries of artillery; one ship of the line, one frigate, two corvettes, and fourteen gunboats.

Our account of the government establishment at Saigon would be incomplete without a notice of the hospital on shore, which, considering the small population, is unusually large. This institution consists of eight separate buildings, with gardens and walks between, situated on the most salubrious site at the upper part of the settlement, forming quite a picturesque suburb in itself, where the ground is elevated many feet above the river bank. The interior arrangements are unexceptionable; the wards light and airy; the bedsteads of iron, with mosquito curtains; the laundry with linen for a thousand patients; the kitchen and store-rooms equally extensive, and all a model of order and cleanliness. The establishment is under the immediate superintendence of eighteen devoted Sisters of Charity, who act as nurses to the sick and wounded. There are three visiting physicians from the navy, and one resident surgeon with assistant apothecaries. Fever, cholera, and dysentery are the prevailing local diseases; but latterly these have not been so virulent, as the men are properly sheltered from the sun and malaria of that tropical climate. Much has been stated as to the extreme unhealthiness of French Cochin-China, but we are of opinion that it is not more unhealthy than any other region in the plains of the extreme East; and that it will compare favourably with

the country around Shanghai, where our troops were decimated by disease during the Taeping campaign. Such is the natural result of the fatigue attending warfare in a tropical or semi-tropical region.

But what progress has been made in the civil and mercantile quarters of the settlement? An account of these may be summed up in a short paragraph. At the landing-place, where the town is separated from the south suburb, there is a canal, over which a wooden bridge has been built, leading to some streets laid out at right angles, where about fifty wooden shops are erected, all of them in the occupation of Chinese, Manilla-men, or Malays, with a few French and Portuguese. These shops are open for the sale of provisions, clothing, and liquors. This quarter has quite a colonial aspect, and resembles a new settlement in Australia or New Zealand. It is very quiet, without any such bustle of native life as seen in the British settlements of Singapore or Hong-Kong. This sparseness of the native population in Saigon distinguishes it from all other foreign settlements in Eastern Asia; and yet the city contained more than 150,000 inhabitants before it was occupied by the French, many of them wealthy and learned. These have all gone, and the natives seen in the streets are of the poorest description. They chiefly come from the country with vegetables, fruit, and game, or fish from the rivers, which they expose for sale in wretched sheds. In this quarter the land has been divided into lots, where it has realised at the rate of five dollars per square yard in choice sites. On these, few houses have been built by Europeans. The largest is a steam flour-mill and bakehouse, belonging to a French firm, who have the contract for supplying the forces with biscuit and flour. Other enterprising foreign traders have imported the usual kinds of merchandise, and speculated in shipping rice, but scarcely any trade exists except in a few luxuries for the officers. It is true that from ten to twenty square-rigged merchantmen may be seen moored along the river banks, but these, as we have already remarked, are laden with supplies for the government directly, or indirectly through the contractors. There is a custom-house and harbour-master's office on the quay, but the officials there have many holidays. A British firm in China does more import and export trade in one month, than all the *civil* commerce of Saigon amounts to in a year.

In tracing the progress of the invasion and conquest of the country, it may have been supposed that we overlooked that of the religious element, which led ostensibly to the subjugation and possession of Lower Cochin-China by the French. But this we purposely omitted, for at no period has the presence of the missionaries,

missionaries, or the existence of nearly half a million native Christians throughout the Annamese dominions, materially interfered with the progress of warlike events. Admiral Bonard specially calculated on some friendly co-operation from the converts, in supplying his men with provisions, or aiding him with timely information of the movements of his opponents. We have seen, however, that neither of these services was rendered, even at the worst of times. The love of country, and dread of Tu-Duk's proclamations against holding communication with the invaders on pain of torture and death, overcame the devotion of the converts, and, like their pagan countrymen, they abandoned their homes in the seat of war. Doubtless it was from this supposed ingratitude that the rigid and impolitic governor treated the inhabitants so harshly, without discriminating pagan from Christian, that wherever the tricolor flag was seen they fled to Cambodia and the northern provinces. Moreover, Admiral Bonard and his predecessors almost ignored the presence and influence of the missionaries. The advice of these experienced counsellors respecting the movements of the expeditionary force was rejected with scorn, and their kind suggestions as to how the industrious population should be dealt with were treated contemptuously. Hence France has acquired a fertile region in the East, but it is next to a wilderness for want of inhabitants. It is true that some are now stealthily returning to their abandoned farms, chiefly through the influence of the missionaries. But they find that their new masters demand a repurchase of the land, in right of conquest, where for generations their families have dwelt and tilled the soil. This is indeed hard upon the returned fugitives, most of whom have been ruined by the war, and who scarcely have the means of daily subsistence.

It is with satisfaction we state that the present governor is a man of more enlarged views on these points, and inclined to carry out a more humane policy than his predecessors. Admiral de la Grandière was, as already mentioned, favourably known among the *savans* and *litterati* of his country, while yet in a subordinate position, by his contributions to literature relating to Asiatic nations, including that wherein he now presides. His governorship has commenced under peaceful auspices, and he has improved the occasion by the publication of his monthly journal, the 'Courrier de Saigon.' In its articles there is much that is interesting regarding the nature and resources of the colony, and they are of a buoyant tone as to its future success. The government entertains a hope that the treasury will be self-supporting

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during the present year, although upwards of one million francs are to be expended on public works, according to the annexed budget for 1864, published in the issue of February last :—

‘The receipts are estimated at 3,012,000 fr., and the expenses at 3,011,000 fr. The total of direct taxes for 1864 is calculated at 1,300,000 fr., or even at 1,475,000 fr., if a balance from the preceding year is included, and the chapter of indirect taxes at an almost equal sum, or 1,290,000 fr. The domains and certain accessory receipts complete the amount of 3,012,000 fr. The expenditure is divided under six heads :—1. General administration, 96,000 fr. 2. Administration of the native populations, 721,000 fr. 3. Justice, public worship, instruction, post-office, and telegraphs, 727,000 fr. 4. Native troops, 326,000 fr. 5. Public works, 1,070,000 fr. 6. Sundries, 75,000 fr. The Governor had issued an ordinance, dated the 20th of January, 1864, fixing the military contingents to be furnished by the different tribes for the Annamite year Giap-ty, which commences on the 8th of February, 1864. This decision modifies the Annamite system of recruitment in a manner advantageous to the State and to the communes. The number of men to be raised is 2500.’

Notwithstanding this sanguine budget, and the glowing accounts which appear from time to time in the French newspapers, there are residents in the colony, Frenchmen, who consider that the settlement is still weak and troubled in its infancy, and that its future is gloomy. Tu-Duk and his warlike mandarins having successfully crushed the rebellion in Tonquin, are prepared to resume hostilities against their foreign foes on the first fitting occasion. It is alleged also that the ratification of the treaty never received the king’s autograph, but that by some piece of Asiatic falsehood and cunning the signature of the chief negotiating plenipotentiary was substituted instead. Be that as it may, this mandarin and his colleagues were afterwards disgraced; and, to escape punishment, they proposed that an embassy should be sent to France and Spain in order to rescind the treaty, and offer an indemnity of forty million dollars if the French would evacuate the country. The futile result of that mission to the courts of Paris and Madrid is a matter of very recent history.

A new Franco-Annamese treaty was signed on the 15th July, 1864, in which clauses of the following purport appear :—The indemnity paid, to be only twenty million dollars, but the French to hold a protectorate over the six provinces they have conquered; and while ostensibly handing them over to native rule, they claim the cession of Saigon and its river approaches. Also the opening of three other ports on the coast of Cochin-China,

China, with a concession of land at each; where French merchants shall be at liberty to travel and trade, and consular agents be allowed to reside at them, as well as at Huê, the capital. These terms have been granted most unwillingly by Tu-Duk; and should his soldiers be allowed to enter the territory so recently the scene of sanguinary conflicts, we may look for fresh complications, and probably a renewal of hostilities.\*

One great hindrance to the prosperity of the colony is the jealousy and dissension that exists among the French themselves, chiefly in consequence of the system of naval administration. Of all classes of men who could be appointed to conduct the land operations and financial government of a new settlement like Saigon, navy officers are least qualified. Hence the errors committed by the expeditionary forces at the outset; the subsequent mismanagement of the native population, and the undue preference of naval officers in filling important posts. The military men who have been sent out to co-operate with the navy find that their services are kept entirely in the background, while those of their *confrères* are prominently put forward for promotion and reward. The missionaries also expected that after the conquest they should receive aid in land, and money to extend their missions and to build churches. It is true that they have a cathedral at Saigon—the finest structure in the place; that they have boys' and girls' schools—the latter under the zealous tuition of the Sisters of Charity—and they have some old mandarin houses granted to them for these purposes. But with the exception of the latter, their churches and mission houses have been erected and maintained almost solely out of their own funds, principally collected from the natives; while their *prestige* in the country has diminished since the conquest, and their labours have been rendered less successful on account of the immoralities committed by their countrymen. These matters are well known in the colony, but for obvious reasons are not published in the press of the mother country. The censorship alone has prevented the French public from learning many of the facts which we have stated, not flattering to the commanders of the expeditions and their administration of affairs.

Without further comment, we leave it to others to speculate as to the future success of this embryo colony.† In this article

\* It is not specified in the treaty whether Spain is to profit by its conditions or not.

† The European population of French Cochin-China, exclusive of the military and naval element, amounts to 591; being composed of 192 persons in the employment of government, 26 missionaries, 31 Sisters of *St. Paul de Chartres*, and 342 representing the industrial and commercial population. The number of males is exactly 500, and that of females 91.

we have simply touched upon the salient points of its history, which would take volumes to describe in detail. Still there is sufficient for the reader to know by a retrospective glance why and how the French invaded and conquered Lower Cochinchina, and what are their designs in Cambodia.

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ART. II.—1. *Observations on Odd-Fellow and Friendly Societies.* By F. G. P. Neison. London, 1846.

2. *The History, present Position, and Social Importance of Friendly Societies.* By Charles Hardwick. London, 1859.

3. *Observations on the Rate of Mortality and Sickness existing amongst Friendly Societies; calculated from the experience of the members comprising the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity.* By Henry Ratcliffe, Corresponding Secretary. Colchester, 1862.

4. *Insolvent Sick and Burial Clubs; the Causes and the Cure.* By Charles Hardwick. Manchester, 1863.

5. *The Right and Wrong of Benefit Societies.* By F. A. New. London, 1863.

6. *Quarterly Journal of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.* Manchester, 1864.

7. *Directory of the Ancient Order of Foresters' Friendly Society, and Almanack.* Halifax, 1864.

8. *Reports of the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England.* 1855-64.

THE cultivation of the habit of prudent self-reliance amongst the great body of the people is justly regarded as one of the principal needs of our time. Every individual, however humble his social position may be, is the better for knowing and feeling that his happiness necessarily depends in a great measure upon his own industry, economy, and providence. Any attempt to elevate a people mainly by charity must always fail, chiefly because it tends to sap the foundations of self-respect, if it do not break down the very outworks of virtue itself. There is indeed reason to fear that some forms of benevolence, however well-meant, tend to create the very evils they are designed to cure, and to encourage the poorer classes in the habit of dependence upon the charity of others, to the neglect of those far healthier means of social well-being which lie within their own power.

It is because the benefit societies of the working classes are calculated to cherish the habit of genuine self-reliance and self-respect, that we consider them eminently worthy of public encouragement.

encouragement. Viewed in this light they are entitled to be regarded as among the most important economic institutions of our time. They exercise an amount of social influence which it would be difficult to over-estimate. It is certainly a striking fact that some three millions of working men, representing an aggregate of about ten millions of the population of these islands, should have spontaneously organised themselves into voluntary associations for the purpose of mutual support in time of sickness and distress. Any political organisation, embracing but a tithe of the number, would probably have excited more public attention than this has done, although the moral and social influences which the benefit societies exercise are of vastly greater importance.

These associations appear to us to afford highly favourable indications of the soundness of character of the common people of England. They are the outgrowth in a great measure of the English love of self-government and social independence; in illustration of which remark it may be stated, that whereas in France only one person in seventy-six is found belonging to a benefit society, and in Belgium one in sixty-four, the proportion in England is found to be one in nine.\* The English societies are said to possess aggregate reserves of capital amounting to nearly twenty millions sterling, and they distribute relief amongst their members, provided by voluntary contributions out of their weekly earnings, to the amount of above two millions yearly.

It is true that these benefit societies have numerous defects. There are faults in the details of their organisation and management, whilst many of them are financially unsound. Like other institutions in their early stages, they have been tentative and in a great measure empirical, more especially as regards their rates of contribution and allowances of sick relief. The rates have in many instances been fixed too low in proportion to the benefits allowed, and hence the box has so often been declared to be closed. But life assurance societies themselves had to undergo the same discipline of occasional failure, and the operation of 'winding up' has been by no means unknown even to these respectable organisations. Indeed, it appears from Parliamentary returns that between 1844 and 1859 no fewer than 219 life offices were 'wound up,' or other-

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\* It is well known that almost every village and hamlet in England and Wales has its friendly society, while the towns and cities have them by hundreds. . . . There is no doubt that there are more friendly societies for mutual relief in sickness, &c., in England and Wales than in the whole of the rest of Europe or elsewhere.—*Registrar's Report*, 1857.

wise ceased to exist, and in not a few cases the expenses of management were found to have swallowed up the entire income. In their failures, therefore, the conductors of benefit societies have not stood alone. To quote the words of the Registrar in a recent Report: 'Though the information thus far obtained is not very encouraging as to the general system of management, on the whole, perhaps, the results of the investments of the poor thus shown are not worse than those which noblemen, members of Parliament, merchants, professed financiers, and speculators have contrived to attain in their management of railways, joint-stock banks, and enterprises of all kinds.'

The truth is, the science of vital statistics is of comparatively modern date, and it need not be matter of surprise if working men, in constituting their benefit societies, have made mistakes alike in their rates, benefits, and system of management. It is also right to bear in mind that many of the existing friendly societies were in operation long before the subject of mutual assurance had attracted the special attention of scientific men, and led to that large accumulation of experience as to the expectancy of life and the probabilities of sickness which forms the basis of the tables of the best offices.

The workmen's societies originated for the most part in a common want, felt by persons of small means unable to accumulate any considerable store of savings to provide against destitution in the event of disablement by disease or accident. At the beginning of life, persons earning their bread by daily labour are able to save money with difficulty. Unavoidable expenses absorb their limited means and press heavily on their income. When unable to work, any little store they may have accumulated is soon spent, and if they have a family to maintain, there is then no choice before them but destitution, begging, or recourse to the poor-rates. In their desire to avoid either of these alternatives, they have contrived the expedient of the benefit society. By combining and putting a large number of small contributions together, they have found it practicable thus to provide a fund sufficiently large to meet their ordinary requirements during sickness. Without any scientific help whatever, and for a long time comparatively unnoticed by the wealthier classes, the labouring people entered into arrangements of this sort for mutual help, groping their way rather than seeing it clearly before them, and trying honestly to provide for the contingencies of the present rather than to anticipate the wants of the future. In this way most of these societies were originally started, and that they have proved on the whole satisfactory in their results is, we think, obvious from their rapid extension in im-

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proved forms, more particularly of late years, in all parts of the kingdom.

The Benefit Society may be regarded as an association of persons of the humbler classes for the purpose mainly of preserving each other from destitution during sickness. By its means the families of such workmen as do not enjoy an average degree of health are made sharers in the better fortune of those who do. The inequalities of life and health are thus in some measure compensated, while the social independence of the sufferers is preserved until they are restored to their usual healthy working condition. The means by which this is accomplished are very simple. Each member contributes to a common fund at the rate of so much a week, and out of this fund the stipulated allowance is paid. Most benefit societies have also a Widows' and Orphans' Fund, raised in like manner, out of which a sum is paid to the survivors of members at their death. It will be obvious that such organizations, however faulty they may be in detail, cannot fail to exercise a most beneficial influence upon society at large. The fact that one of such associations, the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, distributes in sick relief and payments of sums at death about 300,000*l.* a-year, exhibits the large amount of distress which they alleviate, and illustrates in a striking light their beneficial action on the class for whom and by whom they have been established. By their means working men are enabled to secure the results of economy at a comparatively small cost. For, mutual assurance is economy in its most economical form; and, as exhibited in Benefit, Friendly, and Mutual Assurance Societies generally, it presents merely another illustration of that power of co-operation which is working out such extraordinary results in all departments of society, and is in fact but another name for Civilization.

The early history of benefit societies is somewhat obscure. Attempts have been made to invest them with a halo of antiquity, but to little purpose. Working men are, however, to be excused for sharing in that regard for things ancient and venerable which characterizes men in every class of society, not excepting the highest. But the claim put forward by some writers in behalf of the Loyal Ancient Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of having been founded A.D. 55, in the reign of the Emperor Nero, will not bear investigation. Nor can we give any credit to the historical claims of that still more ancient order, 'The Antediluvians.' It is, nevertheless, a curious fact that so large a proportion of what are called the Secret Orders denominate themselves 'Ancient.' Thus, there are The Ancient Order

Order of Foresters, The Ancient Druids, The Ancient Mariners, The Ancient Britons, The Ancient Fraternity of Gardeners, The Loyal Ancient Shepherds, and even an Ancient Order of Buffaloes. Besides these, are The Order of the Ark, The Rechabites and Templars of Nazareth (Teetotallers), The Order of the Golden Fleece, The Order of the Peaceful Dove, The Knights Templars, The Knights of Malta, and many more societies of the same sort, equally venerable—at least in name. It is difficult to believe, on looking over these high-sounding titles, that the simple object of the Order is to distribute sick relief amongst the members, and payments to widows and orphans at their death. Yet that is all. Even that apparently terrible body, The Ancient Order of Buffaloes, is merely an organization of working men to provide a common fund by fortnightly payments of 8½d., out of which 10s. a week is allowed to the contributors during sickness.

Although by far the greater number of the benefit societies now in existence are of comparatively recent origin, there is reason to believe that associations of a similar kind were in existence in England at an early period. The Gilds had their origin in an ancient Saxon law, and were so called from the word *Gilden*, or *Gelden* (to pay), because each Gild brother was required to contribute towards the funds of the society, which were partly employed in the relief of necessitous members. Many of them were of a religious character, and on stated festival days masses were said and psalms were sung for the benefit of the brethren, dead and living. Hickes, in his '*Thesaurus*,' gives some curious translations of old Saxon Gild deeds, exhibiting their nature and objects. Thus, in the case of a Cambridge Gild, all the members were required to swear by the holy reliques. Other Gilds were established by merchants and tradesmen for purposes of mutual assistance and protection. These were regarded with much favour by the early English monarchs, who granted them many privileges; and there were few towns of importance which were not provided with a hall for the meetings of the Gilds. They afterwards became merged in the corporations of the chartered boroughs, and elected members to serve them in Parliament; being the first depositaries of political power in towns.

The rules of some of these ancient fraternities have been preserved, from which it appears that they were a sort of mutual assurance societies as well as trades protection societies. Dugdale quotes the ordinances of the St. Catherine's Gild at Coventry (founded in the reign of Edward III.) as 'manifesting the decent government, ceremony, devotion, charity, and amity of his time.' The Gild supported all sick and infirm brethren

according to their condition. Poor brethren were buried at the expense of the Gild. If a member suffered from fire, water, robbery, or other calamity, the Gild came to his help, and lent him money without interest. All the ancient Gilds seem to have indulged in feasting and conviviality; and it was no uncommon practice for brethren who loved good cheer to leave a sum of money behind them for the purpose of providing an annual dinner to the Gild.\* Although many of these ancient associations still survive, they are the mere shadows of what they were. Excepting in the City of London, the Corporations have been 'reformed' out of existence; their trade privileges have been abolished; and the principal function of the metropolitan Gilds now consists in distributing doles, occasionally relieving necessitous brethren, and eating the good dinners bequeathed to them by their predecessors.

Although the principles of mutual assurance were to a certain extent recognised by the Gilds, their application was of an extremely limited character. It will be observed, too, that they were mainly instituted for the benefit of the employing class, and not of the employed; they were societies of masters, not of workmen. When these last fell sick or became disabled, they usually had recourse to begging or the workhouse. For a long time the poorer classes were encouraged to look to the overseers for help in every emergency; and so long as relief was readily granted, as it often was to the idle and the dissolute, the inducements to self-denial and thrift on the part of the more industrious were but few. From an early period, however, there were large numbers of foreign workmen settled in this country who had no such claims upon the poor-rates; and it was amongst them that we find the first Workmen's Benefit Societies established in their present forms. This was the case with the French Protestants, who took refuge in England in large numbers on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685.

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\* Many of the Gilds became rich, and acquired extensive possessions in houses and land, of which Henry VIII. deprived them to a considerable extent in 1545 (Act Henry VIII., viii., chap. 4). They were not quite extinguished, however, by this confiscation, but continued to hold their meetings for purposes of conviviality and mutual assistance. Bloomfield, in his '*History of Norfolk*,' mentions several which survived. One of such Gilds, in a Norfolk village, whose lands were seized, retained their Gildhall until 1650, when the effects were sold. They included 30 lbs. of pewter vessels; 92 lbs. of lead; four spits, weighing 169 lbs.; a metal pot, weighing 44 lbs.; two pots of brass, weighing 89 lbs.; and a brass pan, weighing 9 lbs.—clear proofs of the jolly proceedings of the Gilds. Some of the little parochial Gilds were so poor as not to have a room of their own; but most of them, in towns and even villages, had their Gildhall. Remains of these, says Eden in his '*State of the Poor*,' may yet be found in some of our most insignificant villages, amply provided with culinary utensils for purposes of local feasts.

A considerable proportion of them settled in London, where they formed themselves into congregations and set up various branches of industry; those in Spitalfields for the most part carrying on the trade of silk-weaving. When they first came over, public collections were made for their relief in all the churches, and sums were voted by the Government to preserve the immigrants from destitution. But when they had settled down to their various trades, and were able for the most part to maintain themselves, they proceeded to form societies for mutual relief in sickness and distress. Hence the early friendly societies which existed in such large numbers in Spitalfields, Canterbury, and Norwich. One of these societies, entitled the 'Norman Society,' of Bethnal Green, only ceased to exist in 1863, after a life of upwards of a hundred and fifty years. Down to the year 1800 the whole of this society's accounts were kept in French; the members being the descendants of French Protestants, mostly bearing French names; but at length the foreign element became so mixed with the English that it almost ceased to be recognisable, and the society may be said to have died out with the absorption of the distinctive class for whose benefit it was originally instituted.

Such were the oldest friendly societies belonging to the working-classes of which traces are to be found in England; but in Scotland, records are preserved of two very ancient societies which still flourish in the little town of Boroughstouness. One of these was instituted as long ago as the year 1634, and another in 1659; though their rules are supposed to have been founded upon the model of those of similar associations even earlier in existence. But by far the greater number of the societies are of much more recent date. Towards the end of last century Government took the first step towards recognizing them; and an Act was passed in 1793, commonly known as Mr. George Rose's Act, enabling them to invest their funds in Government securities. Sir Francis Eden, in his 'State of the Poor,' mentions that at the date of his work (1797) friendly societies had extended to most parts of Great Britain. He expresses his regret at being unable, notwithstanding the labour and pains he bestowed on the inquiry, to give the numbers either of the societies then existing, or of their members. He says concerning them that 'they do not owe their origin to Parliamentary interference, nor to private benevolence, nor even to the recommendations of acknowledged ability,' but that they originated with the persons intended to be benefited by them,—a statement equally applicable to the like associations of the present day.

The principal societies, then as now, were found established in the

the northern parts of the kingdom. Carlisle had 6 societies, with 845 male and 135 female members; Sunderland had 24, with 1440 members; Newcastle had 26, with nearly 3000 members; Lancaster 18, with some 2000 members; Liverpool 12, with about 1200 members; Hull 51, with between 4000 and 5000 members; Sheffield had 52 societies, which in 1787 paid 3670*l.* to sick members; and Durham, North and South Shields, Preston, Workington, Chesterfield, Leicester, Norwich, and other populous towns, were each provided with a number of societies of like nature. Some of them were of a very loyal character: thus, at Kirby Lonsdale, none were admitted who 'attempted the subversion of our happy constitution in Church and State.' These early clubs usually combined conviviality with business. The rules of the Carlisle Female Societies show that their framers held very decided views as to the loquacity of the sex; for they imposed fines upon all such as 'disclosed the secrets of the society, upbraided one another, or refused to be silent;' while at the same time the landlady of the house at which the meetings were held was bound 'to find good ale, under a penalty of 2*s.* 6*d.*'

Most of the societies had, as indeed they still have, their annual feast, walking in procession to and from church before dinner. The rude character of their entertainments is indicated by the rules of an old society at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire: they were forty-six in number, of which sixteen related to eating and drinking. The members were required to attend each other's funerals under a penalty, and on such occasions the quantity of drink allowed to each was specified in the rules. The annual feast was held on Whit-Monday, when the brethren breakfasted, walked in procession, and afterwards dined together, each paying 1*s.* 6*d.* to defray the expenses. The rules enjoined good order in the procession to and from church, and becoming conduct during Divine service. One of them runs thus:—'No member on the feast day shall provoke another by calling him nicknames, or by guiling at him, or casting meat or bones at another, or about the room; neither shall any member feed another by way of fun, and wasting the victuals to the shame of the company. Any such things being done, those that do them shall forfeit 1*s.*, or be excluded.'

Many of the old friendly societies of this class are still in existence; and that they continue to devote attention to eating and drinking is evident from the annual Reports of Mr. Tidd Pratt, who sets forth the complaints of numerous illiterate correspondents on the subject at considerable length. The older clubs evidently relied in a great measure upon the social element

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for their success, regarding the annual feast and procession as their grand advertisement of the year. They enjoyed each other's 'company' at the fortnightly or monthly meeting at the public-house, while the procession enabled them publicly to exhibit their strength in members. Had they trusted solely to the sense of duty—the duty of insuring against sickness—and merely required the members to pay their weekly contributions to a collector, the probability is that very few societies of the kind would have remained in existence.

It so happens that the world is not to be conducted on super-fine or teetotal principles. To most men, and especially to the men we are speaking of, it is a rough, working world, conducted on common principles, such as will wear. To some it may seem vulgar to associate beer, tobacco, or annual feasting with the pure and simple duty of effecting an insurance against disablement by sickness; but the world we live in is vulgar, and we must take it as we find it, and try to make the best of it. It must be admitted that the tendencies to pure good in man are very weak, and need much helping. But the expedient, vulgar though it be, of attracting him through his appetite to perform a duty to himself and neighbours, is by no means confined to societies of working men. There is scarcely a London charity or institution but has its annual dinner for the purpose of attracting subscribers. Are we to condemn the eighteenpenny annual dinner of the poor man, but excuse the guinea one of the rich?

It is, however, alleged that these workmen's societies are condemned by the fact of their being held in public-houses. But if we look at the question from the working man's point of view, we shall probably be somewhat more lenient in our judgment. In certain cases it is no doubt possible to secure a village school-room for the purpose of a society's meetings; but for the most part there is practically no choice between the society that meets at a public-house and none at all. The public-house is everybody's house; the school-room can only be got by favour, and, it may be, subject to conditions of a very stringent character. The public-house is warm, comfortable, and well-lighted, whereas the school-room is probably the reverse; and it need not, therefore, be matter of surprise that public-house meetings carry the day. In saying thus much, we by no means advocate the holding of friendly society meetings in public-houses, but are merely stating a fact which carries with it its own explanation.

The annual festival of the village clubs led in many cases to speech-making, and hence the invitation of men of education and local influence, who sanctioned the proceedings by their presence. The squire and the clergyman were announced as patrons; they

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made speeches, gave donations to the funds, and, what was still better, advice and encouragement; sometimes even taking a practical share in the management. If the funds ran short, as they were apt to do in seasons of excessive sickness, they helped to keep the society alive. They saw that it was better that the helpless sick should be maintained out of the means contributed by their own class, and be encouraged to cherish the honest pride of self-dependence, than be driven as a last resource to the poor-house. And it must be acknowledged that the funds of most of the clubs were very weak, and stood much in need of help. For the most part, they were enabled to continue their operations for the relief of sickness with considerable difficulty; and many of them, as they grew old, became broken up altogether.

It was of course natural that the members, being persons of very limited means, should endeavour to secure the objects of their organisation at the least possible cost. Men of every class like low rates of assurance; and in the case of the workmen's societies, the principal object was merely to levy from each member what would be sufficient to meet the claims upon the funds from year to year. They were not proprietary societies; they neither aimed at making profits nor at paying dividends; but were purely mutual associations. The societies, therefore, fixed their rates as low as possible; and as the results proved, they in most cases fixed them *too* low. So long as the societies consisted, for the most part, of young, healthy men, and the average amount of sickness remained low, the payments made seemed ample; the funds accumulated, and many flattered themselves that they were in a prosperous state, when in fact they contained the sure elements of decay. For, as the members grew older, their average liability to sickness was regularly increasing. The effects of increased age upon the solvency of benefit clubs soon becoming known, the young men avoided the old societies, and preferred setting up organisations of their own. The consequence was, that the old men began to draw upon their reserves at the same time that the regular contributions fell off; and when, as was frequently the case, a few constantly ailing members kept pressing upon the society, the funds at length became exhausted, and 'the box' was declared to be closed.

In the case of the Lewisham Friendly Society, dissolved in December last, five of the members were found to have received more than 650*l.* in the course of twenty-four years. This society was established in 1798; several of the contributors had been forty and fifty years in the club; but 'it had been gradually declining and becoming more difficult to be carried on, in consequence of the numerous claims on its funds and the great decrease in its

members,

members, and especially from most of the young members having left.\* The St. Edmund's Society of Brotherly Love, which was also dissolved last year, reported that for eight years they had not been joined by a new member; and that their society having made no provision for superannuated men, they were consequently unable to support the increasing claims upon their funds.† In fact this society, like many others of the same class, not only attempted to maintain the members generally during sickness, but to pay the old and infirm members superannuation allowances, which were found to absorb more money even than the sick pay. But so long as the money lasted, the members found it hard to turn their backs upon their aged and infirm brethren; and hence the exhaustion of the funds in so many cases by the virtual payment of pensions to the superannuated, for which their means were altogether inadequate. As regarded, however, the action of these extinct societies, it had been entirely beneficial. During their fifty or sixty years' existence they had relieved much distress; kept many men off the parish; and cherished a healthy spirit of independence among the members. Even the old men who outlived such societies do not seem to us to have had much reason to complain, for they had been secured in sick pay during the whole of their working life; and if they did not continue to receive superannuation allowances when they were no longer able to work, the sufficient answer is that it formed no part of the contract amongst the members that such allowances should be paid. In such cases the real injustice is done to the younger members, who, after paying their contributions for years, find, when sickness falls upon them, that the box is closed and the funds exhausted by expenditure for superannuation and other allowances, which were not contemplated by the societies nor provided for in the rules laid down for their guidance.

The Registrar of Friendly Societies, in his Report for 1859, states that since the passing of the first Friendly Society Act in 1793, to the end of 1858, the number of societies enrolled and certified had been 28,550, of which number 6850 had ceased to exist. The causes of failure in most cases were reported to be, inadequacy of the rates of contribution, the granting of pensions as well as sick pay, and no increase of young members.‡ There

\* Report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England, 1863, p. 7.

† Ibid.

‡ In his last Report, however, the Registrar observes:—'Even the increasing number of notices of dissolution is not to be looked upon as an unhealthy state of affairs. On the contrary, the dissolution of a society is frequently effected with a view of remodelling and starting afresh under better regulations, and with rates of premium such as increased knowledge has shown to be necessary for the risks which they have to incur.'—Registrar's Report, 18th July, 1864.

is no doubt, however, that many of the societies were dissolved because the members could not resist the temptation of dividing their funds. In some of the cases of dissolution reported by the Registrar, we find as much as from 50*l.* to 120*l.* apportioned to each member. It is a well-known fact that when Odd Fellows' Societies were established in Scotland some years since, the funds rapidly accumulated; and in many cases, the societies passed resolutions to divide and begin again, which they did. The money had been contributed by themselves, it is true, and was their own to divide; but the practice showed an utter disregard of all sound principles of mutual assurance. The members were satisfied to regard the Benefit Society in the light of a savings' bank, drawing their deposits after a period, and assuring themselves a provision during sickness in the mean time. Indeed, a very large number of the societies in existence, both in England and Scotland, are merely from year to year. Each member pays his contribution at the rate of so much a week; and whatever remains over at the end of the year after paying sick allowance is divided, and the society begins afresh. This is also a common practice with workmen accustomed to move about from place to place, such as navvies working on railways. The arrangement is of a merely temporary character, but it at least serves the purpose of insuring the members in sick-relief during the year that the contract lasts. We are, however, gratified to learn from the last Report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies in Scotland, that 'as the working classes are becoming better informed, and as better means and opportunities are given them of becoming acquainted with the comparative advantages of Annual and of Permanent Friendly Societies, their preference is more and more largely given to the latter,' and in proof of this he states that very few societies were dissolved during the preceding year.\*

A powerful impulse has been given to the Friendly Society movement during the last thirty years by the establishment of what are known as the Secret Orders. Whatever objections may be taken to these organisations in detail, they unquestionably indicate a healthy spirit of independence amongst the working people. Although some of them have assumed the oddest possible names, their objects are almost uniformly the same,—to maintain each other during sickness, to pay sums of money to the widows and orphans of members at death, and in most of the larger societies to grant travelling relief to members while going from place to place in search of work. One of the

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\* Report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies in Scotland for 1863.

advantages which they possess over the smaller societies consists in this—that when a member changes his residence, he is enabled to transfer his subscriptions to another branch, and to secure the same benefits without loss or delay in the transfer. Nearly the whole of the members are working men; the best, the soberest, and the most provident because the most thoughtful of their class. These societies illustrate in a very striking manner the ‘power of littles.’ The income of one of the largest organisations—the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows—is about 350,000*l.* a year, of which, as before stated, some 300,000*l.* is annually expended amongst the members, chiefly in sick relief,—this vast fund being raised by voluntary contributions at the rate of about 5*d.* a week. This society is, without exception, the most extensive self-governed provident institution in the world.

The Manchester Unity was established at Manchester in 1812. Odd Fellows’ clubs existed before that time in London, but they were no better than ‘free and easies,’ or drinking clubs. A marble mason, named Bolton, who had worked for some time in town, settled in Manchester in 1809, and there started a similar club. The numbers frequenting it increased, and when some of the members fell sick, the others subscribed towards a common fund for their support. The arrangement was found to be mutually beneficial, and after a few years, in 1812, the more intelligent members withdrew from the ‘free and easy’ and started another order, which they entitled ‘The Independent Order, Manchester Unity.’ They drew up rules, established a box, fixed rates of contribution, and organised themselves, in a rude way no doubt, as a mutual assurance society. The science of vital statistics was entirely unknown to them. There were but few data then in existence on which sound tables could be framed, and in their absence the members naturally fixed the weekly contributions at the lowest point. Their financial affairs were adjusted in a hap-hazard sort of way, but the spirit in which they acted was right. They dreaded that misery of working men—pauperism; and they clubbed their means in this simple manner to avoid it. The organisation so far answered its purpose, and recommended itself for imitation. Other societies of a similar character sprang into existence, a spirit of propagandism was excited, and Odd Fellows’ societies were soon found established and spreading in most of the manufacturing towns of the North; but they excited no interest beyond the order of working men, for the members took no part in politics or public affairs, and were only seen or heard of on the occasion of a brother’s funeral, when they followed him in procession to his grave. Their increase must, however, have been rapid, for in 1852 we find the  
Manchester

Manchester Unity alone—notwithstanding the numerous ‘splits’ from the original body and the starting of other orders of Odd Fellows—numbered no fewer than 224,441 members! At the present time the Unity contains 358,556 members, distributed in 3555 lodges (grouped into 440 districts), established in nearly every part of the British dominions. The annual contributions of the society, as we have already stated, are above 350,000*l.*, and their reserved capital is estimated to amount to nearly two millions sterling.

This great society is entirely self-governed, and we believe it is on the whole well-governed. The several lodges of which the order is composed make their own rules, and fix their own rates and benefits. The weekly contributions vary from 4*d.* to 6*d.*; the usual benefits to members being 10*s.* a week, with medicine and medical attendance during sickness, 10*l.* on the death of a member, and from 5*l.* to 7*l.* on the death of a member's wife. These are the customary allowances out of the regular fund; but special contributions are also made for benevolent purposes, such as the relief of members travelling in search of employment, the relief of widows and orphans of deceased members, as well as for purposes of general charity. Thus the Manchester Unity raised among their members in 1847, 1984*l.* for relief of the Irish distress; in 1855, 2582*l.* towards the Patriotic Fund; and in 1863–4, above 5000*l.* in aid of the Lancashire Distress Fund.

The usual weekly or fortnightly subscriptions are paid by the members into their respective lodges, each of which possesses full power over its own funds, subject, however, to the bye-laws of the district of which it forms part, and to the general laws of the Unity. The members of each lodge attend to and pay their own sick out of their own funds; but the mortality risk is spread over the district. Should any lodge, ‘in strict compliance,’ be unable to meet the legitimate claims of a member, the district is bound to provide for him; and in the case of the failure of the district, the responsibility falls on the entire Unity. Each lodge has its own office-bearers, elected by the members to manage their affairs, and each district has its committee of deputies from the several lodges, who sit quarterly to conduct the business connected with insurance at death. The district committees are presided over by three officers elected annually—a Provincial Grand Master, a Deputy Provincial Grand Master, and a Provincial Corresponding Secretary. Lastly, there is the Annual Moveable Committee, constituted of deputies elected by the various districts composing the Unity, according to the number of members. The deputies meet annually and elect the executive committee of the entire order, consisting of a Grand Master, a Deputy Grand Master, a Corresponding

sponding Secretary, and nine Directors. The Annual Moveable Committee, by a law of the Unity, cannot be held in the same place in two consecutive years; but the central executive body holds its sittings at Manchester, at the offices of the society. This body is the highest court of appeal in cases of dispute, and its decisions are final, in accordance with a clause in the Act of Parliament under which the general laws are registered.

We have been thus particular in stating the objects and organisation of the Manchester Unity, as the description applies, with but few modifications, to most of the benefit societies of the same class. The Ancient Order of Foresters ranks next in importance to the Unity, and exhibits a very powerful organisation. According to their Directory of the present year, this body contains 250,703 members, belonging to 3053 courts or lodges, organised in 209 districts. As the Manchester Unity are strongest in South Lancashire, where they have some 60,000 members, so the Foresters are strongest in Middlesex, where they have 46,623 members, and in Yorkshire, where they have 31,985; though they are also strong in Lancashire, where they number 26,770. The present organisation of the order dates from 1836, since which time their growth has been very rapid. During the last twenty years they have increased fourfold. As many as 22,677 members were added in 1863. The society also prospers in the South Australian colonies. The means and objects are the same as those of the society already described. Each court makes its own financial regulations and has control over its own funds; and in the event of the failure of any branch, the members who remain loyal are protected by the whole body. The entry money payable by members, according to the ages at which they join the society, is fixed by the general laws, and ranges from 5*s.* payable for entry between 18 and 25, to 12*s.* 6*d.* payable for entry between 35 and 40, after which age members are not admissible; but the rates of weekly contribution are various in different lodges, being uniform in some, and in others lower or higher, according to the age at which the members join. The benefits range from 6*s.* to 14*s.* a week during sickness, and from 6*l.* to 12*l.* for funeral money. The general laws of the order make careful provision for investigation of the funds, and for security against the intrusions of officers. So far as can be ascertained, men of good character only are admitted, and members convicted of larceny, felony, or embezzlement, are expelled.\*

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\* A curious case of expulsion lately came before one of the London Magistrates. A Forester attempted to put an end to his life by cutting his throat, but survived the attempt. The Court to which he belonged gravely pronounced him guilty of 'larceny,' and expelled him! The member applied to the Magistrate, who ruled that an attempt at suicide was not larceny, and ordered his readmission.

An important feature of the Foresters' Society, in common with the Odd Fellows' Society, is the relief afforded by them to members travelling in search of employment. A clearance and licence to travel is issued, together with a number of cheques of the value of 1s. each. These are presented to the relieving officer of the Order in the towns through which the travelling members pass while in search of work, and they are cashed at the rate of one a day for a period of six weeks, or so long as the applicants remain unemployed. So soon as the member finds work, and is again in receipt of wages, his travelling licence must be given up to the court of the district, together with such cheques as remain uncashed. The other objects of the society are of a similar character to those of the Manchester Unity; as well as their organization and government, which are representative and popular. The principal officers of the executive body are—the High Chief Ranger, the High Sub-Chief Ranger, the Treasurer of the High Court, the Secretary of the High Court, and a Senior and Junior Woodward. The High Court of the body consists of deputies from all the districts, and meets annually in some important town for the transaction of business.

The secret orders next to these in point of numbers, are the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, with 56,603 members; the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, 40,000; the Order of Ancient Druids, 38,913; the National Independent Order of Odd Fellows, 32,000; the United Order of Free Gardeners, 18,577. These societies print and publish among their members accounts of their income and expenditure, as well as the transactions of their governing bodies. Some of the Orders maintain periodicals of a highly creditable character, the profits of which go to the general fund. We have always found the office bearers of the societies we have mentioned ready to supply information when requested of them relative to their condition and management. This cannot, however, be said of a number of other benefit societies so-called, of a lower order and looser organization. Thus, the Ancient Independent Order of Odd Fellows, principally belonging to London, claim to number about half a million of members; but it appears from their laws that a certain proportion of them—it may be the largest—are merely 'harmonic' members, paying 3s. entry money, and 1d. for attending each meeting of the lodge, their only benefit consisting in the enjoyment of the 'harmony.' Only the 'financial' members pay for sick allowance and funeral money at death. These lodges still partake of the 'free-and-easy' character of the original Odd  
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Fellows, from which the Manchester Unity and most of the Northern bodies have in a great measure departed.

There are numerous other well-conducted societies of Odd Fellows, such as the London Unity, the Nottingham Order, the Leeds, the Wolverhampton, the Leicester, the Bolton, the Ancient Noble, the Economical, the Imperial, and the Grand City Order, all with like objects, varying in their rates, though mostly undertaking to pay 10*s.* a week in sickness, and 10*l.* at the deaths of members, for a weekly contribution of 4*d.* or 5*d.* The strongest of these is the London Unity, which numbers about 15,000 members. There are various other lodges in London, concerning which it is next to impossible to obtain any accurate information. Thus, there are the 'Old Friends,' 'The Improved Old Friends,' the 'Loyal United Friends,' the 'Independent Comical Fellows,' and many more. The Loyal United Friends, according to their official calendar for the present year, have enrolled 36,207 members since 1820; but no information is given as to the number of these at present on the books of the society. Some of the lodges have 'Friend-in-Need' and 'Widow's Pension' funds, raised by 'leads' or collections, out of which necessitous 'friends' are relieved, 5*l.* being allowed when any member is 'burnt out.'

Besides the above and many other orders, too numerous to mention in detail, a class of benefit societies has sprung up of late years to meet the wants of the teetotal section of the working class, who constitute a small but highly respectable section of the community. One of the principal bodies of this kind is the Independent Order of Rechabites, about 6300 in number, associated in 157 lodges or 'tents.' We believe that the financial arrangements of this order are carefully made, and that their business is conducted with judgment and ability. The members pay upon a graduated scale of entry money according to age; 4*d.* a week to the sick fund; 5*d.* a quarter to the funeral fund; and 2*d.* a month for expenses of management. The benefits are 10*s.* a week in sickness for 13 weeks, after which the pay is reduced by degrees down to 2*s.* 6*d.* a week, to prevent too heavy a drain upon the funds. The order has had great difficulties to contend with, principally through the want of convenient places of meeting; lodges held at inns and public-houses being more easily accessible, and in all respects more popular; but it is to be hoped that the general establishment of Workmen's Institutes will in course of time remove this obstacle, and that there will not be one of these useful institutions without a well supported Temperance Benefit Society in connection with it.

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The Sons of the Phoenix, instituted in 1839, are also teetotallers. They are about 4000 strong, but are little more than a burial society, many of the branches making no provision for relief in sickness. The Sons of Temperance is another order imported from America by the Hon. General Neil Dow a few years ago, and we are informed that it is making progress in some of the Northern Counties and in Wales, though its numbers are inconsiderable compared with those of the orders above mentioned.

Of like character, and free from public-house influences, are the numerous benefit societies established in connection with the magnificent Sunday-school system of the North of England. They are managed gratuitously by the teachers; the officers and committees being appointed by the respective churches and congregations to which they are attached. Some of them are extremely well supported, not so much by the scholars as by their parents and relations, and by the working people generally who belong to the connection. The Sunday-school is thus the active teacher of provident habits as well as of religion; the two branches of instruction going hand in hand; the one supplementing the other, and both contributing to educate the Christian citizen. Being for the most part organised by religious bodies, the rules of many of these Sunday-school benefit societies savour of their origin. They require the members to be free from immoral practices, and some specify as a condition of membership attendance on Divine worship. A Manchester Church Society of this sort, whose rules are before us, admits persons as members between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, whose wages must not be less than 15*s.* a week. The entry money is 10*s.*, and the monthly contribution 2*s.*; free medical attendance is given, with 10*s.* 6*d.* a week during sickness for twenty-six weeks, 7*s.* a week for twenty-six weeks more, and 5*s.* a week thereafter; with 10*l.* 10*s.* on the death of a member or a member's wife. Some of these societies are duly registered in conformity with the Law of Friendly Societies, and we find from a late Report of the Registrar that in 1863 thirty-eight of them, all in Lancashire, mostly in connection with Church and Wesleyan Schools, numbered 8997 members, with 14,043*l.* in hand. But by far the greater number are of a comparatively temporary character, the teachers aiming mainly at educating the virtue of thrift, and cultivating in young persons the habit of laying by so much a week in time of health as a fund on which to lean in time of sickness. Hence most of them are accustomed periodically to divide the surplus funds in proportion to the contributions which the members have paid in, the organisation thus serving the double purpose of a sick society and

and a savings bank. Others are merely burial clubs. In one, for instance, we find each member contributing a half-penny a week every Sunday afternoon, in return for which a coffin is provided at the death of a member, and two guineas in addition if deceased has been a member for three months; three guineas after six months; and so on up to seven guineas after three years' membership. This is only life assurance of a very humble sort. Yet the sums divided amongst the members amount to no inconsiderable aggregate. We find that one of the societies, connected with a Wesleyan congregation in Lancashire, has in twenty-seven years paid for 5223 deaths, a total of 25,935*l.*, in sums of from 4*l.* to 10*l.*

The extent to which the burial club system has been carried in some parts of Lancashire is indeed so great, that it is to be feared evil has arisen from it; though we should hope, for the credit of our common nature, that the cases of abuse are of an exceptional character. It is, however, a very remarkable circumstance that one of such clubs, the Blackburn Philanthropic Burial Society, which paid 5782*l.* for 1561 deaths two years since, contains no fewer than 80,000 members, being considerably more than the total population of the borough! It is true, a large number of the members belong to the populous surrounding district, and that the membership embraces children of all ages; but it may be added, in evidence of the extraordinary popularity of these sick and burial societies in Lancashire, that, excluding the out-district contributors to the above burial society, the number of members of friendly societies in Blackburn Proper is considerably in excess of the total population. This apparent anomaly is accounted for by the circumstances that many belong to more than one society; that the mother and all the children are often entered members of the burial society; that some of them also belong to 'Sunday-school clubs,' while the father may contribute to one or more of the 'Lodges.' Thus it sometimes happens that when a workman is sick, the pay he receives from the several sick funds is greater even than the amount of his weekly earnings when in full work. Hence 'malingering,' or shamming sickness, has to be guarded against, and many societies accordingly provide in their rules against persons continuing members whose sick allowances exceed their weekly wages.

Besides these various organisations, there are the trades' clubs, which, though not friendly societies strictly speaking, nevertheless relieve sickness and distress amongst their members to a considerable extent, and therefore deserve a passing notice. The most important of these, and by far the richest, is the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. It contains 25,000 members, and its

its annual income is about 60,000*l.* The contribution is 1*s.* a week. The sick benefit is 10*s.* a week for fourteen weeks, and 6*s.* thereafter. But it will be obvious that the weekly contribution is much more than sufficient for sick pay; indeed assurance in sickness is only a minor object of the association, the principal being maintenance of the members when out of employment or 'on strike,' payment of travelling allowances, and such like. Thus, there has been expended by the Amalgamated Society during the last twelve years as follows:—On donations (mostly in respect of strikes), sending members to situations, &c., 216,962*l.*; sick allowance, &c., 75,150*l.*; superannuation, 14,744*l.*; accidents, &c. [a sum of 100*l.* is paid to members permanently disabled] 7700*l.*; funeral allowances, 22,196*l.*; benevolent grants, 2959*l.*; assistance by loans and grants to other trades, 7028*l.*; or a total expenditure of 346,700*l.* in twelve years. We observe, from the accounts, that the 'donations' to members entered in June, 1852, amounted to 43,559*l.*, that being, as stated in the Report, the time of 'The Employers' Lock-out.'

There are many other trades' societies of a similar character, containing a large number of members in the aggregate, relieving much sickness and distress, though not strictly friendly societies. Among these may be mentioned the Carpenters, the Stonemasons, the Consolidated Bookbinders, the Typographical Society, the Brickmakers, the Bakers, the Operative Slaters and Labourers, the Copperplate Printers, the Coachmen and Grooms, and so on. Indeed there is scarcely a regular branch of trade or occupation but has its benefit society—one of whose leading objects is the allowance of relief money during sickness or disablement by accident. Some of them are within the meaning of the Friendly Societies Act, and are duly enrolled; but others prescribe the hours of labour to be observed by the members, the rates of wages to be accepted by them, the allowances to those travelling in search of employment, and other conditions arising out of the trades to which they respectively belong, of which the Registrar can take no cognizance.

In addition to these trade benefit societies, numerous others exist in connection with extensive engineering works, print works, collieries, mines, and manufactories generally. One of the best societies of the kind is that connected with the 'Times' newspaper, which is liberally supported by the proprietors; another is the society of miners and workmen at Allenheads in Cumberland, the rules of which may be taken as a model by employers desirous of establishing similar institutions. Nearly all the Railway Companies have of late years established benefit societies, which embrace the greater number of the men in their

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employment, who are in the receipt of weekly and monthly wages; those of the South-Western and Great Western Companies being of a singularly complete character, well worthy of imitation. The London and North-Western and other Companies, besides the ordinary benefit societies, have also established superannuation funds, for the support of decayed and aged officers and servants, calculated to effect a large amount of practical good.

It will thus be seen that there is no want of desire on the part of the working classes generally to connect themselves with friendly societies. Indeed their very eagerness to enrol themselves in such societies has exposed them to the attacks of numerous harpies in the guise of philanthropy. Let any movement occur out of which money is to be made, and there is never found any lack of self-seeking persons ready to take advantage of it; and they rush into the field with 'The People's Press,' 'The People's Land Bank,' or 'The People's Friendly Society,' 'Limited' in capital, but unlimited in 'Bunkum.' The Registrar of Friendly Societies thus describes the procedure adopted by these People's Friends:—'Three or four persons,' he says, 'join together and get a code of rules registered. They then advertise, and go about calling themselves agents to the society, to enrol as many members as they can. They collect the pence of the poor, weekly, in large sums, and live on the proceeds. They enrol members without medical examination, and when a member dies, they shelter themselves from payment under a rule which states that any member shall on admission declare himself in good health. That the member was in good health is denied when the man or woman is dead, no matter what evidence may be produced to the contrary; and even if the case be referred to arbitration, there is too much reason to fear that a mockery of justice is the result of appealing to the directors' friends.'\* The object of these officials being to get together a large number of members, and above all to get possession of their weekly pence, every effort is made by canvassing from door to door to induce working people to join them. The canvassers are not only paid wages, but a heavy commission,—some of them as much as 25 per cent. on the amount collected. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in introducing the Government Annuities Bill, specified one of such societies which allowed this rate to its collectors; on which the secretary of the society alluded to gravely repudiated the charge in the morning papers, stating that 'not more than 15 per cent.' was so paid.

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\* Letter published in the daily papers, dated July 9th, 1863.

The daily papers not many months back \* contained the report of a prosecution at Worship Street, of an agent of the Royal Victoria Sick and Assurance Society, from which it appeared that the defendant was paid 7*s.* a week, and 25 per cent. commission on the sums collected, this being stated as the rate allowed by similar societies. Mr. Selfe, the magistrate, in commenting on the case, said 'it was pretty clear that some of these societies were got up principally for the benefit of the officials connected with them, thus sacrificing the small sums of those poor persons who had been induced to pay them for burial and other advantages.' 'No society,' he added, 'could honestly spend 25 per cent. of its subscriptions in salary or commission.' From a correspondence which has appeared relative to the management of the 'Hearts of Oak' Benefit Society, containing about 10,000 members, it would appear that the rules certified in 1842 have been altered in many important respects, and though the printed certificate of Mr. Tidd Pratt is appended to them as published, the rules as altered have not, in point of fact, been certified. One of the members publicly alleged that the accounts were not examined as provided by the rules; that those for 1863 contained an error of 947*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.*; that 5000*l.* of the funds had been expended in 1863 for purposes not contemplated by the society; and that the amount of money paid to the secretary during the year had amounted to not less than 1500*l.*, 'an almost fabulous sum for working men to pay to the secretary of a benefit society.' The secretary replied, stating that the alleged error in the accounts had been 'fully explained to the society's Committee;' he also denied that his salary had ever reached the sum stated, but added, 'am I not to share in the society's prosperity as I shared in its adversity?' With the object of ascertaining the accuracy or otherwise of the statements made with reference to the society's accounts, application was made at the office for a copy of their Reports and accounts, but the answer given was that 'the society neither gave nor sold their Reports to other than members.' This reticence, to say the least of it, of the 'Hearts of Oak' Society, presents a remarkable contrast to the practice of the Odd Fellows and other orders, which, though designated as 'Secret,' are really so only in name, for they print and publish to the world their minutes, proceedings, and accounts; and invite full scrutiny of their financial and other arrangements.

The Perseverance Life, Sick, and Endowment Society is another of the schemes of more than doubtful character which

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\* November 19th, 1863.

have recently been the subject of investigation in our police-courts. The getters-up of this society, having drawn a set of rules, submitted them to Mr. Tidd Pratt, the Registrar, and having obtained his certificate,\* they forthwith proceeded, with the sanction as it were of his name, to levy contributions from 'the people.' Many insurances were effected; but when any claims were made upon the society, the applicants were put off with the pretence that the rules had been evaded by the members on their admission, and that consequently the society were not liable. The consequence was that several of the persons who had insured took proceedings against the officers in the Southwark Police-court, where the secretary and managers were charged 'with conspiracy to defraud a number of poor, hard-working people out of various sums of money, under the pretence of insuring their lives and those of their relations.' It appeared from the inquiry that the society had extensively issued their prospectus, purporting to have a capital of 5000*l.* in shares of 5*s.* each, and a current account at the Bloomfield Street Savings Bank. They had also distributed the rules of the society, which were duly certified by Mr. Tidd Pratt; and under such apparent sanction they had succeeded in collecting about 700*l.* When the capital account was sifted, it turned out that not 6*d.* a share had been paid up; that the money had for the most part been divided amongst the officials and their agents in the shape of salaries and commissions, and that the cash at the 'banker's' only amounted to three shillings, and had never exceeded 20*l.* One of the witnesses proved before the magistrate that he had gone to Mr. Tidd Pratt's office, and 'ascertained that the society had been enrolled and certified by him,'—from which it is clear that the present system of certifying rules is very faulty, as enabling knaves and schemers to raise money from poor persons under the apparent sanction of official authority. The result of the inquiry before Mr. Burcham, the magistrate, was, that the officials of the Perseverance Society were committed for trial at the next Old Bailey Sessions, held in Sep-

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\* It should be known that the registration of the rules of benefit societies affords no evidence whatever of the adequacy of their rates of contribution. Indeed, many societies, notoriously unsound, advertise their rules as 'enrolled by the Registrar of Friendly Societies,' for the purpose of luring the unwary. The business of the Registrar is confined to ascertaining and certifying whether the rules submitted to him are in conformity with the laws from time to time passed for the regulation of Friendly Societies, and watching over the due application of the funds entrusted to the managers. Under these powers he very properly refuses to certify rules under which payments are made in respect of feasts, beer, bands, processions, and other illegal expenditure; but his authority does not enable him to take cognizance of the much more serious and vital question of financial solvency of the Societies.

tember, 1863, when they were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour.

The Friend-in-Need Assurance Company and Sick Friendly Society is an organization got up by other philanthropic speculators, and is extensively patronized by the working-class. It is said to contain not fewer than 180,000 members. From the society's accounts for the three half-years ending the 21st November last, it appears that they received during that time 31,304*l.* on life policies, and 23,462*l.* on sick assurance policies. What the liabilities were in respect of the 200,000 policies stated to have been issued by the society since its commencement does not appear from the accounts; but judging from the claims in respect of sickness compared with the receipts, that part of the business does not seem to have been profitable; the income from that source for the six months ending November 21 having been 8133*l.*, and the payments of sick relief 8009*l.*, added to which are the fees to medical men for attendance on sick members, &c., 1758*l.*, and proportions of the following items, viz.:—Entrance fees and commissions to agents, 4157*l.*; salaries to secretaries, clerks, committee of management, and travelling expenses, 1670*l.* With 200,000 policies issued, the total 'available cash' of the society, which is stated at 14,082*l.*, including 6540*l.* of 'balances and arrears in the hands of agents and members,' seems insignificant compared with the liabilities; yet the last Report speaks with confidence of the prospects of the undertaking. It remains to be added that within the last year the society has converted itself into a 'limited liability' company, and added the branch of fire insurance to their other business.

The Royal Liver Friendly Society is another extensive organization of a similar character, said to contain some 80,000 members. It is for the most part a burial society, the collections in the burial branch for the twelve months ending the 30th June, 1863, having amounted to 77,315*l.*, and the payments for '8164 funerals and other expenses of management' to 67,406*l.*; whereas the premiums on sick assurance amounted during the same period to 3746*l.*, and the allowances to sick members, including 'commission on collections,' to 3429*l.* Nothing can be gathered from the accounts as to the liabilities of the society, though they claim to have an available balance of 39,036*l.* But a remarkable feature of the accounts is the enormous cost of conducting the business; for it appears from the detailed account published by the Registrar of Friendly Societies, that 'out of the 77,315*l.* received for the burial branch, not less than 29,096*l.* was paid for salaries, &c., to officers, in addition to 6548*l.* charged for other expenses,

expenses, making the whole expenditure 35,659*l.*, or about 40 per cent.\*

The United Assurance Sick and Burial Society of St. Patrick numbers 120,000 members, and is under the special patronage of Cardinal Wiseman, and the principal Roman Catholic Bishops. From the thirteenth annual report of the society, we observe that in the year 1862 the collections from members amounted to 37,508*l.*, and that in the same time it expended on '3489 deaths, 181 births, discount on collections, stationery, salaries, &c.,' 30,264*l.*; but the proportion which the discounts and salaries bore to the death and birth money is not stated. The assets of the society are stated to amount to 22,275*l.*, or less than 4*s.* per member; yet, at a meeting of the society held at Liverpool in January, 1863, the chairman, the Rev. P. J. Phelan, asserted that notwithstanding 'reports had been circulated that the society was conducted in a manner that did not tend to the advantage of the members and the safety of the funds,' he was 'prepared to prove that the funds of the society are perfectly safe.' We have no doubt whatever that the funds are safe; but whether the payments of the members are sufficient to meet the liabilities of the society is quite another matter, on which the Rev. Mr. Phelan wisely abstained from offering an opinion.

Many of the societies above described being manifestly open to grave objections, and clearly inadequate to fulfil the promises held out to members on joining them, several attempts have from time to time been made to set on foot societies of a sounder character, free from public-house influences, and with tables of contributions and benefits calculated by competent actuaries; though we cannot say that such efforts have been attended with any large measure of success. Some fifteen years since, an energetic effort was made by a body of gentlemen in London to establish a central friendly society of a superior character; and public meetings were held with that object in most of the large towns. An experienced lecturer attended the meetings, and inveighed in round terms against the Secret Orders and other Friendly Societies, demonstrating 'their utter incompetency to realise their promised ends.' It was urged that the time was come when they must be superseded by societies based upon sound principles, and the Equitable Provident Institution was recommended to their support as such a society. Offices were opened, members of existing sick and burial clubs were invited to join the Equitable Provident, and many of them did join it.

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\* Report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England for 1863, p. 9.

The society proceeded to associate itself with 'The People's Provident Assurance Society,' to which another was shortly added, the 'Industrial Assurance Society,' formed for the express purpose of facilitating life assurance among the working classes by issuing policies for small amounts, and collecting the premiums fortnightly and monthly to meet their convenience. These absorptions, however, did not strengthen the popular element in the society. After the members of the original Equitable Provident had for some time paid to the society their stipulated contributions, they were apprised that they might, if they wished, join a certain other society which had a London office established for like purposes as regarded sick relief; and with respect to assurances for small sums at death, as originally offered by 'The People's' and 'The Industrial,' they were told that premiums would no longer be received otherwise than monthly, quarterly, or yearly, whatever the conditions might be on which they had originally joined. In a word, 'The People' were effectually shut out by these arrangements; the sickness business was practically put an end to; and those who had been paying sick money into the funds, found the box as effectually closed against them as in the case of any of the rotten societies which the promoters had set out by denouncing. The probability is, that the sickness business occasioned too much trouble, and did not pay; and that the collection of small premiums on small assurances did not look respectable in the eyes of Boards of Directors and their managers; consequently 'The People' were got rid of as completely as possible, and left to the seductive promises of the next philanthropic schemer.

About the same time that the Equitable Provident was started, another society was formed entitled 'The Christian Mutual Provident Society,' now known as 'The Mutual Provident Alliance.' This is one of the best societies of its kind. Though originally brought out in connection with a religious body, that connection has ceased, and the society is now open to all. The rules are excellent, and the rates, drawn up by Mr. Neison, are amply sufficient to meet all the possible liabilities of the society. But complete though it be in all its arrangements, this society has made much less progress than it deserves; having only succeeded in issuing 32,048 policies for sickness allowance, life assurances, endowments, and annuities, during a period of sixteen years. Yet its reserved fund is not less than 65,000*l*. Contrast this with the reserve fund of The Friend in Need, The Liver, and St. Patrick's Societies, after taking their respective numbers of members into account, and the difference in the comparative security and solvency of the several societies will be obvious at a glance.

A vigorous

A vigorous and most praiseworthy effort was made by Mr. Ackroyd of Halifax, in 1856, to establish a Provident Sick Society and Penny Savings Bank for the working men in the West Riding of Yorkshire. An organization was set on foot with these objects; and though the Penny Bank proved a complete success, the Provident Society proved as complete a failure. Mr. Ackroyd thus explains the causes of the failure. 'We found the ground preoccupied,' he says, 'by Friendly Societies, especially by the Odd Fellows, Druids, Foresters, &c.; and against their principles of self-government, mutual check against fraud, and *brotherhood*, no new and independent society can compete. Our rates were also of necessity much higher than theirs, and this was perhaps one of the chief causes of our failure.'

Even the best of the Benefit Societies have been slow to learn the essential importance of adequate rates of contribution to enable them to fulfil their obligations and ensure their continued usefulness as well as solvency. The defect of most of them consists in their trying to do too much with too little means. The benefits paid out are too high for the rates of contribution paid in. Those who come first are served, but those who come late too often find an empty box. Not only have the rates of payment been generally fixed too low, but there has been little or no discrimination in the selection of members; men advanced in years and of fragile health are often admitted on the same terms as the young and the healthy, the only difference being in the rate of entry money. Even young lodges which start with inadequate rules, instead of growing stronger gradually grow weaker; and in the event of a few constantly ailing members falling upon the funds, they soon become exhausted, and the lodge becomes bankrupt and is broken up. Such has been the history of thousands of Friendly Societies, doing good and serving a useful purpose in their time, but short-lived, ephemeral, and to many of their members disappointing and even deceptive.

The subject of the inadequate rates of the Friendly Societies and Secret Orders has been very fully discussed of late years, and has come to be generally recognised as one of grave importance. Twenty years since, Mr. Neison's pamphlet entitled 'Observations on Odd Fellows and Friendly Societies' had the effect of forcibly directing attention to the question. He there pointed out the gigantic character of the Odd Fellows Society, till then almost unrecognised, and insisted that notwithstanding the large amount of good which the Secret Orders were capable of effecting, their organisation was built on sand by reason of the utter inadequacy of their rates. The substance of his pamphlet may be thus briefly

briefly stated:—He held that the uniform rate of contribution paid by all the members between eighteen and forty years of age (which was by no means compensated by the slightly different rates of admission at different ages) was of itself fatal to the stability of the Odd Fellows Society; and that even had the principle of uniformity of rates been admissible, such rates were in nearly all cases fixed too low. Looking at the expectancy of sickness based upon a wide range of observations, he pointed out that whereas the annual contribution of each member, to secure 10*s.* a week in sickness, 10*l.* at the death of a member, and 5*l.* at the death of a member's wife, *ought to be* 1*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*, it really was only 1*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* per annum, or 42 per cent. less than the terms which he conceived to be necessary to enable the Unity to fulfil its engagements to its members; and he consequently predicted the general bankruptcy of the Odd Fellows Society within a very few years.

It is probable that Mr. Neison did not sufficiently take into account certain circumstances exercising a more favourable influence upon the funds of the lodges than he represented; indeed, had he been wholly right, the Odd Fellows and other Secret Orders, instead of increasing at an unprecedentedly rapid rate as they have done since his pamphlet appeared, must by this time have for the most part gone out of existence. Nevertheless, his pamphlet proved most salutary in its effects. It was circulated by thousands in a cheap form, and very soon gave rise to much discussion at Odd Fellows' meetings. His views were in a great measure confirmed by the alarming statement made at the meeting of the Annual Moveable Committee at Newcastle in 1844, that nearly two hundred of their lodges had been compelled to close during the preceding year for want of funds. The next year, at Glasgow, the financial rules were revised; the rates of contribution were increased, in some cases by about twenty-five per cent.; the expenditure was lessened; and a separation was effected between the Incidental Fund and the Sick and Funeral Fund. These improvements were in the right direction, and were good so far as they went; but they were not enough. The revised rates again passed under the remorseless criticism of Mr. Neison, who again demonstrated their inadequacy, and the ultimate insolvency of the Order.

About this time it was discovered that Odd Fellows and other secret friendly societies were illegal associations, as coming within the provisions of the statutes relating to affiliated societies. Though above a million of the population—men, women, and children—as stated in the petition of the members of the Manchester Unity presented to Parliament in 1844, were in

sickness

sickness dependent upon the order for assistance and support; and though they were then receiving annual subscriptions amounting to about 340,000*l.*, and paying sick-relief, funeral-money, and sums to widows and orphans amounting to above 200,000*l.*, the order as then constituted had no legal existence. The consequence was, that the members had no legal remedy against fraudulence or defalcations on the part of officers; they could not invest their funds with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, and thus secure like advantages with other friendly societies; and they accordingly applied to Parliament to throw around them the protection of the law. These anomalies were for the most part satisfactorily remedied by the passing of Mr. Sotherton's Act of 1850, since which a large number of the districts and lodges in connection with the secret and affiliated orders have availed themselves of its provisions.

During the progress of the Bill in Parliament, elaborate inquiries were made as to the objects and uses, the management and financial condition, of the societies in question; and the publication of the evidence taken before Committees of both Lords and Commons had the effect of spreading a large amount of valuable information on these subjects. Greatly to the credit of the officers of the societies themselves—more particularly those belonging to the Manchester Unity—they took steps to bring their members to right views as to the principles on which they ought to be conducted, in order to place them on a sound financial footing, and enable them fully to realise the great benefits which they were capable of conferring. The publications of Mr. Hardwick have been especially valuable and serviceable in this direction, as well as those of Mr. Ratcliffe; and perhaps the best proof of the desire that exists on the part of the leading minds in the Unity to bring the organisation into a state of financial soundness is to be found in the fact that the Board of Management have authorised the publication of the best of all data for future guidance—namely, the actual sickness experience of the Order. An elaborate series of Tables has accordingly been prepared and published for their information by Mr. Ratcliffe, the Corresponding Secretary, at an expense of about 3500*l.* In the preface to the last edition it is stated that ‘this sum has not been abstracted from the funds set apart for relief during sickness, for assurances at death, or for providing for necessitous widows and orphans, but from the management funds of the lodges—funds which, being generally raised by direct levy on the members, are not therefore readily expended without careful consideration on the part of those most interested in the character and welfare of their cherished institution.’

That

That such publications have not been without good results is further apparent from the proceedings of the Annual Moveable Committee held at Manchester in May last, when a proposition emanating from Bristol and Birmingham for improving the financial condition of the lodges by increasing the rates of entry-money of members according to age, together with a graduated scale of payments and benefits for ages ranging from eighteen to forty-five, was adopted by a very large majority. A system of audit was also then resolved upon, with other improvements, showing a sincere disposition on the part of the directing minds of the Unity to improve the character and establish the foundations of the society. Further modifications may in course of time be expected; and we should hope that, before long, the proposition made at the same meeting to banish beer, at least during lodge-hours, will be adopted. Sudden and sweeping changes are rarely lasting; to be effectual, they must be gradual. The members have to be persuaded and led into better courses; and where the organisation is so large as it is in the present case, this is necessarily a work of time. Were the leaders of the new movement to attempt to drive too fast, it might only issue in disorganisation, and do more harm than good. As it is, Mr. Ratcliffe, in the preface to his volume of 1862, laments that 'some societies, after having adopted a graduated rate of payment according to age at entrance, have been compelled to fall back upon the old exploded system of equal contributions, and a very inadequate graduated admission-fee; or, at least, to leave the adoption of the improved scales optional with branches. But all permanent improvement is a work of diligent time and diligent labour, and it is gratifying to know that such progress is being made as to justify the expectation that eventually a correct system of finance will become, in the estimation of all interested, the chief recommendation of every provident institution.'

We trust far more to the wholesome influence of such sentiments acting on the leading minds of these and other like institutions than to any such governmental or parochial interference with friendly societies as has been recently suggested. Thus, the Registrar observes, in his Report for 1862: 'It is quite clear from various causes that the Government cannot take upon itself to secure the benefits to be derived from friendly societies in the same way as security is given to depositors in the Post Office Savings Bank; but it is hoped that, upon due consideration, it will be thought that such difficulties are not applicable to a parish, upon the funds of which the working man must fall when incapacitated by sickness, infirmity, or old age.' The same suggestion is thrown out, as from a clergyman, in a previous Report,

where it is asked, 'What reason is there why a man may not make *his parish* his club, by paying into the poor-rate, receiving the same benefit as he would from a club in case of sickness or accident, and when too old for work having an annuity granted to him? According to the working of most clubs now, unless a man has been ill, he may pay into a club all his life and get no benefit, and when he is old they turn him over to the parish.' There may, perhaps, be no good logical reason 'why a man may not make his parish his sick-club;' but the simple fact is, that he will not; and we believe that the adoption of the suggested improvement of connecting the friendly societies of the working classes with the system of parochial relief would only have the summary effect of improving them off the face of the earth. That such a scheme, however, finds favour in some quarters is obvious from the introduction of Lord Shelburne's bill in the House of Lords in 1862, under which it was proposed to connect Friendly Societies with the Poor-law organisation, and to supplement the funds of the former out of the poor-rates to the extent of twenty-five per cent. We do not suppose it probable that a bill of so thoroughly Socialistic a character will ever receive the sanction of either House of Parliament. It could only have the effect of reviving the worst evils of the Old Poor-law, from which we have happily escaped, and laying the foundation of some new and gigantic system of officialism. One of the most powerful impulses given to the extension of the self-supporting societies we have passed under review was the passing of the New Poor-law, which compelled working people thenceforward to rely mainly upon their own resources, and make provision for the support of themselves and families during sickness by provident arrangements in time of health; and we should deprecate the passing of any such measure as that proposed by Lord Shelburne as tending to sap the virtue of self-reliance amongst the classes in which it is, of all others, the most desirable to cultivate it.

The benefit societies of the working classes, defective though they may be in many respects, are much safer in their own hands. They have improved and are improving. Time and experience will enable them to introduce new ameliorations. The best institutions are things of slow growth, and are shaped by experience, which includes failures as well as successes; and finally, they require age to strengthen them and root them in habit. The rudest society established by working men for mutual help in sickness, independent of help from private charity or poor rates, is grounded on a right spirit, and is deserving of encouragement rather than of the ridicule and unfair criticism

cism which their humble efforts have too often received. Even the annual division societies, which last but a year, distribute benefit and minister relief so far as they go. Those who subscribe to the funds during that time are entitled to their benefits; and if the larger portion of the members do not receive relief, it has been because their health has been preserved and they did not need it. Their money has, however, been expended on the succour of their comrades and their children, who have been less fortunate than themselves. It is the same with the other societies of a more permanent character. However imperfect they may be, their action is beneficial. They may be conducted by men who cannot spell correctly, and cut a ludicrous figure in the Registrar's Reports; yet their social action, tainted though it be by human weakness and imperfection, is thoroughly salutary.

It was wisely observed by Mr. Finlaison when examined before Mr. Sotherton's Committee, in 1849, that the scientific actuaries, while criticising and condemning the inadequate rates of friendly societies generally, 'have not looked sufficiently at the enormous amount of good done by the men who compose them when they are encouraged. Many of them would come to the parish for relief that are now sustained by the clubs, if we were to attempt an impossible thing by subjecting them to tables like an insurance office. I look,' said he, 'to the good effect produced, rather than to any discouragement from exacting fees, and inquiring into their affairs, and breaking their societies up. One of the most intelligent men I ever knew, Mr. Oliphant, who had studied the theory and practice of friendly societies for a very long time, when before the Committee on Friendly Societies in 1825, expressed the opinion, in which I most cordially concur, that those societies should not be too much interfered with; that by their own common sense and acting upon equal contributions when they are under a certain age, they do exceedingly well; that is, they do a vast deal of good, relieve sickness and hold together; and if they have become insolvent, then arises the question, which has, I think, awakened too much attention in the minds of the Committees that have sat upon those questions, as to the injustice that would be done to an old man. Now, I do not hold that there is so much injustice, unless it be a very great hardship that an old man has lived a long time and had good health; for if he ultimately loses his benefit in old age, he is in the condition of a ship that was insured for a prosperous voyage, and he cannot say that he has lost his premium if the ship returns unshipwrecked to port.'

From what we have said, we think it will be sufficiently

clear that the benefit societies of the working classes are institutions of great social value. They have already effected much good, and are capable of effecting still more. At all events they furnish an admirable foundation on which to build up something better. They have practically taught self-reliance, and cultivated amongst the humblest classes habits of provident economy. They began their operations before there was any science of vital statistics to guide them, and if they have made mistakes in mutual assurance, they have not stood alone. Looking at the difficulties they have had to encounter, they are entitled to be judged charitably. Good advice given them in a kindly spirit will not fail to produce good results. The defects which are mixed up with them are to be regarded as but the transient integument which will most probably fall away as the flower ripens and the fruit matures.

- ART. III.—1. *Calendar of State Papers and Manuscripts relating to English Affairs, existing in the Archives and Collections of Venice and in other Libraries of Northern Italy.* Vol. I. 1202-1509. Edited by Rawdon Brown. London, 1864.
2. *Calendars. Instructions to Editors.* London.

MR. RAWDON BROWN'S volume is among the first-fruits of an important extension of the operations carried on at the public expense for the purpose of bringing the MS. records of past times within the reach of the modern student. For some time past writers of known ability have been engaged under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, in calendaring the national archives, while others have been employed to superintend the publication of MS. Chronicles and Memorials which illustrate the history and antiquities of the country. And more recently the House of Commons has sanctioned researches for the same purpose in the archives of Foreign Governments.

This is evidently no tentative experiment, no spasmodic effort of fitful activity, but the gradual execution of a well-matured plan, which is to be still further developed as occasion serves.

Undoubtedly the first object in order of time and in importance is to ascertain the contents of our own Record Office; but when this great task has been completed, further fields of labour open in prospect. Numberless papers which must once have belonged to some one of the many State Offices, and multitudes of others which illustrate or explain them, have found their way to other collections in Great Britain. The various archives and public libraries of foreign countries are rich in documents of the

highest

highest value to the English historian, and of all these MS. treasures at home and abroad it is desirable to obtain calendars.

So vast a design cannot be executed within any space of time which we can venture to calculate; but time is not an important element of the plan. The execution may be as gradual as is found convenient; no order of priority need be observed. Even now, as we learn from the 'Report on the Carte and Carew Papers,' Government are instituting researches in the Bodleian and Lambeth Libraries. Everything that regards details may be left to time and circumstances. But the plan, in all its possible extent, should be steadily kept in view from the first. None less comprehensive in its ultimate scope would deserve the attention of the Legislature, and all that is necessary in the mean time is so to regulate the execution of each part that it may not interfere with the completion of the whole. Let us take warning from the error of the horticulturist, who, in making the successive additions to his garden, with which he gratifies his growing ambition, finds himself hampered by what he has previously done, and at each stage of his progress sees fresh cause to regret that he did not at first lay down his plan on a suitable scale, and then at his convenience complete each section of it, as the approved portion of an harmonious and coherent whole.

Some years have passed since the first calendar was printed, and it is time to review the progress made. The volumes already published fill no trifling space on the shelves of a private library, and the annual grant which has been obtained from Parliament, if not large when compared with the importance of the object, is quite large enough to make us desirous it should be spent well. The Government plan has been in operation long enough to be tested by experience, and to be assailed by criticism; and if any fault can be detected in its conception or execution, it should be corrected without further delay. Nor are we without the witness of the past to aid our judgment. The desire to preserve and to utilize the national Records, which we possess in unrivalled abundance, is no novelty; and it has been manifested even in times when the Legislature might well be excused for neglecting matters of less than vital interest. In 1769 a State Commission was appointed for the purpose of investigating the condition of the public Records, and of publishing such as might seem of more than ordinary interest. But little was effected till the appointment of the Record Commission in 1800. When this body commenced its labours, no one of the numerous offices among which the public Records were then scattered possessed a general catalogue of its contents. But the several

several keepers, who were paid chiefly, and in some cases solely, by fees, had made for their respective use imperfect lists or notes of such portions of the muniments under their charge as were most likely to interest inquirers for legal purposes, the only class who at that time ever thought of consulting the original Records. The first step of the Commission was to publish at once these lists, imperfect and inaccurate as they were. As a temporary expedient this had a complete success. Its immediate effect was to quadruple the amount of fees; and consequently we may infer, the number of inquirers at the several offices. As a permanent measure it was a failure. It does, indeed, afford a convincing proof (if any proof is needed) that, to make any collection available, the first necessity is a catalogue. But that is all. The compilations themselves are too loose, inaccurate, and immethodical, to form even the framework or skeleton of something better. The Commission next proceeded to publish in succession eleven volumes of selected documents. But here, again, little was gained except experience, and the conviction which experience brought with it—that the principle of selection is not applicable to an enormous collection of papers of every different kind, bearing on every variety of subject, and valuable for different purposes to different classes of readers. The Commission also completed some voluminous publications (which were not required), such as new editions of the Statutes at large, and Rymer's 'Fœdera;' but though the labours of thirty years were not absolutely thrown away, their results were utterly incommensurate with the vast sums expended and the operose machinery employed.

The Commission had been re-appointed at the commencement of each reign, but in the latter days of William IV. the general discontent was loudly expressed. Half a million had been expended, and little or nothing had been done. Jobbing had been practised, or at least imputed; and all was confusion. A Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the proceedings of the Record Commission, and also to hear evidence and report on the best mode of preserving and of rendering accessible to the public the Records and State Papers of the kingdom. But the Commission itself was allowed to die a natural death on the decease of the King.

In more respects than those just referred to, the precious fruit of failure was experience. The Committee soon discovered that to entrust a work requiring vigilant supervision and active direction to the unsalaried attention of great functionaries, who are already responsible for the discharge of onerous duties of their own, is only to invite neglect on the part of the persons

persons nominated, and to discourage inquiry on the part of the public. The Record Commission had effected no one object for which it had been appointed. Little or no progress had been made in regulating the fees of officials, or in facilitating the researches of students. In the attempts to improve the arrangement of the Records more mischief had been caused by injudicious and careless removals than by the passive neglect of centuries. Above all, the Record Commission had not prevented, it obviously could not have known, the unexplained and inexplicable sale of tons of old parchments, which took place when Mr. Spring Rice, now Lord Mounteagle, was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The recommendations of the Committee, which were afterwards embodied in the Record Act, suggest, in the first place, that the contents of the fifty-six offices of various denominations in which the national records were deposited should be collected together in one building to be provided for the purpose; and that in the next the direction of the whole should be entrusted to the Master of the Rolls, and under him, to a deputy keeper, a paid functionary, who is, in fact, the active and responsible manager of the whole establishment. Accordingly on what is called the 'Rolls Estate,' a handsome and commodious receptacle for the Records has been constructed; dry, well ventilated, and fire-proof; furnished with rooms, well warmed and lighted, for the accommodation of students. The greater part of the design has been completed and is in use. The remainder is in progress. In this new depository a considerable portion of the contents of the various public offices had been collected and arranged, when in 1855 the present Master of the Rolls proposed to the Treasury to give effect to the next most important recommendation of the Committee, by appointing competent persons to calendar certain specified portions of the Records, as parcels of the great calendar to be ultimately completed of the whole. This proposal was immediately entertained by the Government, and has been generally approved by the public. Dissentients, however, there are, and among them persons of literary eminence, who in spite of past experience would prefer the publication in full of MSS. to be selected by competent judges, in fact by a Board of Historians. Unquestionably no summary, however accurate, can equal in interest the original document, and obviously each such critic tacitly assumes that among the selected documents would be found all that he needs for his own special purposes. But, putting aside all the practical difficulties which would beset the appointment and the working of such a Board, how, we would ask, could it discharge its duties without a catalogue?

catalogue? And further still, if by the expression of a wish we could instantly put into type the multifarious contents of the Record Office, what, without a catalogue, would be gained but to substitute (in Mr. Tytler's forcible words \*) 'an unfathomable ocean of print for an unfathomable ocean of MS.'?

But in truth this criticism is grounded on an inadequate conception of the Legislature's design. It seems to be assumed that the sole object of the vast machinery set in motion is to aid the researches of the historian, whereas this is only one of many: the first both in importance and logical order is to preserve the Records. A calendar supersedes the necessity of tumbling them over in tentative researches, and for many purposes a summary of the contents will supply the place of the original document. History, important as it is, has no right to monopolise our sympathy and interest. It would be hard indeed to exclude the legal inquirer from what was once his sole undisputed domain; archæology, topography, genealogy, all exercise elevating and refining influences on society, and claim the attention of the legislator, who in his scheme for utilising the national Records must not forget any one object of reasonable inquiry.

Be it noted, however, we are speaking of a *Calendar*. A barren enumeration of titles or headings would not answer the purposes we have just indicated. It must be a calendar or 'catalogue raisonné,' so full as to tell positively what is in the document, and also to tell negatively what is not. This indeed is the ideal of a calendar; it will not perhaps be pursued with perfect uniformity of aim by all the writers employed, and will be absolutely realized by none. But the Master of the Rolls was obviously right to set up no lower standard. The rules and regulations which he has framed for the guidance of the calendarers are highly judicious, though we may presently see reason to think that some of them might be more stringently worded, and matters which are taken for granted ought to have been specially defined. The leading idea which pervades the whole scheme, is to provide the materials for history, not to produce a series of historical works.† This furnishes the standard by which the meaning of old regulations, or the fitness of new, is to be decided. And it is not more necessary that the builder should apply the plumb-line to each successive course of masonry than it is that the critic should bring this fundamental canon to bear on each volume of the series that issues from the Record Office.

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\* See his evidence before the Committee.

† This is especially observable in the regulation which forbids the editors of Chronicles or Memorials, a part of the Master's plan which we do not meddle with on the present occasion, to subjoin notes of their own.

This is the more needed as there is in every author's mind an ever-present bias to exceed the prescribed bounds. The very terms of his commission tend to mislead him. They designate a specified period or subject, not certain shelves or compartments. And this is necessary for the purpose of introducing classification and chronological order into the calendars. But hence the writer is frequently led to imagine that the general illustration of that period or subject, not the examination of a certain portion of the Records, is his allotted task. Engrossed by his own work, he forgets that brevity is the greatest merit of each volume forming a portion of so gigantic a whole. He is led astray by the will-of-the-wisp 'Completeness,' and in quest of it deserts the sound ground where alone a steady light is shining and Completeness is to be found. To give a complete catalogue of a specified collection is an intelligible and practicable task. To give an inventory of all the papers everywhere existing that bear on a given subject is simply an impossibility, and if we could suppose the author had really noticed all known documents up to the time of sending his work to press, fresh discoveries would probably supervene to render it incomplete before the day of publication.

Again, how specious is the temptation that presents itself under the form of making the volume as useful to the student and as attractive to the general reader as may be! How often it occurs that portions of a series of letters exist in another collection, the answers in a third, MSS. illustrating them in a fourth! How much may be said in favour of bringing the whole together in one calendar! or perhaps papers, once belonging to the Record Office, are now to be found only in some printed volume; or certain printed documents are necessary in the author's opinion to explain what he is calendaring—may he not insert them? only forget that the book is the catalogue of a specified collection, and the plea is irresistible. Thus, then, step by step one bad precedent has led to another, till at last Mr. Brewer, having been allowed to make a complete collection of whatever illustrates the reign of Henry VIII., has calendared Giustinian's Despatches, a printed work\* of unexpired copyright, accessible to all, translated, and professedly not given in full, but selected from originals which Mr. Brewer has never seen, and the very existence of which he must take on trust. We no more doubt than he does the accuracy of Mr. Rawdon Brown's translations, nor the fidelity of his extracts; but the principle which Mr. Brewer's practice would establish is preposterous. Nor is this the worst: Giustinian's

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\* 'Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.,' by Rawdon Brown.

Despatches in their original language and ungarbled state form a part of the province assigned to Mr. Rawdon Brown himself, whose first volume is now before us. No stronger example could be given of the inextricable confusion which must arise if a distinctly defined task is not assigned to the several writers employed at the Record Office, and if they are not restrained from straying beyond the strict limits of their commission. We find fault reluctantly with works which on the whole do so much credit to their respective authors, and to the authorities under whose auspices they have been produced. We do not doubt that the several writers have erred chiefly through excess of zeal, and if Mr. Brewer's volume were an independent publication of his own, we should have only to praise the taste, learning, and ability with which it has been executed. When the Master of the Rolls first laid down his 'rules and regulations' for calendaring the Records, it is not surprising that he omitted to prohibit the calendaring of what is not in the Records; but experience proves that a clear definition of this point is essential to the vitality of his scheme, which, excellent as it is, will otherwise break down like an ill-constructed bridge with the weight of its own materials. It is very satisfactory to find, from the preface to the second volume of Mr. Stevenson's Calendar, that the Master of the Rolls himself has been struck with the necessity of rigidly enforcing the spirit and original intention of his regulations. Much credit is due to him for the courage and decision with which he has resolved at once to turn back and not waste time by vain efforts to regain the right road by oblique approaches. When Mr. Stevenson's volume, which had been compiled according to the then received method, had been half printed, he received instructions to adhere in the remaining part of it to the strict interpretation of the rules. This of course cannot be done without a sacrifice; and the sacrifice which a strict adherence to the rules in future will involve may often be considerable. But it is the least of two evils. The utmost license that can be allowed to the Calendarer of one collection in noticing the contents of another, is to give when needed a note of reference.

When our researches are extended to foreign archives, then indeed their scope is restricted to the materials of history, and exclusively English history. But simple as this limitation sounds, it is not so easily applied in practice, and we turn with interest to Mr. Rawdon Brown's preface to see what course he intends to follow; for in the absence of any distinct rules on the subject, his practice may go far to establish a precedent for the future. Mr. Bergenroth's volume, indeed, has the priority in point of

of time; but the position of the Calendarer at Simancas seems to have been exceptional in many respects, and especially in the number and the difficulty of the ciphers with which he had to deal. We may readily concede to the explorer of foreign archives the liberty of calendaring any ciphered despatch (be its contents what they may), of which he has had the ingenuity to discover the key, provided always that, according to the rule judiciously laid down in such a case, he shall deposit at the Record Office a literal transcript of the document which he believes himself to have deciphered.

With regard to collections placed under ordinary circumstances, and documents written in the ordinary character, nothing can be better than the rule proposed in the following passage (Preface, p. lxx):—

'In dealing with such a prodigious mass of miscellaneous materials, it is not easy to select those which may be said with certainty to relate to any given specified country. As civilization advances, certain members of the European family are so closely interconnected by community or antagonism of interests, that scarcely any event which materially affects the one can be uninteresting to the historian of the other. But it is obvious that to calendar every paper, which might in some way or the other be of use to the student of English history, would involve a responsibility of selection which no one could undertake, *where the mass of original materials is so prodigiously large*, and would, besides, swell the present work to a preposterous bulk. Moreover the literary men of other countries are engaged in similar researches; and in order that the republic of letters may derive from their aggregate labours the greatest possible advantage, it is desirable that each should devote himself to the materials connected with his own country. I have, therefore, prescribed to myself the rule of calendaring every document in which the name of any one of the three kingdoms appears, or any of their subjects are mentioned, admitting none others, except perhaps in some rare case where the event mentioned or the matter discussed is instantly recognised as pertaining to English history (such, for instance, as would be the sailing of the Spanish Armada), and excluding none, where Englishmen are concerned, however unimportant the incident recorded may appear. It is for others to decide what bearing the disinterment of a fact or the fixing of a date may have on existing controversies or future discoveries.'

To this we heartily subscribe. To select everything which may have a more or less remote bearing on English interests would require little less than omniscience. On the other hand, nothing which makes mention of Great Britain or her subjects should be rejected. No man, however learned, can even guess from the consideration

consideration of an individual fact what may be its value in connection with other facts yet perhaps to be discovered. Two or three expressionless atoms may complete a mosaic picture. The fragment of an old song found in the pocket of a murderer proves nothing; but when it fits exactly with the wadding extracted from the body of his victim, it establishes his guilt, and the most trivial mention of an historical personage may prove an *alibi*, or strengthen a presumption. Unquestionably the author does wisely in declining the responsibility of selection; and he has done good service by laying down a plain rule, which is easily observed, and will secure regularity and uniformity of execution in his own and other similar calendars.

Nor does he show less judgment in his estimate of the benefit to be derived from the study of original documents. We must not expect to find the statements and the verdicts of history suddenly reversed by a flood of new evidence. 'It is,' he observes, 'by the aggregate of little corrections, rather than by the importance of each taken singly, that the value of contemporary records is tested. We must not too confidently hope to be rewarded by the solution of some one of the great problems of history; it is much if we are enabled to clear up some of its minor puzzles.'

We extract the following instance, 'which not only clears up a point in the biography of one whose name is still familiar in men's mouths, but also illustrates the difficulty of extracting from a vast mass of miscellaneous papers the information bearing on a special subject' (p. xc.) :—

\* 'I had long been desirous of finding in the archives some notice of the "admirable Crichton," whose arrival in Venice is mentioned by the younger Aldus in a letter to the Duke of Sora, dated 10th October, 1581, and I had frequently made search in what seemed likely quarters.'

Chance at length brings to light an entry in the Journals of the Council of Ten, which after reciting the rare accomplishment (*virtù*) of a young stranger just arrived, by name Giacomo Crichton, and the proof of it he had exhibited in his extempore Latin oration delivered that morning before the College, his noble lineage and straitened circumstances, sets forth the propriety of making 'some courteous demonstration towards so marvellous a personage;' and proposes a vote, which is carried, for presenting him with a hundred golden crowns :—

'Aldus's letter, besides giving a loose and inaccurate version of the story, seems to refer the date of this visit to 1581; and the correction of a year is not unimportant in the biography of so brief a life, for  
Crichton

Crichton was struck down by the dagger of an assassin in the flower of early youth.\*

The following remark seems to us new, it certainly is important, and forcibly illustrates the wisdom of carrying our researches into foreign archives contemporaneously with the calendaring of our own:—

‘If historical truth is to be tracked through the intricacies of contemporary documents, the search must be as general and as extensive as possible, or it will bring to light only partial truth, which in many instances is positive error. The various State Papers of the same country are needed to explain and check each other, and the MS. documents of the different countries of Europe must be brought to confront each other at the bar of criticism. It is not fair that the statement which chance has first put into print should have a monopoly of credit with the public. The following example relates to a fact which is not of much historical importance, as the event turned out, but it is so much in point that I venture to quote it in detail.

‘In the second series of Sir Henry Ellis’s *Original Letters*, vol. iii., p. 218, the English ambassador, Sir Gilbert Talbot, relates that he gave such an affecting account to the Doge of the battle of Marston Moor as to draw tears from the good old man, and, what is more important, a promise to aid the King with men, money, and arms. It sounds improbable that Doge Erizzo, who was of a family little given to the melting mood, should be so carried away by his feelings as to promise more than Doges of the olden time, who were really the moving power of the state, could have ventured to undertake. But Sir Gilbert goes on to add that the Doge called an extraordinary assembly of the Pregadi, and procured a vote in accordance with his promise. In flat contradiction to this statement, the entries in the journals of the Senate and College, which will be calendared in their proper place, show that the Signory contented itself with the usual phrases of esteem and condolence; and in reply to a request for a loan, cautiously excused itself on the plea of the expensive warfare then going on against the Turks.’

The author may well call the province which has been assigned to him prodigiously large. In the year 1818 the Austrian Government collected together all the documents belonging to the ancient Republic, or in any degree partaking of a public character:—

‘Every department, every magistracy had its own special “archive,”

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\* Mr. Burton may, perhaps, see fit to insert this decree in the next edition of his lively and interesting ‘*Scot Abroad*’ (Edinburgh, 1864), not the least valuable of his contributions to the historical literature of his country. Neither in his pages, however, nor in the elaborate work of M. Michel, ‘*Les Ecosais en France et les Français en Ecosse*’ (Londres, 1862), for which M. Michel deserves the thanks of every student of history, do we find it perfectly explained what the qualities were which secured success so remarkable, on so wide a scene, to the inhabitants of one of the least prosperous countries in Europe, before the Reformation had obtained for them those advantages to which their frequent personal success out of their own country is currently ascribed.

and

and in it were carefully arranged the files (filze) of original documents, and the registers (registri) in which they were either transcribed or calendared by secretaries, under the direction of a superintendent specially appointed for the purpose. The muniments of the various confraternities, convents, guilds, and other corporations, lay and ecclesiastical, were kept with not less care, and all these multifarious documents have been collected from their several depositories by the Imperial Government and transferred to the ex-convent of the Franciscans, commonly called the "Frari," where they occupy no less than 298 of its spacious halls and chambers.

'The depositories (archivi) which have been ransacked to form this great national collection, are, according to the late Abbate Cadorin, not fewer than 2,276, and the volumes and bundles of papers (fascicoli) are estimated by the same authority at 12,000,000, a number which he adds will not appear incredible when it is considered that the shelves occupy the whole of the space from floor to ceiling; that the book-cases have a linear extent of 17,438 feet, and that the volumes are stowed in double rows, and so packed as to economize space to the utmost.' (P. v.)

Besides this enormous collection, the Library of St. Mark, so called because its nucleus was the legacy of books left by Petrarch to the tutelar Saint of Venice, contains a vast number of State papers; and the Correr Museum, though of modern date, boasts the possession of documents no longer to be found in the Archives. To both of these, and also to certain other libraries in the North of Italy, the author has extended his researches; and it is well for him and for the public that many years' previous familiarity with these vast magazines of MS. lore makes it possible for him to undertake such a Herculean labour.

The preface to the present volume gives a concise account of the contents of the Archives, which is the more valuable, inasmuch as at the Frari there is no general catalogue whatever, and the titles of documents (as is common in all similar collections) afford but a slender clue to their contents:—

'It is not easy,' says Mr. R. Brown (p. xxxiii), 'without examination to condemn any portion of the archives as uninteresting, for it is impossible to guess what may lurk under the most unpromising titles. For instance, if the student desires to learn anything respecting the buildings and the architects of the Republic, he must turn to the records of the salt office—because the salt tax furnished funds for the public buildings. Thus, too, all particulars relating to wills are to be found in the "water-bailiff's" office, because the legacy tax defrayed the expense of keeping the lagoons in repair, and we may find in one and the same page of the Senate's journals a contract, a patent, and a treaty.'

Some progress, however, has been made in classifying and  
arranging

arranging the heterogeneous mass ; and though still a wilderness, it is no longer a chaos :—

‘The thanks of the literary world are due to the municipality of Venice for the first attempt to give to the public a detailed account of the manner in which this task has been executed. By their directions, the late Abbate Cadorin furnished an interesting paper on this subject as a contribution to the Guide Book, which they were preparing as an appropriate greeting to the Scienziati, or Literary Institute of Italy, on occasion of their first meeting in Venice, in the year 1847. Since then some alterations in the arrangement have been made, but not important enough to affect materially the utility of the Abbate’s essay.’

The great collection at the Frari is divided into four compartments (‘Riparti’)—political, judicial, commercial, and territorial. And again the political compartment is arranged under three leading heads :—1. The Ducal Chancery. 2. The Secret Chancery. 3. The Papers of the Council of Ten. Of these the two last are invested with the charm of mystery. But the first well deserves attention. It comprises the ‘Superior Chancery of the Old Republic, in which were kept what may be called the ostensible papers of the State,’ and also the ‘Inferior,’ which was appropriated to documents relating to the Doge’s office and functions. Its contents throw much light on the constitution of Venice and the history of manners. In it were deposited the ‘Promissiones Ducales’ by which at each successive election of the Sovereign fresh restrictions were imposed, and regulations more minute and more suspicious were framed, till at last, in one of these coronation oaths of the fourteenth century, the Doge binds himself not to sell or pawn the trumpets of the State, which are of sterling silver (p. lxxiv, note).

But without undervaluing the learned Abbate’s labours, we must say that the fullest and by far the most intelligible account of the historical materials contained in the Venetian archives is to be found in Mr. R. Brown’s preface and ‘preliminary tables.’ And we cannot sufficiently admire the liberality with which he puts at the disposal of every long-Vacation tourist the knowledge which it has cost himself so many years’ labour to acquire. He remarks that the connection which must always subsist between the institutions of a country and its State papers is peculiarly close at Venice, and in order to illustrate the Venetian archives he interweaves a brief account of the Venetian constitution, which throws so much light upon both that we must endeavour to give, at least, the substance of the passage (Preface, p. xi) :—

‘The history of the archives is moulded on that of the constitution, whose intricate and complicated machinery is faithfully represented by

by its State Papers. Every public body had its archives, and the fulness and importance of their respective records vary as the substantial power of the State passed in the lapse of time from one portion of the republican organization to another. Thus a brief review of the changes in the republican machinery of government will much assist us in understanding the character of the archives. From the first to the last, the Grand Council formed the sovereign assembly of the State, and to it in the last resort all power belonged. In it, as ultimately constituted, every male member of the families inscribed in the Golden Book had a seat on attaining the age of 25.'

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'In early days, when the Grand Council formed the sole deliberative assembly, the Doge and the Minor Council, consisting of six members elected from the six districts of the town, constituted the executive power of the State. As business yearly increased, the Grand Council, from its numbers, became less manageable as an engine of government, and a new body was organized—the Senate or the "*Pregadi*" (so called because in the first instance its members were chosen by the Doge, at his own good pleasure, and invited to sit with him in council for the discussion of state affairs). Subsequently, the number was definitively fixed at 300, of whom 120 were elected by the Grand Council; the rest had their seats in virtue of the offices they held in the State.

'In the mean time the original Minor Council was by degrees expanded into the "*Collegio*," and formed a privy council or cabinet. It consisted of twenty-six nobles, who were elected: three deputies from the "*Quarantia criminale*" (the supreme criminal court); six "*Savj grandi*," who represented the Senate; six "*Savj di terra ferma*," who governed the provinces, and in fact formed the "home department" and "war office" of the Republic; and six "*Savj ai ordini*," who managed the naval affairs, and formed the board of admiralty. At the head of the college were the Doge and his six counsellors, to whom collectively belonged the title of "the Signory," implying the supreme power and presidency of the State.'

All these Councils kept their several journals.

The Grand Council kept one only Diary, in which all its proceedings were entered. The author gives an amusing sample of the petty details with which it usually occupied itself, perhaps in order to teach the young patricians habits of business, or perhaps to conceal by activity the loss of real power. But it remained to the last the supreme legislative body, by whom alone organic changes could be decreed, and it is not a little striking to find embedded in its frivolous pages the record of the most momentous revolutions. 'In 1296 it passed the famous Act, which, by restricting the admissions into its ranks, established an exclusive aristocracy; and five centuries later it assembled, for the last time, on the 12th May, in the fatal year 1797, to decree the inglorious

inglorious suicide of the great Republic, at the dictation of the French invader' (p. xii).

The journals of the Senate, which was ostensibly the governing body, are divided into various classes, corresponding with the subject matter. One series bears the title of '*Secreta Senato.*' The Grand Council made no secret entries. The Signory was too wise to expect secrecy from an assembly so numerous. Even the Senate's secrets (as experience has proved) were not inviolable. Real secrecy was to be found only in the Council of Ten. We know not where we could point out a clearer and more compendious account of this redoubted tribunal, so much talked of and so little understood, than the following (p. xiv):—

'Early in the 14th century a new element was introduced into the Venetian constitution, which gradually wrought in it an essential change. In order to prevent a repetition of the conspiracies of Marino Bocconio and Boemondo Tiepolo, the Grand Council instituted the Council of Ten in the year 1310. It was designed in the first instance to be a supreme criminal tribunal, but by degrees it arrogated to itself the power of meddling with every department of the state. It was, however, a controlling and checking rather than a governing body. It did not direct the ordinary movements of the State machinery, but interfered in cases where the ordinary movements were to be suspended or extraordinary impulses applied.

'The leading idea of the Venetian constitution was to combine the greatest possible vigour of the executive body with the least possible power of the individuals who composed it, and for this purpose on all occasions an ingenious system of reciprocal checks was devised. The Council of Ten consisted in reality of seventeen. The Doge and his six councillors belonged to it *ex officio*. The other ten, from whom its name was derived, were elected for a year, and of these none could be of the same family, nor in the remotest degree connected with the Doge. But in process of time there was needed another controlling and motive power, less numerous, more secret, and more prompt than even the Council of Ten; and from the members of that redoubted tribunal were elected, in the year 1539, for the first time, as a permanent body, the three Inquisitors of State.'

It is a remarkable instance of the magic influence of a great name, when all that made it great has passed away, that the archives of the Council of Ten are still held sacred, and cannot be inspected without a special permission from the Imperial Government. It is hard to discover any reason why access should be made more difficult to this than to any other part of the archives. So vast is the chasm which the French Revolution and its consequent convulsions have hollowed out between the last and the present century, and so little is any existing Govern-

ment responsible for the Signory, that the State secrets of the Venetian Republic might, we should think, be assigned to the domain of ancient history as absolutely as those of Rome and Carthage.

Among the samples which the author gives of this mysterious tribunal's papers, the following is perhaps the most striking:—Some years ago, he tells us, his curiosity was excited by finding a series of entries on the Council's journals to the effect that the papers of Edward Courtenay Earl of Devon, who died at Padua in Queen Mary's time, should be brought by night to Venice, that the cabinet containing them should be opened by a workman sworn to secrecy, that they should be examined, and finally, that certain letters marked with a cross should be subtracted, and the cabinet returned with the same mystery with which it was brought. For these letters the author had long sought in vain. The antiquarian reader will sympathise with his delight when the authorities at the archives lately put into his hands a packet which proved to be E. Courtenay's letters. We dare not say the identical letters, for no mark of a cross has been discovered; but indisputably they form a part of the contents of that cabinet. They bear date from 1553 to 1556, the year of Courtenay's death. But if not subtracted by the Council, how came they now in the archives? Have the marked letters been destroyed? or will they yet be found in some mysterious corner? Time perhaps will show.—(P. xxxvi.)

The gradual changes in the constitution are indicated by the decrees affecting the calendaring and preservation of the State papers. In early days these emanated from the Grand Council, more frequently in after times from the Senate, and at last almost exclusively from the Council of Ten.

'But no decrees are anywhere to be found which presume to direct the registration of the papers of this latter tribunal, or its offset the Inquisition of State. These bodies had power of their own to preserve or to suppress. Their archives are carefully kept, and we have on record a strong proof of their unwillingness to destroy original documents. In 1406, when Padua had passed under the rule of Venice, and the state papers of her former princes were brought to the ducal palace, a motion was made in the Council of Ten to burn them all. But it was negatived by a majority of nine to seven, and an amendment was carried that they should be locked up in a chest by themselves, as are the minutes of the State trials. (*Misti Consiglio X*, vol. viii., p. 132.) The Council could also, when it thought proper, suppress. The fourth volume of the "*Misti Consiglio X*" contains its decrees in the year 1355. On Friday the 17th April in that year Marin Falier was beheaded. In the usual course, the minutes of the trial

trial should have been entered on the thirty-third page of that volume ; but in their stead we find a blank space, and the words—

“ Ñ SŮBATVR : ”  
“ *Be it not written.* ”

There is something very striking in this touch of human feeling betrayed by a tribunal which affected the impassibility of abstract State craft, raised above the atmosphere of human regards—above conscience as well as passion—and which coolly recorded on its journals those devices which Governments have never ceased to practise, but never formally acknowledge.

For three centuries the Signory maintained at the public expense a succession of historiographers and annalists, whose bulky MSS. filled no small space in the Archives. But with one brilliant exception the result has been disappointing. The few of their works which have been given to the world do not rise above respectable mediocrity, and the unpublished works, we are told (p. xxi), are not worth publishing. The only volumes worth noticing—and they are so remarkable that we cannot pass them by without notice—are those of the indefatigable man whose success probably suggested the appointment of diarists as a permanent institution :—

‘ Marin Sanuto, who inherited one of the most illustrious names in the Golden Book, was born in the year 1466. He attained no mean reputation in the literary world of his day, and the eulogistic dedications to him by the elder Aldus prove how highly he ranked as a scholar. His “Lives of the Doges,” which have since been published in part by Muratori; his “History of the War of Ferrara;” his “Itinerary of the Venetian Provinces,” and other literary works, were much admired by the critics of his day for their accuracy, their careful research, and their lively and spirited style. But his most remarkable work was little seen by his contemporaries, and till lately was still less known to the world, though its value has always been appreciated by Venetian historians and antiquarians.

‘ For thirty-seven years, from 1496 to 1533, Marin Sanuto, in the exercise of his duties as hereditary legislator of Venice, and occasionally filling high official posts, made it his business to attend all the assemblies which he was privileged to enter, and also to gather all the news which the “Broglio” (the noblemen’s “walk”) on St. Mark’s, or the Campo S. Giacomo (the “Exchange”) at Rialto, could furnish ; in short, by every means which a man in high position could employ, by special privilege or personal influence, he collected and chronicled from day to day the news of the world as it was transmitted to the prudent, far-seeing Republic, by her officers and agents of all descriptions.

‘ Moreover, by a special decree of the Council of Ten, he was permitted to have access to the public records ; to make extracts from the

despatches of ambassadors and governors, and generally from all papers "containing advices of current events from divers parts of the world," and has thus preserved innumerable notices of official and diplomatic correspondence which no longer exists in any of the archives. The work extends to fifty-eight folio volumes, closely written, of an average length of 500 pages each.'—P. xix.

The author, who is evidently an enthusiastic admirer, hints at the possibility of publishing the whole work. It certainly would be well worth while to extract the notices relating to the general politics of Europe; but we must be prepared to find that even these alone would fill a great many volumes of ordinary bulk.

The following instance may serve to illustrate the value of Sanuto's entries. In 1514, long before Henry VIII. is supposed to have entertained any intention of divorcing Catherine, and, we are satisfied, long before he did really entertain it, the Ambassador of Rome, Sanuto tells us, mentions the divorce as certain, and speculates on her successor. Even as early as 1510, the Ambassador in London darkly hints at such a disaster: he reports with regret the miscarriage of the Queen, with the comment 'Fanno nuovi pensieri,' a phrase which is purposely obscure, but which we agree with Mr. R. Brown must point to the possibility of a divorce. It was absurdly premature to despair of Catherine's fecundity six years before the birth of the Princess Mary; but the marriage was characterised by a flaw which afforded so obvious a pretext for dissolving it, that its possible dissolution soon became a subject of political speculation, and moreover we suspect it had not been quite satisfactory to public feeling from the first: though when the divorce was actually in agitation, and Anne Boleyn was enjoying her anticipated triumph, public sympathy, as we learn again from Sanuto, was strongly moved in Catherine's favour. A mob of seven thousand women marched out of London for the purpose of killing the Queen expectant in a summer-house on the Thames, from which she escaped with difficulty. And a woman stopped a preacher in St. Paul's who was arguing in favour of the divorce, by telling him 'he lied,' and that this 'ill example in a King would destroy the holy tie of matrimony;' 'che solo contien l'uomo nel civil et Christiano viver,' &c. (p. xcii).

The number of documents of a very ancient date preserved at the Frari is not so large as the early introduction of order into the Venetian administration would lead us to expect. The continuous series of State Papers does not begin till the early part of the thirteenth century, but the loss is not much felt by the student of English history, for the connexion between the two countries at this early period was very slight. Fires and other casualties,

casualties, for the description of which we must refer the reader to the preface of the present volume, have made grievous havoc among the archives of the Republic; and of the last great disaster which terminated its existence, the ill effects we are told cannot be accurately calculated, but can scarcely be exaggerated.

‘In the year 1797 the last hour of the Republic had arrived. The stately routine of the aristocratic government, its complicated machinery, its imposing ceremonies, all presented to the eye the same aspect as of old; but vital energy was extinct. The French under the victorious General Buonaparte advanced to the shores of the Lagunes; and with that mixture of fraud and force which made the progress of the revolutionary armies so abhorrent to all generous natures, the French secretary of legation organised within the city all the agencies of treason to second the foe without. The Council of Ten, the Inquisitors of State, were not less vigilant nor less well informed than of old, but the spell of their power was broken. They feared to provoke by resistance an enemy whom no submission could mollify. A deputation was sent to learn the fate of the prostrate Republic from the irresistible invader. It consisted of the noblest and the most respected of the Venetian statesmen. They were received with the studied indignities which were among the General’s choice weapons of diplomacy. His practice was first to mortify and degrade, and then to negotiate.’

The author says it is not his purpose to tell the sad story any further than it affects the archives. But in a recent Number of the ‘*Philobiblon Miscellany*’ (printed privately, and not accessible to the general reader), there is an account of one of these embassies which is given on the authority of an eye-witness, and is so curious that we take the liberty of using it as a supplement to Mr. R. Brown’s narrative:—

‘Effect was studied in the mode in which the Venetian Commissioners were received, and no doubt important results had frequently been attained by similar expedients. The Ambassadors and their suite were treated with marked neglect, and were long detained in an ante-room, filled with aides-de-camp, orderly officers, couriers, and agents from their own revolted cities. The Venetian mail-bags had recently been seized, and such letters as were of no political importance had been carelessly abandoned to the curiosity of the idlers in the waiting-room. The presence of the Venetian Envoys, wholly unnoticed, enforced no restraint on this pastime. The letters were read, and their contents proclaimed aloud, with the names of the writers, amidst shouts of laughter, and revelations were carelessly made that compromised the honour of families and the fortune of individuals. Loud voices were heard in the cabinet of audience, and when the Ambassadors were admitted the General received them with a manner ostentatiously chafed and irritated by a previous discussion.

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'The Ambassadors and their suite were invited to dine at the General's table, and a specimen was given to them of the freedom and equality that prevailed in the Republican army. Each rank of the army was represented at this diplomatic banquet, from the general down to the drummer. My informant was placed between an officer and a private soldier. While the General himself was personally civil to the Ambassadors, who were placed beside him, the conversation was permitted to take a turn peculiarly offensive to the feelings of the Venetian guests. My informant and his coadjutors were provoked and irritated by the questions that were asked them respecting the laws and habits of Venice, while absurd stories were repeated, worthy of the newspaper correspondents of our day, about the tyranny of the State Inquisition, the tortures in the "piombi," and the murders of the Canal Orfano.'

'The Commissioners,' continues Mr. Rawdon Brown, 'returned bearing with them the doom of the Republic. She was to die—and, like the slave of some Roman Emperor, or Oriental despot, she was ordered to be her own executioner.' On the 12th May, 1797, the Grand Council met for the last time; only thirty voices were raised in favour of resistance; five 'neutral' professed themselves unable to decide whether 'to be or not to be,' and an immense majority proclaimed a democratic Republic affiliated with that of France.

'Instantly on the change of government, as is usual in such ebullitions of the body politic, the scum rose to the surface, and robbery, more or less disguised, was practised in all departments.

'Francesco Donà (or Donato), the last patrician superintendent of "the archives of the Privy Chamber," retired. The Provisional Government took possession of the "*Secreta*," in the name of "Liberty, Equality, and the Sovereignty of the People," and the work of spoliation commenced.

'In the first instance, the liberating republic insisted on sharing her adopted daughter's plunder.

'By a secret article of the Treaty of Milan, it was stipulated that twenty pictures and 500 MSS. were to be surrendered to the conqueror. No mention was made of the archives; they were probably forgotten: but when the arrival of the citizen Berthollet, and subsequently of Monge, Tinet, and Barthelemi, was announced to make the selection, it was further proposed that as the French republic might not want so many as 500 MSS. from the library, the citizen commissioners should treat with the Republic of Venice for the exchange of some of these MSS. for other objects of interest and value; an arrangement, it was added, "which would be highly advantageous to both the republics."

'To this vague and arbitrary proposal no resistance could be offered.'

And farther—

'A despotic order from the commander-in-chief (who did not even

oven palliate the rapine by any pretext of "exchange") decreed *the removal to Paris* of the entire series of despatches written by the diplomatists of Venice accredited at foreign courts, from the middle of the 16th century to the fall of the Republic.'

Our limits do not permit us to extract the account of the vicissitudes which befell these literary treasures before they finally found their way to the Frari. Much disappeared of which no account can be given. But—

'At such a time, when the property of the Republic was in the hands of an irresponsible and ephemeral government, and was exposed, moreover, to the depredations of foreign commissioners who represented the despotism of their employers, and to all the subordinate agents of those commissioners, it is no wonder that many precious objects not named in the official receipts were lost for ever; and in the impossibility of apportioning the blame with certainty between foreign plunderer and native thief, the bare fact of the loss can alone be stated.'

Among the many losses sustained by the archives none are so much to be regretted by the historian as the gaps in the diplomatic correspondence, though these are to a considerable extent made up by the copies or duplicates of the missing papers which are to be found in other collections, public and private. The diplomatic documents of the Republic consist, in the first instance, of the instructions given by the State to its representatives; in the next, of the despatches and 'news letters, or "avvisi,"' which were reciprocally interchanged between them; and lastly, the report which was made by the envoy, on his return, to the Council which appointed him. So important a part of his materials does Mr. Rawdon Brown consider the diplomatic papers, that he divides his task into two unequal portions—that which precedes, and that which follows the establishment of regular diplomatic relations between the two countries. It is true no precise line of demarcation can be drawn. The transition from occasional missions on special occasions to the employment of resident agents was gradual. In Henry VII.'s time two Venetian merchants dwelling in London were accredited to treat with the King, 'seeing that the way to England was very long and very dangerous.' This was a great step in advance, and the death of Henry VII., which occurred not long afterwards, may be fairly taken as the close of what the author calls the pre-diplomatic period. He has made a valuable contribution to the yet unwritten history of diplomacy, by furnishing lists of the diplomatic and consular agents on both sides, as far as they can be made out. His list of English Ambassadors to the Signory is perfect. The first was an Italian, the Bishop of Bisaccia—

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'He was despatched in 1360 by Edward III. to Doge Gradenigo, to announce officially the challenge sent by that King to Philip de Valois, and his offer to prove himself the "Lord's annointed" by braving ravenous lions, in the company of his antagonist ; or (a much safer ordeal) by touching for the evil.

'The last English envoy at Venice was Sir Richard Worsley, and the last official intelligence he communicated to the College was the naval victory off Cape St. Vincent. But this gleam of light in the horizon was too distant to raise the courage of the doomed Republic. On the 12th of May, 1797, Worsley received his passports, not from the Signory, but from the French Secretary of Legation.'

A very high value has from early days been set upon the diplomatic papers of the Republic. In the preface of the present volume will be found an account of the various surreptitious publications of them, which fretted the prudence and perhaps gratified the vanity of the Signory in the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Latterly such publications have become too frequent for enumeration. The correspondence of the Venetian Ambassador was invariably full and minute. He was always a man of known ability and skill. His post at the great European Courts was one of observation rather than action. Almost coincident with the establishment of continuous diplomatic intercourse among the European states was an event which wrought a complete change in Venetian policy. Up to this period of the Republic's career all had been energy, progress, and extension, till at last her success provoked the League of Cambrai.

'Venice at the beginning of the sixteenth century was so steadily advancing in dominion and power that the great continental sovereigns who aspired to rule in Italy feared she might prove a bulwark to their ambition. The Pope found her not less in the way of his plans of ecclesiastical extension, while the petty Italian States feared she might absorb them, and so make some advance to that unity which is now supposed to be the great object of desire to modern Italy. All agreed in plotting her ruin. In 1509 the conspiracy took effect.' (P. lxx.)

How rapidly she was driven out of the terra firma of Italy, and how dexterously she regained her former dominions, has been often told. But the injury she then received was never repaired, the lesson she learnt was never forgotten. From that time aggression or expansion in the Peninsula was impossible. Self-preservation engrossed all her thoughts, and required all her vigilance. The duty of her Ambassadors was to watch every movement of the great Powers by which she was surrounded, to foresee, and if it might be, to influence, every possible combination. The entire series of Venetian despatches, had they all been preserved, would furnish the most minute and (as far as the

the intention of the writers could secure truth) the truest contemporary history. Yet even then there would have been a lamentable gap as far as England is concerned. Just at the time of transition from the ancient to the reformed faith, when the testimony of so keen and so impartial an observer as the Venetian Resident would have been most valuable, there is almost a cessation of diplomatic intercourse. When Henry VIII.'s rupture with Rome was declared, the wary Republic desired her Ambassador to leave his secretary and to return, on the plea of 'urgent private business.' In the two following reigns envoys were again sent, but with one exception their despatches are lost. On Mary's accession the Venetian Ambassador made himself so obnoxious to Charles V. by his intrigues against the marriage of Philip, that it was necessary to recall him. And probably it was from perceiving how little his successor could regain the Queen's confidence, rather than from a fit of republican economy, that the Signory resolved, as Philip and Mary were man and wife, to make one Ambassador suffice for Spain and England. During the whole of Elizabeth's reign not one Venetian Envoy resided at her Court.

The following passage is very curious:—

'It is a proof how much the Signory was respected, and how painfully Elizabeth felt her insulated position, that, haughty and imperious as she was, she spared no pains to obtain this mark of consideration from the Republic. Throughout her reign every Venetian noble who arrives in the country is treated with the distinction due to an ambassador, and he is more or less directly charged with a message to the Signory to invite a renewal of diplomatic intercourse. A very interesting letter, which will be given in its place, was written at the close of 1575 by three young patricians, especially charged by Elizabeth with the task of mediation. In 1578 she makes the same overture through the noble Bon, a wholesale dealer in currants and sack, who chanced to be in London on business. At different times (each of which is recorded in the above-mentioned note), almost every Venetian ambassador at foreign courts was assailed by the English diplomatic agents on the subject, but in vain. Not even a hint that the currant duties, that everlasting bone of contention between the two states, shall be reconsidered, produces any effect. Human wisdom after all often chooses the worst of two evils, and excess of caution only leads to danger. Venice by her long delay to acknowledge any but an orthodox sovereign in England, had attached an importance and a difficulty to the recognition which greater promptitude would have avoided. Successive Popes interfered in the matter. Gregory XIII. positively insists so pious a Republic cannot countenance a "*sorry jade*" (*una trista*), who, he says, is the source of all the mischiefs in the Netherlands and the sole cause of the Catholic King's defeat.

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But at last circumstances are too strong for piety and prudence, and English corsairs effect what English courtesy failed to accomplish. After forty-four years of fruitless civility and solicitation on the part of Elizabeth, the Senate, alarmed by several acts of piracy, decide by 96 ayes against 44 noes and 58 neutral votes, on sending the Secretary Scaramelli to England. They expressly stipulate that the plundered merchants, *not the State*, are to defray the costs of the mission, and the envoy is entrusted with no other commission than to complain of the damage done to the Signory's trade, and to ask redress.'

Here, again, under the form of economy, is concealed a stroke of policy. By the help of these precautions it might be maintained to the Nuncio and the Spanish Ambassador that the mission had no public character. The Secretary Scaramelli arrives as Venetian envoy just six weeks before Elizabeth's death in 1603, and 'obtains a first and last interview with the aged Queen.' His letter describing his reception, which is quoted in the preface (p. xcvi), is very interesting, and gives conclusive proof that within a very short time of her death Elizabeth was in perfect health and looking remarkably young for her age, though the envoy owns that the 'fair hair her Majesty wore was such as could not have been given her by nature.' The Queen immediately begins the conversation with a reproach for the Signory's tardy recognition, but she allows for the restraint put upon them by overbearing neighbours. This the Secretary, to save the Signory's dignity, is obliged to disclaim, and Elizabeth with great forbearance and dignity does not urge the inconsistency and discourtesy of the disclaimer, but waives all further discussion of the unmanageable topic. In another point Scaramelli hardly acquits himself so well. Twice does the Royal Lady condescend to fish for a compliment, and yet he is mute. 'She does not think that this her sex can be the reason why she meets so little consideration,' and he does not protest she excels all sovereigns of the male gender from Solomon downwards. She expresses a doubt 'whether she has spoken well in Italian,' and he fails to assure her she might teach the language to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It was, perhaps, better taste in the humble Secretary not to bandy compliments with so great a lady; but he might have ventured to offer a little incense when it was so openly demanded.

In the early times, comprehended within the present volume, though the political relations of Italy with England were few, the intercourse between the two countries was frequent. As the seat of learning and of ecclesiastical supremacy, the mistress of the arts and the inventress of the modern commercial system, Italy attracted visitors on every conceivable errand, and sent missionaries

missionaries of civilisation to every shore. Venice was the great maritime bulwark of Christendom against the Turk, and whoever meditated taking the Cross, turned to the Signory for encouragement and help. If in peaceful guise the pious pilgrim desired to pay his vows at the Holy Sepulchre, Venice offered the safest and most commodious route. The schools of Padua were attended by students from the remotest corners of Europe, and their excellence is attested by their legendary reputation for magic. The idle and the refined then wandered forth to contemplate the rising greatness of Italy, as they do now to admire her faded splendour. The account of the robbery of Lord Rivers, Edward IV.'s brother-in-law, at Baccano, reads like a paragraph in Galigani's newspaper (p. lxxii). Italian factories colonised every port; Italian marts were thronged by all nations. Italy, too, was the seat of warlike adventure. Thither flocked the restless spirits who longed to share the spoils of that beautiful land, whose misfortune it was not to be 'o più forte o men bella.' It is not surprising, therefore, that the author's gleanings in the libraries of Northern Italy have produced a great variety of most interesting matter, and a very valuable contribution to mediæval history. They are inserted in exact chronological order, without any attempt at classification. But this, though not the most agreeable arrangement to the reader, when the several entries relate to subjects so widely different, is, on the whole, the best that can be adopted in a work which (it cannot be too often repeated) is a catalogue to assist the student, not a miscellany to amuse the curious. They may be loosely classified, under the three heads of Commerce and Civilisation, Biography and Manners, and lastly, of History, in its usual and more restricted sense. Very ample materials for tracing the growth of trade and international law are to be found in the minute narrative this volume presents of the intercourse maintained between England and one of her first and best customers. From the earliest up to the latest times a certain amount of the traffic with Venice passed through Germany and the Low Countries; but for long the chief part of it was conveyed by a trading fleet, called the 'Flanders Galleys,' because Flanders was its ultimate destination, though it touched at all the principal ports of the West in its way. The first clear account of this fleet we remember to have seen was given by Mr. Rawdon Brown himself, in his Preface to Giustinian's Despatches. It was a private adventure, regulated by law and directed by Government. In the infancy of commerce nothing less carefully organised, less powerfully protected, or less dexterously managed, could have enabled the Venetian merchant to face the dangers of so long a journey, or to encounter the chicaneries

neries and extortions of so many foreign sovereigns. More than once (for instance p. 45 and p. 51), we find decrees of the Senate directing the expenditure of 200 ducats in presents for the King of England and the Duke of Burgundy; again, at p. 52, another decree allotting a certain sum of secret service money for distribution among persons of influence about the court; and at p. 47 and p. 51, we learn that two successive special missions are sent to extricate the commander of the galleys from the consequences of a dispute with the Custom-house, and we suspect (for we have only the Senate's statement) an attempt to defraud King Henry's revenue. At the present day we can scarcely appreciate the difficulties with which commerce was beset, before the maxims of international law were understood. The galley of the merchant was armed, and he had not unfrequently in a time of profound peace to fight for his property and his life. Governments were weak, and individual passion was strong. Brawls and riots were frequent: each party took the law into its own hands, and one act of violence led to reciprocal reprisals *ad infinitum*. The peculiar mechanism of the Venetian Government, which enabled it to identify itself with the enterprises of its citizens, was not less influential than the maritime position of the city in securing against all competitors the carrying trade of the middle ages. In those days the simplest arrangements presented serious difficulties. It was not safe to enter the port even of a friendly state without a safeconduct. A safeconduct gave liberty to come and to go. But what if the sailors had not paid their tavern bills? The captains claimed their crews, the tavern-keepers claimed their scores, quarrels ensued, blood was often shed, and the problem was too hard for the jurisprudence of the day. Henry IV. could think of nothing better than to admonish his subjects not to trust these birds of passage (p. 41), a measure which was probably not more effectual than a College tutor's caution to University tradesmen not to give credit to Undergraduates; till at last the Senate hit upon the expedient of directing the captains to go round and redeem their sailors by the payment of their bills, the several amounts of which were to be subsequently deducted from their wages; but if their score exceeded a certain allowed tariff of extravagance and drunkenness—four ducats—they were to pay a fine of fifty per cent. on the excess. The present volume contains an account of bloody affrays with the inhabitants of Southampton, and of unintelligible fights in Southampton Water, between English vessels and the Venetian galleys. Piracies were frequent, and so weak was the English Government, so great the jealousy of foreigners in London, that in the year 1456 (p. 84) the Italian

merchants

merchants formally notified their compulsory retirement to Winchester, at the same time requesting that a justiciary might be specially appointed to prevent the necessity of their being called to plead before the Courts in London; and the Venetian Senate proposed to reduce the turbulent Londoners to reason by withdrawing for a time the Flanders galleys from the Thames. In all emergencies the State interfered to counsel and protect its citizens, but sometimes cases occurred in which even the State was powerless. A fearful addition to the evils of imperfect civilisation was made by the extravagance of Papal pretensions and the abuse of Papal power. On one occasion, as late as 1485, the Venetian fleet was attacked by French and Genoese pirates. Between four and five hundred Venetians were killed or wounded, and an enormous booty was publicly carried away in triumph; but no redress could be had from Charles VIII. of France, because the republic had been put under interdict by Pope Sixtus IV. (P. lxvii.)

No archives are so rich as the Venetian in documents relating to commerce, for the obvious reason that no government interfered so much in the commercial transactions of its subjects. Mr. Rawdon Brown has executed a task which has never been attempted before, and in so doing has rendered good service to the historian, by collecting together all the imports and exports carried by the galleys to and from England (p. cxxxvi). 'Of one unexpected article,' he says, 'there is mention on at least one occasion. In December, 1524, at the port of Almazarron, some officers belonging to the Venetian galleys were arrested by the Holy Office for selling Bibles.' But it must not be supposed the Senate had anticipated the Bible Society, nor were these Bibles 'without note or comment.' They were furnished, we are told, with the commentaries of the Rabbi Solomon Reschi, a writer of the twelfth century, and it is well known the Jewish commentaries were highly offensive to Rome, and were specially prohibited by the Inquisition.

With the close of the prediplomatic period the glory of the Venetian galleys departed. For nearly three hundred years they had given a principal impulse to English trade and manufacture, and, though unrecorded by the chronicler, great must have been the clamours and desolation of those who got their bread by the Venetian fleet, when its annual voyage was stopped by the unprincipled aggression of the Leaguers of Cambrai in 1509. But it is highly probable that this event, so much deplored at the time, was a necessary link in the chain of causes, which gave the requisite stimulus to British industry, and made it independent of the stranger. For nine years, during which the Republic was engaged

engaged in a struggle for existence, the Venetian galleys never appeared in Southampton waters, and when they returned, they found the place of Venice in English commerce in a great measure filled up. Moreover, when increasing civilisation rendered the immediate protection of Government unnecessary, its interference was found inconvenient, and the publicly commissioned trading fleets were discontinued. 'On the 22nd May, 1532, the Flanders galleys set sail from Southampton never to return. After that date, the merchants of Venice, like Shakspeare's Antonio, sent their "rich argosies" at their own risk, and regulated their movements at their own pleasure' (p. lxix).

Some of the entries in the present volume furnish important contributions to our biographical knowledge, and fortunately they relate to persons so eminent that their lives belong to history, or 'so well known to the readers of Shakspeare that nothing which relates to them is without interest' (p. lxxiii). We wish we could find space for the adventures of Henry IV., during his banishment—a period during which he is hardly mentioned by our own historians. Some of it was passed in Venice, and he was much assisted by the Republic in the pious pilgrimages and the wars against the Turks, by which he hoped to expiate the offences of his youth, and 'sanctify the usurpation which probably he even then meditated.' For an account of all this we must refer the reader to the preface and the documents contained in the present volume. But we cannot omit the discovery of his rival Norfolk's monumental tablet.

Norfolk, as the readers of Shakspeare will remember, died at Venice, and 'gave his body to that pleasant country's earth,' just about the time of Henry's accession, and we are told that as late as 1682—

'There is evidence that a monumental achievement, without inscription and of enigmatical design, bearing the banner of England—the white hart of Richard II., the white swan of Bolingbroke, and Mowbray's cap of maintenance—was to be seen in the external gallery of the Ducal Palace, where it had long been embedded in the wall fronting the sea, and immediately opposite to St. Giorgio Maggiore, a church dedicated to the patron saint of England. In 1810, during the French occupation of Venice, this stone attracted attention. It bore the arms of England, and consequently was ordered to be defaced. The workman, a poor mason, by name *Domenico Spiera*, who was commissioned to "raze out the impress," was shocked at the vandalism, and, instead of destroying the carving, which is of very fine workmanship, he inserted the stone in the pavement, with its face downwards.

'On Christmas eve, 1839, the writer, in making inquiries for this monumental tablet, had the good fortune to discover the humble anti-

quary

quary by whom it had been concealed, then the only person living acquainted with the transaction; by this man's assistance he was enabled to recover the stone. For its future safe custody he sent it to England, and presented it to one of Thomas Mowbray's descendants.' (P. lxxii.)

We have heard that an eminent antiquary is inclined to believe the bas-relief refers rather to the King than his ill-fated antagonist. In such a case absolute certainty is unattainable, but the presumption seems to us strongly in favour of Mowbray's claim. The design is enigmatical; and if it could be demonstrated who is designated by the several emblems, the question would still remain, how and with what intended relation they are connected together. The bas-relief, which we remember to have seen in the possession of the late Mr. Howard of Corby, is of work which in our opinion cannot be earlier than the sixteenth century. If the stone were raised in honour of Henry, it must have been executed in his lifetime: who after his death, Yorkist or Lancastrian, would care to commemorate his friendship with the Signory? And living or dead, why should his name and attributes be veiled in allegory? Should we not rather expect the most intelligible of designs, and the most pompous of inscriptions? On the other hand, Norfolk we know was an object of interest to one of his descendants, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, uncle of Anne Boleyn, who applied to the Venetian ambassador for leave to remove the bones to England at a period which exactly corresponds with the style of the sculpture (p. lxxxiv). That on making such a transfer the applicant should have put up a memorial tablet is highly probable; and if any meaning disrespectful to a king was intended, he would naturally resort to some quaint and perplexing device in order to elude the vigilance of the English ambassador, and the jealous susceptibility of Henry, who executed that same Thomas Howard's son for scarcely any greater offence than quartering the arms of England.

The greatest novelty in the volume is perhaps the correspondence of Hawkwood and his followers. We never before remember to have obtained a glimpse at the private life of these renowned condottieri, who play so conspicuous a part in mediæval history.

'The most eminent of these captains of free bands, or "condottieri," raised themselves to the importance of sovereign princes. They kept about them a staff of officers, and Latin secretaries to conduct their correspondence, and for the most part possessed as much accomplishment as any cavaliers of their day. Some of them were native Italians, but almost every country in Europe had its representative among them. A prominent figure in the group is Sir John Hawkwood. He first crossed the Alps in 1361, and his first feat of arms in those parts was

was to take prisoner the "Green Count" of Savoy at Cirié, a small town of Piedmont, to the north of Turin. He was an Essex yeoman, the born vassal of John de Vere, seventh Earl of Oxford, with whom he seems to have made his first campaign in France in 1343. His talents and his daring soon gained him followers of his own, and he rapidly acquired among his contemporaries a reputation for generalship which is admitted even by Italian historians of the present day.

'In 1376, Pope Gregory XI. bestowed on him the two castles of Cotignola and Bagnacavallo near Faenza, the earliest instance on record of the grant of a sovereign fief by any Italian potentate to an alien; and although he disposed of these fiefs in 1381, yet to this hour in their neighbourhood the traveller finds a record of him in the "*Strada Aguta*," or "*Hawkwood Road*," which tradition affirms to have been made by his orders for military purposes, and which has perpetuated his name for well nigh five centuries.'

And the traveller, it might be added, may still see in the 'Duomo' of Florence the monumental effigy of the 'Cavalier Aguto,' executed by Paolo Uccello. Hawkwood was a man of honour, who kept his engagements, and he refused an enormous bribe which was offered him by the Signory to ravage the territory of Padua, because the Lord of Padua was his friend. The correspondence of the Company of St. George with the patriarch of Aquileia, in the present collection, adds another to the many existing proofs how lightly the captains of free bands and their subordinates passed from one service to another. But several letters which are interchanged between the strangers and the local authorities, denouncing reciprocally, and excusing breaches of discipline, prove that at least in early days as much order was maintained in the camps of the condottieri as in those of the national army, and more than has been enforced among regular troops in many instances of comparatively recent date. Afterwards the mischiefs of venal service multiplied by opportunity, and ripened by indulgence; they were familiarised to men's minds by habit, and excused by precedent. Wrong led to wrong, and fraud begat fraud, till Italy, the Paradise of Europe, became a hell upon earth, and her boasted wit and wisdom degenerated into a byword for falsehood and treachery. She dropped the sword, and left it to those whom she styled barbarians to decide whose chains she was thenceforth to wear.

A series of short letters from one William Gold contains hints of a story which, with a little help from the imagination, might be worked up into a sensation novel. Gold was a sturdy, honest, Somersetshire man, with good sense, good temper, and talent enough to make him at least an excellent second in command. He it was who, when the Italian and the Ultramontane troops were cutting each other's throats in fratricidal  
broil

broil on the strands of Pelestrina, contrived to part the combatants, and to devise the terms of reconciliation. The Signory, who were excellent judges of merit, resolved to attach him to their service by a pension and a patent of citizenship. We gather that he was bold, faithful, and true; in short, the mediæval type of muscular Christianity. His letters prove him not less tender. At p. 22, we find a note from him to Gonzaga, Lord of Mantua, requesting that a certain woman named Janet, who has robbed him of 500 florins, may be stopped in her flight. The next letter, a little more pressing, begs diligent search may be made for the fugitive, as he owns he attaches some little importance to the matter; he is quite ashamed to trouble so great a lord about such a trifle, but he is ready to 'do more to honour his Lordship than any French madam.' On the arrest of Janet, he writes that he is very much obliged, but trusts he can do a much greater service in return—will serve his Lordship at any time with 500 lances. He would not have said so much about the woman, but she had robbed him of money; and then regardless of consistency he pours out his confession that 'sweet love overcometh proud hearts.' He will pay any expenses she may have caused; 1000 florins if need be. He denies the existence of a husband—we had heard nothing of *him* before—but hints his suspicion of a lover. Her detention may be 'a trifle against law;' but the whole English brigade will take it very kindly of his Lordship. All this was written doubtless by a scribe at the warrior's dictation, and we may imagine his impatience as the passionless notary labours to embody his client's rapid changes of feeling in his best mediæval Latin. At last comes the following:—

'Returns thanks for the reply concerning Janet of France, and more thanks for the zeal and love thus demonstrated in his favour. And because love "overcometh all things—since it even prostrates the stout, making them impatient, taking all heart from them, even casting down into the depths the summits of tall towers, suggesting strife, so that it drags them into deadly duel, as hath happened to and befallen me for the sake of this Janet, my heart yearning so towards her, that by no means can I be at rest, or do otherwise and consider that lovers should be succoured—therefore on my bended knees I devoutly beseech your lordship to put everything else aside, and so ordain and command that the said Janet neither may nor can go forth from Mantua nor from your territory until I send for her, as in other letters of yours it was answered me. But let her be detained at my suit, for if you should have a thousand golden florins spent for her, I will pay them without delay; for if I should have to follow her to Avignon I will obtain this woman. Now, my lord, should I be asking a trifle contrary to law, yet ought you not to cross me in this, for some

day I shall do more for you than a thousand united French women could effect; and if there be need of me in a matter of greater import, you shall have for the asking a thousand spears at my back. Therefore, in conclusion, again and again I entreat that this Janet may be put in a safe place unknown to anybody, and there kept until I send some servant of mine for her with a letter from myself, for I would do more for you in greater matters. And I pray you thwart me not about putting her in a safe place, for you alone and no one else are Lord in Mantua."

'The camp under Verona, 9 August, 1378.

'P.S. "I beseech by all means, that said Janet may not quit Mantua, but be in safe custody; and so you will have obliged me for ever."

In tolerably skilful hands, Janet might easily be expanded into a mediæval version of Mr. About's strange heroine 'Madelon,' or a counterpart of 'Miladi,' in the 'Trois Mousquetaires.'

It would require much more space than we have now left ourselves, to do justice to the contents of the present volume with reference to their bearing on our national history. They are highly valuable, inasmuch as they impart life and interest to the narrative of a time so remote that we can scarcely bring before our minds the scenes and actors as realities, and they relate to a period where our historians have hitherto found their materials very scanty. The letters belonging to the Sforza Archives at Milan curiously illustrate the 'heavy times of York and Lancaster,'—times not less heavy to contemporary actors than to the modern reader and the modern historian, who vainly seek for a clue to the labyrinth of intrigue and counter-intrigue, quarrels, reconciliations, and reciprocal treachery of a period when England had two rival kings—and no Government—or rather as many governments as chiefs of parties. The connection of Milan with England began very early. The Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III., married in 1368 the daughter of Galeazzo Visconti, and it appears that the Lord of Milan subsequently assumed the style of '*Anglus*,' though for what reason it is hopeless now to inquire when we find a Milanese courtier labouring in vain to give an intelligible explanation in the year 1494 (p. 217). Francesco Sforza was the first sovereign in Europe to acknowledge Edward IV. He seems to have taken a warm interest in the wars of the Roses: There are several letters addressed to him by the leaders in this civil strife, and especially a very curious correspondence of the Bishop of Teramo, the Papal legate, an eye-witness of what he describes, a partizan and a sufferer, for he was obliged to seek his safety by a hasty flight. The series of letters extracted from the Sforza Archives

Archives continues far into the reign of Henry VIII., beyond the limits of the present volume. Among them are letters written by Henry VII., who was trying to make a league against France in order to prevent the annexation of Brittany. (P. lxxxviii, and p. 210.)

‘They exhibit the same apprehension of French ambition, and of French thirst for territorial extension, which has been felt by politicians since the commencement of modern history, and they express it in terms which with little change might be adapted to the circumstances of the present day. Henry expatiates in detail on the combination of artifice and violence by which the territories of his ally the Duchess of Brittany have been invaded and annexed to France, and he proceeds to caution his Holiness that this lust of dominion may “extend itself even to the detriment of certain Italian potentates, and likewise inflict some trouble and injury on your Holiness and the Apostolic see, through that Pragmatic Sanction, which we always condemned,” and which, being thus introduced into Brittany, alienates that country also from its due dependence on the Holy See.’

Some letters from English sovereigns to the popes, which in some unexplained way have been transferred to Venice from the Vatican, are very curious. In one of them, Edward IV., who had been much indebted to Papal support in his struggle for the crown, and still desired to secure it for his disputed claim, is evidently anxious to lay in a stock of merit by his zeal for religion; and he begs leave to persecute that ‘child of iniquity and perdition,’ Reginald Pecock, whose writings it is interesting to learn were so popular even thus early (1476) that ‘not merely the laity, but even churchmen and graduates scarcely studied anything else’ (p. 134). Many of the letters of this volume, and, indeed, it may be said all publications of very early state papers, throw light on the practical working of the papal system—a point which never ought to have become obscure, but which has been neglected, and sometimes even purposely thrown into shade by historians. All mediæval history is to a considerable extent ecclesiastical. The Pope meddled in everything, and in every arrangement had something to get or something to grant. But the early chroniclers were indisposed to dwell on a subject which was neither very safe nor very popular, and the philosophical historians of later times affected to treat it with contempt, imagining that by ignoring the influence of religion and the church on the current of past events they could diminish the power of both in future. But assuredly as long as the Pope has good things in this world to bestow, he will be able to command the services even of those who have neither hopes nor fears for the next. At a time when Voltaire’s writings were in every statesman’s hand,

and the sneer of infidelity on every courtier's lip, the whole policy of the scoffing and licentious Duke of Orleans was directed by his desire to obtain for his still more scoffing and licentious minister, the Abbé Dubois, a cardinal's hat.

Modern historians and essayists have perceived this error ; but they have too often mistaken the reverse of wrong for right, and have drawn on their own imaginations for the correction of their predecessors' prejudices. We learn from the Preface of the present volume, p. xxxv (and the hint is a very useful one), that the Archives contain very voluminous records of the Republic's transactions with Rome, and that, as the Vatican is not accessible to the inquirer, these would afford a vast magazine of information to the student who really desires to become acquainted with the complicated system of the 'Corte Romana.'

Of the manner in which Mr. Rawdon Brown has executed his task we cannot speak too highly. His preface and his preliminary tables are most valuable for the account they give of the contents and the arrangement of the Venetian Archives, and for the materials they afford for the history of commerce and diplomacy. The preface contains also a large mass of general information ; but it is communicated with so little parade that the reader is apt to underrate the research it has cost to gather it. The text of the present volume comprises the calendar of all that the author has collected with reference to English affairs from 1202 to 1509. But the mass of original Records which he must have examined in order to obtain this result is prodigious. The labour of the gleaner must be judged by the area of the field, and not by the size of his sheaf. The calendarer, like the poet, cannot obtain his full credit till it is known what he has rejected. His labour is like a building where as much has been spent in laying the foundations below the surface, as in raising the visible structure above.

In calendaring a foreign and distant Archive more of minuteness and fulness is desirable than in dealing with collections more easily accessible ; nor is it less needed in the case of very old documents, where it frequently happens that it is not so much the actual fact, as the way in which it is stated, and the various accessories belonging to it, that interest the student.

The author puts in a plea for indulgence in case he fails to maintain the exact chronological order. This cannot be denied him. Nothing but his long previous acquaintance with the Archives could have enabled him to acquit himself so well in his first volume. If we rightly understand the present state of the Venetian Records, great portions of them are almost wholly unexplored. Though the amount of classification which has already

already been effected is a prodigious effort, whole cabinets have been packed together without more knowledge of their contents than that they belonged to a certain office of the Old Republic, and are supposed to relate to a certain portion of its functions—that the explorer should be able to discover in these ‘dark unfathomed caves’ each pearl of history, just at the moment when he needs it for his string, is of course impossible. And such interruptions of the chronological order as may hereafter occur must be remedied by a general index.

We confidently predict that the present volume will be found not less interesting by the general reader than by the student of history, and will be considered a complete justification of the judgment of those patrons and friends of literature who recommended the Government to turn its attention to the materials which are to be found in the collections of Venice.

ART. IV.—*A Dictionary of the Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History.* Edited by William Smith, LL.D. In 3 vols., pp. 4046. With two Appendices, pp. cxvi. London, 1863.

DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S name is familiar to every scholar. His works on Greek and Roman Antiquities, Mythology, Biography, and Geography are models of original research and successful compilation. It is true that in these works he entered on no new and untried field, but found ample materials ready to his hand in the labours of our own, and still more in those of the great German scholars. We can well remember, too, as a thing of yesterday, how the secrets of the Hieroglyphics were at last unsealed; how the Monuments spoke with articulate voice, and told of the glory and the victories of the ancient Pharaohs, until the great Ramessidæ were almost as well known to us as our earlier kings; and how the palaces and the achievements of Tiglath-Pileser, and Sargon, and Sennacherib, and Esarhaddon, and the mighty conqueror Nebuchadnezzar, rose from under the earth, and their ancestral halls and historical sculptures were once more laid open to the light of day.

It is not only in science and mechanics that this age has made such giant progress. The names of the Rawlinsons and Layard and Oppert, of Young, Champollion, Wilkinson, Lepsius, Bunsen, Rosellini, De Rongé, Brugsch, Birch, Hincks, and Mariette, would have conferred distinction on any age; and though much remains in doubt or in darkness, there is still hope for the yet unsettled dynasties of Egypt; and materials are already accumulated

lated in the British Museum sufficient to reconstruct the history and the social life of Assyria, with a precision which is not to be obtained for our own annals, even of a thousand years ago. Now, a work like Rawlinson's 'Herodotus,' or, still more completely, one of Dr. Smith's great dictionaries, tells the scholar, without a costly and toilsome hunt into the Journals, Periodicals, and Transactions of the day—German, French, Italian, and English—all that has been done with solid and certain results; all that is merely speculative and uncertain; and all that remains still for him and his brotherhood to do.

It will be seen at once what fresh and lifelike interest is thus imparted to Biblical researches. The very cream and flower of the startling discoveries in Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia, consist in their connection with the narratives of the Bible. But though we read with eager and legitimate curiosity all that can yet be known of the Exodus; of the synchronisms of Shishak and Rehoboam; of Asa and Zerah; of Merodach Baladan and of Hezekiah, and the tribute exacted from him by Sennacherib, recorded alike in the annals of Judah and Assyria; and of that final grouping which ushered in the first destruction of Jerusalem, when the last name of note on the long roll of Egypt's dynasties, the powerful and ambitious Necho,—and the young and saintly Josiah, who seemed destined to revive the glories of the house of David,—and the giant Eidolon of Nebuchadnezzar,—pass across the scene; yet these and many other passages of the sacred story, that stir the soul to its depths, fade into insignificance in the presence of questions of graver and higher moment, on which depend our faith, our comfort and consolation on earth, our hopes for eternity. It was a grave responsibility that Dr. Smith assumed when he undertook to edit a Dictionary of the Bible. 'It is intended,' according to his own definition in the Preface, 'to elucidate the antiquities, biography, geography, and natural history of the Old Testament, New Testament, and Apocrypha; but not to explain systems of theology, or discuss points of controversial divinity.' This determination however, in itself most judicious and advisable, opens no *via media* of escape from the many grave and embarrassing discussions which rise up on every side; from difficulties on vital points for which no satisfactory solution can yet be found; or from a criticism, destructive in spirit and tendency, though often courteous, sentimental, and even appreciative in tone, which assails the inspiration of the Scripture, denies its leading facts, gives the books of Moses and the Prophets to men of comparatively modern times, for whom it can neither find a name nor a date, and, rejecting absolutely the supernatural, rejects with it the divinity, incarnation and resurrection of Christ.

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It was, therefore, not without misgiving that we turned to Dr. Smith's great Dictionary, for it seemed as if he had willingly subjected himself to the ordeal of walking with bare feet over burning ploughshares.

Calmet's 'Dictionary of the Bible' had long become antiquated; and Winer's 'Biblisches Real-wörterbuch,' first published in 1827, though bristling with facts and references, was at once so dull and so bitterly hostile to the Bible, that it was fitter for a beacon than a guide, and could be only offensive to the English mind. Nearly thirty years later the first edition of Dr. Kitto's Dictionary appeared. This was a great improvement on its predecessors, and contained many original and valuable articles from the latest sources, by English and foreign divines; but, singularly enough, the only names of note selected from the Church of England, were those of Baden Powell and Francis Newman. It is now appearing in a new form, under the editorship of Dr. Alexander; but as it is yet only half finished, we must reserve our criticism of it for a future occasion.

To write the great work which should be the Compendium of Biblical literature and Biblical research was above even Dr. Smith's encyclopædic attainments—was a work beyond the compass of any individual mind. Should he then put himself into the hands of any particular school, and thus, not without a fair substratum of learning, win for himself the credit of orthodoxy, popularity, and safety? Dr. Smith was too honest and conscientious a man to lend himself to such questionable policy. There were questions needing a large, bold, fearless handling, which could neither be understood, nor fairly dealt with from the point of view of any party; and he adopted, in our opinion, a far more excellent way. Undoubtedly, the public mind is roused; grave questions are before it, which cannot be settled by ecclesiastical authority; and there is no other way but to look every difficulty boldly in the face, meet all opponents, inquirers, rationalists or scoffers, on their own ground and with their own weapons, and once more vindicate God's ways to man, and the faith delivered to the saints.

Now this is what Dr. Smith has done. He has gathered under his banner a phalanx of nearly seventy men, the *élite* of the Anglican Church for ability, learning, judgment, and research (not a few of European reputation), with a handful of laymen not less distinguished, including Layard and Fergusson, the two Pooles, Deutsch of the British Museum, Grove, Twisleton, Hooker, Oppert, Tregelles, and Aldis Wright. With such names inscribed on the roll, along with the Archbishop of York, Bishops Ellicott, Harold Browne, Cotton, and Fitzgerald, Deans Stanley and

and Alford, Canons Cook and Blakesley, Lord Arthur Hervey, Howson, Perowne, Rawlinson, Westcott, Plumptre, and many other learned and able men, Dr. Smith's Dictionary could not fail to take a very high place in English literature—in its own department the very highest; for no similar work in our own or in any other language is for a moment to be compared with it. It has already a world-wide reputation; and with the improvements, corrections, and alterations, which the progress of knowledge, and Dr. Smith's well-known editorial tact, watchful revision and tried skill are sure to introduce into future editions, the Christian and the scholar have here a treasure-house, on every subject connected with the Bible, full to overflowing, and minute even to the tithing of mint and cummin. The names we have mentioned will have prepared the reader to look for very considerable diversity of view and opinion, in addition to the usual inequalities of execution. One school is bitterly offended by the exclusion of Williams and Colenso, and certain of the more sceptical German writers; and accuses the unfortunate editor of trimming, cowardice, and the absence of any higher motive than the mere sordid love of gain—a striking example, surely, of the *odium theologicum*. Another would weed out carefully the tares from among the corn, and leave, we fear, but a sorry residuum. And yet, though our sympathies are with the more orthodox party, we do miss the names of some men, who, in spite of what we believe to be errors, would have given us noble articles on topics committed in the Dictionary to inferior workmen.

Among so great a diversity of writers, and consequently of opinions, we have been struck by two characteristics common to almost all of them, and which reflect credit upon the judgment displayed by the editor in the selection of his contributors. The first is the clear and readable style in which the writers present the results of their laborious researches. This is no small merit in the present day, when so many writers belonging to what is affectingly called the school of the 'higher criticism' deluge us with neologisms in words as well as in doctrine, and employ a hybrid style which has not the merit of being either German or English. The second point common to most of the contributors is a certain moderation in the expression of these opinions, which has always characterised the best portion of the Anglican Church. It is true that there are some exceptions. Canon Cook is one of the offenders: he is, to say the least, guilty of bad taste in describing so eminent a scholar as Ewald as 'remarkable for contempt of all who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures' (vol. i. p. 1100). A still greater offender, though of an opposite school,

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is Dean Stanley, who travels out of his way to claim the dying speech of the protomartyr Stephen 'as a protest against a rigid view of the mechanical exactness of the inspired records of the Old Testament'! (vol. iii. p. 1378). Dr. Tregelles likewise in two instances employs the 'Dictionary' as the medium of an attack upon scholars with whom he has had previous controversies (vol. iii. pp. 1624, 1632). We are willing to make every allowance for the editor, in consideration of the difficulties with which he has had to contend in dealing with so many different writers; but we still think that he would have exercised a sounder discretion in drawing his pen through all such passages as are here alluded to, as they add nothing to the information or arguments of the articles, and are only calculated to irritate and give unnecessary offence to numerous readers.

But all honour to Dr. Smith for what he has done. He has evaded no difficulty, shrunk from no vexed question. With a courage and sagacity worthy of all praise, he gives full scope to his contributors to discuss fearlessly the deluge of Noah, the antiquity of Man, the Elohist and Jehovistic elements in the Pentateuch, the claims of Moses to be its author, the so-called 'two' prophetic writers in Isaiah, the true date of Daniel, the *origines* of the synoptic Gospels, John as the author of the Gospel and Revelation, and a host of other questions decided against the Bible by the 'higher criticism';—but, for all that, questions still *sub judice*, and with preponderating evidence on the other side, in the opinion of our most profound, sober, and thorough scholars, who know, but reject, the scepticism of the neological and German critics. Not even party spirit can deny that these writers are conversant with all the more eminent German scholars and divines, and have made constant and judicious reference to their best and latest writings. It is therefore now proved that a great Encyclopædical Dictionary can be written, embracing without reserve every topic connected with the exoteric aspect of the Bible; embodying differences and even divergences of opinion on matters of great importance; full, wherever certainty can be attained; at all times scholarlike and accurate, and with a novelty, originality, and freshness never meeting before in the same book. Nor is this all. In spite of difficulties which seemed all but insuperable, and with a congeries of sixty-eight writers, bound by no tie and fettered by no other restraints than those of learning and good sense, Dr. Smith's work may be read not only without injury, but with profit and delight, by every commonly educated Christian. It is not, and it could not be a faultless monster. There are many articles which disappoint; many which we dissent

dissent from utterly; too much is often yielded unnecessarily; one or two speculators ride their hobbies to the death; and poison seems to us to lurk in some of the most beautiful flowers. There is a charm about the book, however, which carries you away with it; and, open where you will, you are engrossed. From this marvellous book, as from Aladdin's lamp, ask, and whatever you ask for will be brought to your feet.

The riches of Biblical antiquity—of Biblical history, and chronology, and biography—the pyramids, the palaces of Nineveh, the great temple of Borsippa—the inscriptions and annals of the five great monarchies—the Exodus, the patriarchs, prophets, and kings of the isolated Hebrew race—the life and customs of the people—the aspect of the country, its peculiar natural features, the associations which hallow its geography, its heroes, its literature, its poetry, its glories, and its doom—are all to be found in the Dictionary; coming down and gathering in from the great legislator of the Exodus to the traveller of 1863, with exhaustive variety and profuseness. Rare and rich fields, scarcely heard of before, are here opened out to us; and knowledge highly prized and sought for in vain in private and public libraries, is placed before us in its most attractive form. One of the great advantages of employing so large a number of writers is, that each has his own special subject which he has thoroughly studied, and on which he may be expected to write with spirit, accuracy, and care.

It must be evident that any review of Dr. Smith's work which would do it justice would run to a length far beyond our limits. The only fair method of dealing with the book is to select for notice, favourable or unfavourable, certain of its more salient articles, which are either new or imperfectly known to the public, or which belong to that class which one never tires of hearing about.

We shall begin with a comparatively short and popular article by Mr. Pritchard on the celebrated Star in the East, that preceded the birth of our Saviour.

'STAR OF THE WISE MEN.—Until the last few years the interpretation of St. Matt. ii. 1-12, by theologians in general, coincided in the main with that which would be given to it by any person of ordinary intelligence, who read the account with due attention. Some supernatural light, resembling a star, had appeared in some country (possibly Persia) far to the east of Jerusalem, to men who were versed in the study of celestial phenomena, conveying to their minds a supernatural impulse to repair to Jerusalem, where they would find a new-born king. It supposed them to be followers, and possibly priests, of the Zend religion, whereby they were led to expect a Redeemer in the person of the Jewish infant. On arriving at Jerusalem, after diligent

diligent inquiry and consultation with the priests and learned men who could naturally best inform them, they are directed to proceed to Bethlehem. The star which they had seen in the East re-appeared to them, and preceded them (*προῆγεν αὐτοὺς*), until it took up its station over the place where the young child was (*ὥς ἔλθόν ἐστάθη ἐπάνω οὗ ἦν τὸ παιδίον*). The whole matter, that is, was supernatural; forming a portion of that divine pre-arrangement, whereby, in his deep humiliation among men, the child Jesus was honoured and acknowledged by the Father, as His beloved Son in whom He was well pleased. Thus the lowly shepherds who kept their nightly watch on the hills near to Bethlehem, together with all that remained of the highest and best philosophy of the East, are alike the partakers and the witnesses of the glory of Him, who was "born in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." Such is substantially the account which, until the earlier part of the present century, would have been given by orthodox divines, of the Star of the Magi. Latterly, however, a very different opinion has gradually become prevalent upon the subject. The star has been displaced from the category of the supernatural, and has been referred to the ordinary astronomical phenomenon of a conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. The idea originated with Kepler, who, among many other brilliant but untenable fancies, supposed that if he could identify a conjunction of the above named planets with the Star of Bethlehem, he would thereby be able to determine, on the basis of certainty, the very difficult and obscure point of the Annus Domini. Kepler's suggestion was worked out with great care and no very great inaccuracy by Dr. Ideler of Berlin; and the results of his calculations certainly do, on the first impression, seem to show a very specious accordance with the phenomena of the star in question. We purpose, then, in the first place, to state what celestial phenomena did occur with reference to the planets Jupiter and Saturn, at a date assuredly not very distant from the time of our Saviour's birth; and then to examine how far they fulfil, or fail to fulfil, the conditions required by the narrative in St. Matthew.—*Dictionary of the Bible*, vol. iii., p. 1374.

There can be no doubt that a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn took place in May, B.C. 7. They then separated slowly until July, when their motions becoming retrograde, they approached each other, and were again in conjunction in September. This was their nearest approach both to the Sun and to the Earth, and was certainly a magnificent spectacle. Again they separated and again approached each other, until in December, for the third time, there was a conjunction, probably about the period when the Magi came to Jerusalem. Will these phenomena account for the star of Bethlehem? They are in themselves, says Mr. Pritchard, 'beyond the reach of question; and at the first impression they assuredly appear to fulfil the conditions of the Magi.'

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'The first circumstance which created a suspicion to the contrary, arose from an exaggeration, unaccountable for any man having a claim to be ranked among astronomers, on the part of Dr. Ideler himself, who described the two planets as wearing the appearance of one bright but diffused light to persons having weak eyes. "*So dass für ein schwaches Auge der eine Planet fast in den Zerstreuungskreis des andern trat, mithin beide als ein einziger Stern erscheinen konnten.*" p. 407, vol. ii. Not only is this imperfect eyesight inflicted upon the Magi, but it is quite certain that had they possessed any remains of eyesight at all, they could not have failed to see, not a single star, but two planets, at the very considerable distance of double the moon's apparent diameter. Had they been even twenty times closer, the duplicity of the two stars must have been apparent; Saturn, moreover, rather confusing than adding to the brilliance of his companion. This forced blending of the two lights into one by Ideler was still further improved by Dean Alford, in the first edition of his very valuable and suggestive Greek Testament, who indeed restores ordinary sight to the Magi, but represents the planets as forming a single star of surpassing brightness, although they were certainly at more than double the distance of the sun's apparent diameter. Exaggerations of this description induced the writer of this article to undertake the very formidable labour of calculating afresh an *ephemeris* of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, and of the sun, from May to December, B.C. 7. The result was to confirm the fact of there being three conjunctions during the above period, though somewhat to modify the dates assigned to them by Dr. Ideler. Similar results, also, have been obtained by Encke, and the December conjunction has been confirmed by the Astronomer-Royal; no celestial phenomena, therefore, of ancient date are so certainly ascertained as the conjunctions in question.'—Vol. iii., p. 1375.

The one circumstance that appears to remove from the miraculous the phenomenon thus observed is, that it continued for full two years, disappearing and reappearing more than once during that period. It is remarkable enough that the elder Cassini described a temporary star of considerable brilliancy, which continued visible for two years, but with intervals of disappearance and reappearance. This was about two hundred years ago, and it has not been seen since; but, when on the meridian, it was not far from the zenith of Bethlehem. Humboldt in his *Cosmos* conjectures that it is a periodical star; but there is no evidence to support his conjecture, and no need that any theory should be founded on it.

Mr. Twisleton's articles on the PHARISEES and SADDUCEES are valuable contributions to the 'Dictionary,' and will be new to most of our readers. Both have the singular characteristic that, while apparently eager to justify the denunciations in the New Testament, their tone unconsciously glides into the apologetic, and coincides

coincides more in word than in spirit with the strong antagonism of the Gospels. We have room only for a notice of the well-written and original paper on the Pharisees. His authorities are the New Testament, Josephus (himself a Pharisee), and the Mishna. It will be necessary to premise a brief compendium of the Rabbinical authorities, far too little known even to scholars.

The *Mishna* is the first part of the Talmud, and is often called the 'Second Law.' It is 'a digest of Jewish tradition, and a compendium of the whole ritual law.' Unfortunately, it is very concisely written, and required constant explanations. This was supplied by the commentaries called *Gemara*, or Supplement, which form the second part of the Talmud, and to which, indeed, the name is commonly restricted. Of these there are two: one of Jerusalem, not later than the first half of the fourth century; and another of Babylon, completed about the year 500 A.D., and by far the longer and more important. An excellent Latin version of the Mishna, with notes by Maimonides, has been published by Surenhusius, in six volumes folio, and an English translation of eighteen of its principal treatises, by De Sola and Raphael. The *Gemara* of Babylon is supposed to be fifteen times as long as the Mishna,—that is, it would occupy ninety folio volumes. Of course, it has never been translated, and probably never will be. The language of the Mishna is the later Hebrew. It was first reduced to writing about the end of the second century. But from its 'numerous references to the sayings and decisions of Hillel and Shammai, the celebrated leaders of two schools of the Pharisees, its date cannot be later than the reign of Herod, for both these Rabbis flourished before the birth of Christ. There is reference also to the opinion of Gamaliel, the grandson of Hillel, and the teacher of St. Paul. It may, therefore, be safely asserted,' says Mr. Twisleton, 'that it is nearly impossible to have adequate conceptions of the Pharisees (their opinions and traditions) without consulting this work.'\*

The introduction of the oral law is very ingeniously accounted for:—

'The fundamental principle of the Pharisees common to them with all orthodox modern Jews is, that by the side of the written law regarded as a summary of the principles and general laws of the Hebrew people, there was an oral law to complete and to explain the written law. It was an article of faith that in the Pentateuch there was no precept, and no regulation, ceremonial, doctrinal, or legal, of

\* Dict., vol. ii. p. 822.

which God had not given to Moses all explanations necessary for their application, with the order to transmit them by word of mouth (Klein's *Vérité sur le Talmud*, p. 9). The classical passage in the Mishna on this subject is the following:—"Moses received the (oral) law from Sinai, and delivered it to Joshua, and Joshua to the elders, and the elders to the prophets, and the prophets to the men of the Great Synagogue" (*Pirke Abôth*, i.). This remarkable statement is so destitute of what would at the present day be deemed historical evidence, and would, it might be supposed, have been rendered so incredible to a Jew by the absence of any distinct allusion to the fact in the Old Testament, that it is interesting to consider by what process of argument the principle could ever have won acceptance. It may be conceived in the following way. The Pentateuch, according to the Rabbins, contains 613 laws; including 248 commands, and 365 prohibitions; but whatever may be the number of the laws, however minutely they may be anatomized, or into whatever form they may be thrown, there is nowhere an allusion to the duty of prayer, or to the doctrine of a future life. The absence of the doctrine of a future life has been made familiar to English theologians by the author of "The Divine Legation of Moses;" and the fact is so undeniable, that it is needless to dwell upon it farther. The absence of any injunction to pray has not attracted equal attention, but seems to be almost equally certain.'

'There being then thus no mention either of a future life, or of prayer as a duty, it would be easy for the Pharisees, at a time when prayer was universally practised, and a future life was generally believed in or desired, to argue from the supposed inconceivability of a true revelation not commanding prayer, or not asserting a future life, to the necessity of Moses having treated of both orally. And when the principle of an oral tradition in two such important points was once admitted, it was easy for a skilful controversialist to carry the application of the principle much farther by insisting that there was precisely the same evidence for numerous other traditions having come from Moses as for those two; and that it was illogical, as well as presumptuous, to admit the two only, and to exercise the right of selection and private judgment respecting the rest.'—Vol. ii., p. 823.

Thus was introduced the thin edge of the wedge, and what followed is pointed out with great judgment and clearness.

'It is not to be supposed that all the traditions which bound the Pharisees were believed to be direct revelations to Moses on Mount Sinai. In addition to such revelations, which were not disputed, although there was no proof from the written law to support them, and in addition to interpretations received from Moses, which were either implied in the written law or to be elicited from them by reasoning, there were three other classes of traditions. 1st. Opinions on disputed points, which were the result of a majority of votes. To this class belonged the secondary questions on which there was a difference between the schools of Hillel and Shammai. 2ndly. De-

crees

crees made by prophets and wise men in different ages, in conformity with a saying attributed to the men of the Great Synagogue, "Be deliberate in judgment; train up many disciples; and *make a fence for the law.*" These carried prohibitions farther than the written law or oral law of Moses, in order to protect the Jewish people from temptations to sin or pollution. For example, the injunction "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk," Ex. xxiii. 19, xxxiv. 26; Deut. xiv. 21; was interpreted by the oral law to mean that the flesh of quadrupeds might not be cooked, or in any way mixed with milk for food; so that even now amongst the orthodox Jews milk may not be eaten for some hours after meat. But this was extended by the wise men to the flesh of birds; and now, owing to this "fence to the law," the admixture of *poultry* with any milk, or its preparations, is rigorously forbidden. When once a decree of this kind had been passed, it could not be reversed; and it was subsequently said that not even Elijah himself could take away anything from the 18 points which had been determined on by the school of Shammai and the school of Hillel. 3rdly. Legal decisions of proper ecclesiastical authorities on disputed questions. Some of these were attributed to Moses, some to Joshua, and some to Ezra. Some likewise to Rabbis of later date, such as Hillel and Gamaliel. However, although in these several ways, *all* the traditions of the Pharisees were not deemed direct revelations from Jehovah, there is no doubt that all became invested, more or less, with a peculiar sanctity; so that, regarded collectively, the study of them and the observance of them became as imperative as the study and observance of the precepts in the Bible.'—Vol. ii., p. 823.

Many traditions and observances, not generally known, are collected from the Mishna with much accuracy of detail; and it is shown that though a few of these might be defended, while others made the Scriptures literally of none effect, the multiplicity of ritual observances, and distinctions between the clean and unclean, puffed up the initiated with pride and self-complacency, and proved 'a burden too heavy to be borne' by common men.

The author seems to perceive the absolute antagonism between formalism, pride, and self-seeking, and the pure and loving spirit of the Gospel; but we doubt whether he has given it sufficient prominence, or satisfactorily accounted for the vehement rebukes and indignation of our Lord.

Here is his conclusion, however, in his own words:—

'At any rate they must be regarded as having been some of the most intense *formalists* whom the world has ever seen; and, looking at the average standard of excellence among mankind, it is nearly certain that men whose lives were spent in the ceremonial observances of the Mishna, would cherish feelings of self-complacency and spiritual pride not justified by intrinsic moral excellence. The supercilious contempt

towards

towards the poor publican, and towards the tender penitent love that bathed Christ's feet with tears, would be the natural result of such a system of life.

'It was alleged against them, on the highest spiritual authority, that they "made the word of God of no effect by their traditions." This would be true in the largest sense, from the purest form of religion in the Old Testament being almost incompatible with such endless forms (Mic. vi. 8); but it was true in another sense, from some of the traditions being decidedly at variance with genuine religion.'—Vol. ii., p. 826.

To Mr. Twisleton we are also indebted for some very interesting articles on Ophir, Phœnicia, Sidon and Tyre. In his investigation of the keenly controverted question whether Tyre was actually taken by Nebuchadnezzar after his thirteen years' siege, Mr. Twisleton thinks it necessary to observe upon the principles and method which Jerome adopted in writing his Commentaries, since it is upon the authority of this Father that the capture of the city solely rests.

'It is peculiarly fortunate that Jerome himself has left on record some valuable information on this point in a letter to Augustine, for the understanding of which the following brief preliminary explanation will be sufficient:—In Jerome's Commentaries on the second chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, when adverting to the passage (vers. 11-14) in which St. Paul states that he had withstood Peter to the face, "because he was to be blamed" for requiring Christians to comply with the observances of the Jewish ritual law, Jerome denies that there was any real difference of opinion between the two Apostles, and asserts that they had merely made a preconcerted arrangement of *apparent* difference, in order that those who approved of circumcision might plead the example of Peter, and that those who were unwilling to be circumcised might extol the religious liberty of Paul. Jerome then goes on to say that "the fact of simulation being useful, and occasionally permissible, is taught by the example of Jehu, king of Israel, who never would have been able to put the priests of Baal to death unless he had feigned willingness to worship an idol, saying, "Ahab served Baal a little, but Jehu shall serve him much." On this Augustine strongly remonstrated with Jerome in two letters which are marked 56 and 67 in Jerome's Correspondence. To these Jerome returned an answer in a letter marked 112, in which he repudiates the idea that he is to be held responsible for all that is contained in his Commentaries, and then frankly confesses how he composed them. Beginning with Origen, he enumerates several writers whose Commentaries he had read, specifying, amongst others, Laodiceus, who had lately left the Church, and Alexander, an old heretic. He then avows that having read them all he sent for an amanuensis, to whom he dictated sometimes his own remarks, sometimes those of others, without paying strict attention either to the order or the words, and sometimes

sometimes not even to the meaning. (See Migne's Edition of Jerome, vol. i. p. 918.) Now if the bearing of the remarks concerning simulation for a pious purpose, and of the method which Jerome followed in the composition of his Commentaries is seriously considered, it cannot but throw doubt on his uncorroborated statements in any case wherein a religious or theological interest may have appeared to him to be at stake.

'Jerome was a very learned man, perhaps the most learned of all the Fathers. He was also one of the very few among them who made themselves acquainted with the Hebrew language, and in this, as well as in other points, he deserves gratitude for the services which he has rendered to Biblical literature. He is, moreover, a valuable witness to facts, when he can be suspected of no bias concerning them, and especially when they seem contrary to his religious prepossessions. But it is evident, from the passages in his writings above quoted, that he had not a critical mind, and that he can scarcely be regarded as one of those noble spirits who prefer truth to supposed pious ends which may be attained by its violation. Hence, contrary to the most natural meaning of the prophet Ezekiel's words (xxix. 18), it would be unsafe to rely on Jerome's sole authority for the statement that Nebuchadnezzar and his army eventually captured Tyre.'—Vol. iii., p. 1585.

We turn next to the history and date of the EXODUS, a subject which has been entrusted to Mr. Stuart Poole.

In Manetho's dynasties and the monuments of Egypt, we certainly do not find with Baron Bunsen more certain data, or a more accurate and trustworthy chronology than in the Jewish Scriptures. Manetho, indeed, on whom Bunsen so confidently relies, has almost every possible defect as a chronologist; and the few fragments of his history that have come down to us are childish and contemptible, beneath the lowest of our monkish chronicles, with which they have many points of resemblance. His dynasties, in most cases vouched for by the Monuments, have more weight; but what is to be made of three separate lists professing to be the same, utterly irreconcilable with each other, with Eratosthenes, and with the Monuments? In the vain attempt to reconcile them even the accomplished and courteous Bunsen lost temper and candour, made shipwreck of all his brilliant scholarship and pristine sagacity, and ran into wild, fanciful, and uncertain speculations. It is now generally received that many of the earlier dynasties of Manetho were contemporary; \* and the belief is gaining ground that his dates are

\* The 'Athenæum' of October 8th has announced the discovery of a new roll of kings by M. Mariette, in which the 6th dynasty of Manetho is immediately succeeded by the 11th, and the 12th by the 18th, those intermediate being subordinate or temporary. This is now admitted by M. Mariette, himself a supporter of the longer chronology. The result is the shortening of the time from Menes (adopted by Bunsen and Lepsius) by upwards of 1500 years.

founded on Sothic periods, and therefore, until after Rameses II., chronologically valueless. This was our belief many years ago. The discovery was accidental, and occurred to us in the following manner:—Glancing over the sixth dynasty, we found a King Apappus, or Pepi, reigning seventy-eight years, and succeeded by a King Mentesuphis, who reigned twelve. Immediately after, followed Pepi again, with a reign of one hundred years, and Mentesuphis again, with a reign of only one! These numbers could not be real; and on summing up all the years from Menes, as found in Manetho, and adopted by Bunsen himself, ending with the unique one hundred years of the second Pepi, and the one of the second Mentesuphis, we obtained the number 1461, that is, a complete Sothic period. The Hebrew text represents the whole 430 years of oppression, bondage, and misery as having been passed in Egypt. But the Septuagint and the Samaritan agree in including, as a part of the 430 years, their previous sojourn in Palestine—certainly not less than 200 years; while their condition under Joseph cannot literally be described as that of slaves, or oppressed bondsmen. It would not only have gratified a favourite minister, but would have been a masterly policy in Pharaoh, to interpose between himself at Zoan and his shepherd foes—Canaanite, Phœnician, Assyrian, or Arab—a vigorous, energetic, and warlike race, bound to the soil by their flocks and herds, and quite able to defend themselves. That they received weapons for this purpose from Pharaoh's armouries would follow as a matter of course, and that they used them is evident from the episode of the Ephraimites and the men of Gath.\*

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\* It suits the purposes of the sceptical school to represent the whole body that accompanied Jacob as making, with Joseph and his two sons, a total of about 70 souls. They forget that Abraham led against the kings 318 young men of his own trained servants; that Jacob brought with him from Padan-aram a considerable number (see Genesis xxxii. 5); and that a large increase must have fallen to him on his father's death. But all these are reckoned as part of the family; and, with their wives and children, the original settlers in Goshen must have been nearer 700 than 70. To these must be added 'the mixed multitude' (probably captives taken in the after wars of the Pharaohs); and it will be seen at once that, with an average increase of population not exceeding that of Canada or the United States, after carefully eliminating the emigration element, the whole number of the people could not possibly have been less than two or three millions after the lapse of 215 years.

It is asked, How could such a host be fed in the wilderness? The answer, to all who believe in the providence of God, will be found in the Pentateuch. The same mighty Jehovah who led them with a high hand from Egypt and made for them a path through the waters of the Red Sea, overwhelming the hosts of their oppressors, found for them water and food in the desert, and led them in triumph into the Promised Land. The same God gave them the Passover, the Decalogue, and the Law. Now, it is certain that the Israelites left Egypt and settled in Canaan, having the people of the land against them as one man. It is not less certain that they were the only worshippers on earth of the one living and true God,

In attempting to approximate to the Biblical date of the Exodus, there is nothing to reckon from as an admitted historical era. In 1 Kings, vi. 1, the Exodus itself seems to be used for that purpose, and is placed 480 years before the building of Solomon's Temple. This date, however, is almost certainly corrupt, and is contradicted by every other estimate of the period from the Exodus to Solomon, whether in the Old Testament or the New; and these estimates also vary very considerably from each other. The eighteenth year of Josiah is once used by Ezekiel, and was probably connected with the Sabbatical system. The building of the Temple, followed by the synchronism of Shishak and Rehoboam, connecting it with the chronology of Egypt; the beginning of Jehoiachin's captivity; and the beginning of the seventy years' exile in Babylon, might naturally be used as eras by a more scientific people. But the first recognised era—the era of the Seleucidae—is not Biblical at all, being first introduced in the 1st and 2nd Books of the Maccabees.

From a careful and thoughtful examination of the history of Egypt, and an elaborate comparison of the Hebrew Calendar with the Egyptian, Mr. Poole is led to the conclusion of Hales, that the Exodus took place under a Shepherd dynasty, about the middle of the seventeenth century before Christ (B.C. 1652), and was separated by a period of 638 years from the building of the Temple. But the 'new king, which knew not Joseph,' did not necessarily belong to the dynasty which crushed or expelled the shepherds, and which would be likely to oppress the tribe whom they protected. The great struggle for supremacy between the shepherds and the native dynasties was at hand; and the old masters of the Hebrews were driven, by fear of their increasing numbers, to treat them as Russia does the Poles, to prevent their making common cause with the native princes.

The chief supporters of the later date are Bunsen, Lepsius, Lord Arthur Hervey, and the Rabbins: as may be supposed, on very different grounds, but the conclusion is therefore, perhaps, all the more likely to be correct. We cannot enter here on the question of the genealogies; but certainly, under Lord Arthur Hervey's masterly handling, they seem to indicate very strongly a period for the interval not much exceeding 300 years. The beginning of a Sothic period, connected with one of the earlier

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God, while the rest of the world was given over to idolatry. The Pentateuch accounts for all after its own peculiar fashion, satisfactorily and fully—after a fashion, grand, glorious, and worthy of God. It is for those who reject the Mosaic narrative to find another, accounting, in any tolerable degree, for all the admitted facts and circumstances of the case. Need we say that this has never been done—never even fairly attempted?

Ramessidæ, gives a date of B.C. 1322 years,—that is, about 300 years before Solomon. The building of the treasure-city or fortress of Rameses is not met by Mr. Poole's argument. Granting—though it is strongly denied—that King Aahmes had a son so named, no possible reason can be given why a Shepherd king should name one of his cities after an Egyptian prince or king : for certainly Rameses is not a Shepherd name or title.

The connexion of Zoan, or Tanis, or Avaris, for by all these names it is known, with Rameses is not lightly to be passed over. One or both, the greatest of Egyptian monarchs, resided long in Zoan, leaving many obelisks and monuments there, which survive to this day.

Again, when the Egyptian kings passed through or entered Palestine in later times the Jews always felt their presence : witness Shishak, Zerah, Tirhakah, Necho, and Hophra (Apries). How Rameses III. could make conquests in that country and apparently subdue it, but leave unnoticed and unscathed the escaped slaves who had taken such signal vengeance on his own father, can reasonably be accounted for only by the supposition that they were then wandering in the wilderness of Sinai, where it was impossible for him to follow them. For these and other reasons we are compelled to dissent from Mr. Poole's theory, and to believe that the Israelites went out, as Manetho says they did, under Mene-ptah.

We wish that it were possible by extracts of any reasonable length to convey to our readers any adequate conception of Mr. Westcott's invaluable article on the VULGATE,—to our mind the most original and exhaustive that has ever appeared on the subject, and, on the whole, the very best and most masterly to be found in Dr. Smith's book. The conclusion of the article is of general interest :—

'Generally it may be said that the Scriptural idioms of our common language have come to us mainly through the Latin ; and in a wider view the Vulgate is the connecting link between classical and modern languages. It contains elements which belong to the earliest stage of Latin, and exhibits (if often in a rude form) the flexibility of the popular dialect. On the other hand, it has furnished the source and the model for a large portion of current Latin derivatives. Even a cursory examination of the characteristic words which have been given will show how many of them, and how many corresponding forms, have passed into living languages. To follow out this question in detail would be out of place here ; but it would furnish a chapter in the history of language fruitful in results and hitherto unwritten. Within a more limited range, the authority of the Latin Versions is undeniable, though its extent is rarely realised. The vast power which they have had in determining the theological terms of Western

Christendom

Christendom can hardly be overrated. By far the greater part of the current doctrinal terminology is based on the Vulgate, and, as far as can be ascertained, was originated in the Latin Version. *Predestination, justification, supererogation (supererogo), sanctification, salvation, mediator, regeneration, revelation, visitation (met.), propitiation*, first appear in the Old Vulgate. *Grace, redemption, election, reconciliation, satisfaction, inspiration, scripture*, were devoted there to a new and holy use. *Sacrament* (μυστήριον) and *communion* are from the same source; and though *baptism* is Greek, it comes to us from the Latin. It would be easy to extend the list by the addition of *orders, penance, congregation, priest*. But it can be seen from the forms already brought forward that the Latin Versions have left their mark both upon our language and upon our thoughts; and if the right method of controversy is based upon a clear historical perception of the force of words, it is evident that the study of the Vulgate, however much neglected, can never be neglected with impunity. It was the Version which alone they knew who handed down to the Reformers the rich stores of mediæval wisdom; the Version with which the greatest of the Reformers were most familiar, and from which they had drawn their earliest knowledge of Divine truth.'—Vol. iii. p. 1717–8.

Little inferior in excellence and of the highest order of scholarship are the articles on the SAMARITAN and the ANCIENT VERSIONS, including the Targums, and Mr. Westcott's noble contribution on the NEW TESTAMENT.

The SEPTUAGINT and the AUTHORISED VERSION are carefully and well treated, and leave little to be desired in the way of information. We can recommend also the article on the GOSPELS, and the separate articles on Matthew, Mark, and Luke, which carry up criticism to its latest phase, and with great success and vigour. We have been disappointed with Dean Alford's article on the Acts of the Apostles, as well as with the articles on the Apostle John and certain of the Pauline Epistles; but others, and specially the handling of the Epistles to the Thessalonians, will amply repay perusal. We can only spare room for a short extract from the latter article, by Professor Lightfoot:—

'Passing over patent coincidences, we may single out one of a more subtle and delicate kind. It arises out of the form which the accusation brought against St. Paul and his companions at Thessalonica takes in the Acts: "All these do contrary to the decrees of Caesar, saying that there is another king, one Jesus" (xvii. 7). The allusions in the Epistles to the Thessalonians enable us to understand the ground of this accusation. It appears that the *kingdom* of Christ had entered largely into his oral teaching in this city, as it does into that of the Epistles themselves. He had charged his new converts to await the coming of the Son of God from heaven, as their deliverer (i. 10). He had dwelt long and earnestly (προεβήκαμεν καὶ διεμαρτυρήμεθα) on the

terrors

terrors of the judgment which would overtake the wicked (iv. 6). He had even explained at length the signs which would usher in the last day (2 Thess. ii. 5). Either from malice or in ignorance such language had been misrepresented, and he was accused of setting up a rival sovereign to the Roman Emperor.'—Vol. iii. p. 1479.

There is an elaborate article on **MIRACLES**, by Bishop Fitzgerald,—much needed, and sharply antagonistic to the cant of the anti-supernatural school. It wants condensation as an article for a Dictionary, but might be very useful and do much good if published in a separate form. Mr. Meyrick's article on **PROPHET** and **PROPHECY** is also deserving of careful perusal.

It is delightful to turn to Mr. Grove's graphic and racy monographs of geography and natural scenery. The style is clear, vigorous English, the history and description exhaustive; and he carefully gathers every fact or observation of value, from the earliest times to the traveller of yesterday. We give, for illustration, an abridged notice of his article on the Salt Sea. This sea has many names,—the Sea of Sodom, the Sea of Lot, the Asphaltic Lake, the Dead Sea, the Sea of the Arabah, &c.

The depression of its surface below the level of the Mediterranean, until lately quite unsuspected, distinguishes it from all other known collections of water:—

'Excepting the last circumstance, nothing has yet been stated about the Dead Sea that may not be stated of numerous other inland lakes. The depression of its surface, however, and the depth which it attains below that surface, combined with the absence of any outlet, render it one of the most remarkable spots on the globe. According to the observations of Lieut. Lynch, the surface of the lake in May, 1848, was 1316·7 feet below the level of the Mediterranean at Jaffa (*Report of Secretary of Navy, &c.*, 8vo. p. 23), and although we cannot absolutely rely on the accuracy of that dimension, still there is reason to believe that it is not very far from the fact. The measurements of the depth of the lake taken by the same party are probably more trustworthy. The expedition consisted of sailors, who were here in their element, and to whom taking soundings was a matter of every day occurrence. In the upper portion of the lake, north of the peninsula, seven cross sections were obtained, six of which are exhibited on the preceding page. They show this portion to be a perfect basin, descending rapidly till it attains, at about one-third of its length from the north end, a depth of 1308 feet. Immediately west of the upper extremity of the peninsula, however, this depth decreases suddenly to 336 feet, then to 114, and by the time the west point of the peninsula is reached, to 18 feet. Below this the southern portion is a mere lagoon of almost even bottom, varying in depth from 12 feet in the middle to 3 at the edges. It will be convenient to use the term "lagoon" in speaking of the southern portion.

'The depression of the lake, both of its surface and its bottom,

below that of the ocean is at present quite without parallel. The lake Assal, on the Somali coast of Eastern Africa opposite Aden, furnishes the nearest approach to it. Its surface is said to be 570 feet below that of the ocean.'—Vol. iii. p. 1175.

The western and southern shores have been partially explored, as well as the peninsula. The great find was in 1842, when Wolcott and Tipping scaled the rock of Masada. A greater discovery awaits the explorer in the springs of Callirhoë and Herod's castle of Machaerus, where John the Baptist was beheaded, near the north-east extremity of the lake. Lynch speaks of large and imposing ruins which he saw there at no great distance; but, unfortunately, he trusted to have time to visit them at leisure on his return from a visit to a neighbouring sheikh; a quarrel arose, and he had to flee by another route;—Machaerus being reserved for some later and more fortunate voyager. The only traveller who has gone round the eastern side is Seetzen, but his journey was hasty and his information very imperfect. Further inland, the country between the mountains of Moab and the lake has been traversed by Burckhardt and Irby and Mangles, and very lately by Mr. Tristram's party.

The striking contrast between the eastern and western portions of the southern boundary is described with much spirit and beauty of language, and the raised beaches and geological phenomena of the lake are admirably depicted. A most elaborate comparative table of analyses of the waters will be found in vol. iii. p. 1183. We conclude with rather a long quotation in reference to 'the cities of the plain:—

'The writer has (elsewhere) attempted to prove that the belief which prompted the statement, that the Dead Sea was formed by the catastrophe which overthrew the "Cities of the Plain"—is a mere assumption. It is not only unsupported by Scripture, but is directly in the teeth of the evidence of the ground itself. Of the situation of those cities we only know that, being in the "Plain of the Jordan," they must have been to the north of the lake. Of the catastrophe which destroyed them, we only know that it is described as a shower of ignited sulphur descending from the skies. Its date is uncertain, but we shall be safe in placing it within the limit of 2000 years before Christ. Now, how the chasm in which the Jordan and its lakes were contained was produced out of the limestone block which forms the main body of Syria, we are not at present sufficiently informed to know. It may have been the effect of a sudden fissure of dislocation, or of gradual erosion, or of a combination of both. But there can be no doubt that, however the operation was performed, it was of far older date than the time of Abraham, or any other historic event. And not only this, but the details of the geology,

so far as we can at present discern them, all point in a direction opposite to the popular hypothesis. That hypothesis is to the effect that the valley was once dry, and at a certain historic period was covered with water and converted into a lake. The evidence of the spot goes to show that the very reverse was the case; the plateaus and terraces traceable round its sides, the aqueous deposits of the peninsula and the western and southern shores, saturated with the salts of their ancient immersion, speak of a depth at one time far greater than it is at present, and of a gradual subsidence, until the present level (the balance, as already explained, between supply and evaporation) was reached.

'Beyond these and similar tokens of the action of water, there are no marks of any geological action nearly so recent as the date of Abraham. Inexperienced and enthusiastic travellers have reported craters, lava, pumice, scoriae, as marks of modern volcanic action, at every step. But these things are not so easily recognized by inexperienced observers, nor, if seen, is the deduction from them so obvious. The very few competent geologists who have visited the spot—both those who have published their observations (as Dr. Anderson, geologist to the American expedition), and those who have not, concur in stating that no certain indications exist in or about the lake, of volcanic action within the historical or human period, no volcanic craters, and no *coulées* of lava traceable to any vent.\* The igneous rocks described as lava are more probably basalt of great antiquity; the bitumen of the lake has nothing necessarily to do with volcanic action. The scorched, calcined look of the rocks in the immediate neighbourhood, of which so many travellers have spoken as an evident token of the conflagration of the cities, is due to natural causes—to the gradual action of the atmosphere on the constituents of the stone.

'The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah may have been by volcanic action, but it may be safely asserted that no traces of it have yet been discovered, and that, whatever it was, it can have had no connexion with that far vaster and far more ancient event, which opened the great valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and at some subsequent time cut it off from communication with the Red Sea by forcing up between them the tract of the *Wady Arabah*.'—Vol. iii. p. 1187.

The article TEMPLE by Mr. Fergusson is written with great ability. The Tabernacle is described with wonderful clearness, and the difficulties connected with its curtains and structure, as they come down to us in the Pentateuch and Josephus, are most ingeniously disposed of. The connection between the Tabernacle and Solomon's Temple, as type and antitype, is made plain to the meanest capacity; and the illustrations from

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\* This is confirmed by Mr. Tristram's recent observations. We are informed, too, that he has found a forest of cedars at the roots of Lebanon, and near the sea.

the Assyrian and Persepolitan buildings could only come from the author of the 'Handbook of Architecture.' It is shown that, however much indebted to Assyrian art, the Jewish Temple had borrowed nothing from reminiscences of Egypt and its stately, imposing temple architecture. Indeed, after the lapse of so many centuries, with little or no intercourse between the two countries, it is all but certain that Egypt was to the Jews an unknown land. As much as is ever likely to be known of the Temples of Solomon and Zerubbabel and the visioned shrine of Ezekiel, will be found in Mr. Fergusson's article. But, with all his skill and experience, and the minute details and measurements of Josephus and the Rabbins,—the arrangements of the courts, wall-chambers, upper story or stories, and especially of the fortifications of the cloisters, their abutments on the Temple walls and connection with Antonia, in the magnificent superstructures of Herod, are most confusing to the unprofessional reader, and, excepting the mere question of site, are never, we fear, to be satisfactorily explained. The English of the article is charming,—clear, picturesque, and persuasive; not, however, without a certain dogmatism *not* adding to its strength. Certainly the great fault of Dr. Smith's book is its unreserved adoption of Mr. Fergusson's theory of the topography of ancient Jerusalem. In a Journal, or a periodical, or the Transactions of a literary Society, speculation, however new and startling, if supported plausibly and with courtesy, has its fitting place; and when introduced with the high authority and very ingenious arguments of Mr. Fergusson, will be read with deep interest. It is quite otherwise in such a work as Dr. Smith's. It is admitted that the topography generally of the city and its environs, but more specially of the Holy Places in Jerusalem, is surrounded on every side with perplexing difficulties, and that many questions connected with it are not yet ripe for decision. Were the Turks driven out of Jerusalem for a time, a few weeks of steady, judicious excavation would do more to lay bare the anatomy of the ancient city, so fully but so vaguely described by Josephus, than all that has been evolved from the disputations and discussions of pilgrims, travellers, artists, poets, and divines. It was the duty of Dr. Smith not to lend his pages to the views of any one man, but to furnish the public with a calm, sober, impartial statement of the observations and researches and recognised results of the gatherings of 1500 years. Men quite as able, with far greater opportunities for examination on the spot, are virtually set aside; and an accomplished artist, who has never visited Jerusalem, upsets all that the educated world has been accustomed to believe, and pronounces on  
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his own theory *ex cathedrâ*, as if there were no other. Such treatment of a deeply-interesting and much-controverted question is inexcusable, and, strange to say, is condemned by Mr. Fergusson himself. In his 'Handbook of Architecture,' writing of this very theory in a note, page 527, his words are, 'As the case, however, with the public is still *sub judice*, it has not been thought proper to introduce the controverted facts into the text ;' and considering that his theory has been before the public, and has been kept before the public for full sixteen years, and that ninety-nine scholars out of every hundred deliberately reject it, the modesty of his own admission need not take away one's breath.\*

The two main assumptions of the new theory are, that the Temple stood at the south-west corner of the Haram ; and that the building known as the Mosque of Omar covers the Sepulchre of Christ, which was in the cave or room under the Sakhrah.† The one argument, on which this theory rests, is that the architecture of the so-called Mosque of Omar is undoubtedly Christian and of the age of Constantine. It would be presumptuous to discuss an architectural question with Mr. Fergusson ; but nothing is historically more certain than the fact that the Church of the Resurrection was again and again burnt down or destroyed by the Moslems ; so that in its present state it could not have been the Church of Constantine. This Mr. Fergusson allows to be 'rather a startling fact ;' but he cannot see any second hypothesis ; and so Constantine's it must be. A second hypothesis, however, is not far to seek. The Mussulmans, in building the Mosque of Omar, made use of the pillars from the real Church of Constantine, which they had pulled down. But the Anastasis occupied only a small portion of the Haram area. There was a noble Basilica, built also by Constantine, of which the Golden Gate was the porch, although the Church and the porch met at a very perceptible angle. To the south of the Basilica, and east of the Anastasis, was the Church or Chapel of Golgotha. For this Basilica and Chapel Mr. Fergusson's imagination is alone

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\* On this subject the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary,' edited by Dr. Fairbairn, though greatly inferior in most respects to Dr. Smith's, has a very decided superiority. Dr. Bonar's article on Jerusalem, indeed, is unique ; and though he has no theory to support, and looks for available and trustworthy results to future excavations, his monograph has all the freshness of novelty, and is at once the best and the most delightful *résumé* of all that is interesting in Jerusalem, from Josephus and Eusebius and Jerome down to Catherwood and Willis and De Vogué.

† A rumour has reached us that Mr. Fergusson is about to visit the Holy Land. If he has strength of mind to lay his theory for a time on the shelf, he may produce a work which will rival 'Eöthen' in interest, and far exceed it in accuracy and scientific value. But alas ! who ever has been able to unloose the overmastering grasp of a favourite theory, differing from all others, and all one's own ?

responsible. Not a trace is to be found even of their foundations; and history never connected them with the Haram.

These, however, are not the reasons which lead us to reject Mr. Fergusson's theory. We do not believe that there could ever have been a burying-place, not more than 200 feet north of one of the great gates of the Temple and right in front of Antonia, if not within that fortress.

We do not believe that the cave under the Sakhrāh ever was, or ever in any way resembled, a rock-hewn sepulchre. From the perforation of the rock, it must have been a cistern or a cess-pool, as Dr. Pierotti has established beyond all reasonable doubt.

We do not believe that Solomon and Herod, with all the Haram area to choose from, would have cooped up the Temple into a corner where there was barely room for it to stand. A glance shows that the site of the Mosque of Omar was the site of all others sure to be chosen.

We know that a deep fosse strengthened the northern fortifications of Antonia and the Temple cloister. The Temple area has been carefully explored, and its subterraneous cisterns, pipes, and tanks traced into the Kedron and the Tyropæon, but no such fosse has been found or any trace of it; and when the Jews fought with the Romans at Bezetha, they fought from Antonia and the northern cloister of the Temple; but the northern cloister of Mr. Fergusson's Temple is fully 1000 feet from Bezetha, rendering hand to hand fighting impossible.

We cannot believe that the Church of the Resurrection was on Mount Moriah, because the Pilgrim from Bordeaux, who saw Constantine's church A.D. 333, two years before it was finished, on leaving the Upper City—*foris murum*, beyond the first wall—and proceeding towards the Nablous Gate, had the Church on his left and the House of Pilate on his right, fixing the locality where all others have placed it, and utterly ignoring the supposed site over the Sakhrāh.

Therefore, also, we do not believe that the Christians in the eleventh century, or at some other unknown date, transferred the Sepulchre, Golgotha, and the place of the Cross from Moriah to their present site; because a change so incredible in itself, and so revolting to every Christian mind, must have been notorious alike to Mahommedans and Christians. But Mr. Fergusson's is the sole authority for this marvellous transmigration; and we confess to being altogether incredulous.

We have not referred to Arculf or Adamann, or to the early plans of the localities, because the testimony of the Bordeaux Pilgrim

Pilgrim is decisive of the questions, and later travellers but follow in his wake.

As to the real site of the Sepulchre, we express no opinion. Much will depend on discovering and establishing the site of the gate Gennath and the course of the second wall. We are unable to receive Mr. Fergusson's theory, but we have a high admiration of his abilities and learning. We are inclined to listen to him patiently and with a favourable ear anywhere else than in the 'Dictionary;' and our chief controversy, after all, lies not with him, but with Dr. Smith.

The 'Dictionary' is greatly indebted to Mr. Fergusson for his admirable notice of TOMBS, especially of Jewish tombs and the national custom of burial.\*

The articles on the Hauran, Bashan, Og, and the Giants, and the extraordinary Cyclopean cities and buildings scattered broadcast over the countries to the east of the Jordan, in localities the most unlikely, in marvellous preservation and of an utterly unknown and bewildering antiquity, are vaguely handled and disappointing.

Mr. Bevan's disquisition on the CONFUSION OF TONGUES is learned, ingenious, and suggestive. But what will be of far more interest to the general reader is Dr. Oppert's reading of the famous Borsippa inscription. The mound, long known as the *Birs Nimrud*, now identified with the Temple of the Seven Planets, is supposed to have been the locality of the Confusion of Tongues; the Babylonian name Borsip, or Barzipa, is said to mean 'the Tower of the Tongues;' and if Dr. Oppert's reading of the inscription be correct, Nebuchadnezzar's allusion to this event is most striking. The following is Oppert's description of the Temple, with his translation of the inscription:—

'The temple consisted of a large substructure, a stade (600 Babylonian feet) in breadth, and 75 feet in height, over which were built seven other stages of 25 feet each. Nebuchadnezzar gives notice of this building in the Borsippa inscription. He named it the temple of the *Seven Lights of the Earth*, i. e. the planets. The top was the temple of Nebo, and in the substructure (*igar*) was a temple consecrated to the god Sin, god of the month. This building, mentioned in the East India House inscription (col. iv. l. 61), is spoken of by Herodotus (i. 181, &c.).

'Here follows the Borsippa inscription:—"Nabuchodonosor, king

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\* This Article, in addition to its own merits, is enriched with numerous and well-finished illustrations. In future editions, Dr. Smith would do well to introduce into the text much more of the pictorial element, in which this Dictionary is singularly deficient.

of Babylon, shepherd of peoples, who attests the immutable affection of Merodach, the mighty ruler-exalting Nebo; the saviour, the wise man who lends his ears to the orders of the highest god; the lieutenant without reproach, the repairer of the Pyramid and the Tower, eldest son of Nabopallassar, king of Babylon.

“ We say: Merodach, the great master, has created me: he has imposed on me to reconstruct his building. Nebo, the guardian over the legions of the heaven and the earth, has charged my hands with the sceptre of justice.

“ The Pyramid is the temple of the heaven and the earth, the seat of Merodach, the chief of the gods; the place of the oracles, the spot of his rest, I have adorned in the form of a cupola, with shining gold.

“ The Tower, the eternal house, which I founded and built, I have completed its magnificence with silver, gold, other metals, stone, enamelled bricks, fir and pine.

“ The first, which is the house of the earth's base, the most ancient monument of Babylon, I built and finished it; I have highly exalted its head with bricks covered with copper.

“ We say for the other, that is, this edifice, the house of the Seven Lights of the Earth, the most ancient monument of Borsippa: A former king built it (they reckon 42 ages), but he did not complete its head. *Since a remote time people had abandoned it, without order expressing their words.* Since that time, the earthquake and the thunder had dispersed its sun-dried clay; the bricks of the casing had been split, and the earth of the interior had been scattered in heaps. Merodach, the great lord, excited my mind to repair this building. I did not change the site, nor did I take away the foundation-stone. In a fortunate month, an auspicious day, I undertook to build porticoes around the crude brick masses, and the casing of burnt bricks. I adapted the circuits. I put the inscription of my name in the *Kitir* of the porticoes.

“ I set my hand to finish it, and to exalt its head. As it had been in former times, so I founded, I made it; as it had been in ancient days, so I exalted its summit.

“ Nebo, son of himself, ruler who exaltest Merodach, be propitious to my works to maintain my authority. Grant me a life until the remotest time, a sevenfold progeny, the stability of my throne, the victory of my sword, the pacification of foes, the triumph over the lands! In the columns of thy eternal table, that fixes the destinies of the heaven and of the earth, bless the course of my days, inscribe the fecundity of my race.

“ Imitate, O Merodach, king of heaven and earth, the father who begot thee; bless my buildings, strengthen my authority. May Nebuchadnezzar, the king-repairer, remain before thy face!”

“ This allusion to the Tower of the Tongues is the only one that has as yet been discovered in the cuneiform inscriptions. The story is a Shemitic, and not only a Hebrew one; and we have no reason whatever to doubt of the existence of the same story at Babylon.

“ The ruins of the building elevated on the spot where the story placed

placed the tower of the dispersion of tongues, have therefore a more modern origin, but interest nevertheless by their stupendous appearance.'—Vol. iii., pp. 1554-5.

We have not seen anywhere a more clear, convincing, and dispassionate explanation of the difficulties connected with the two genealogies, the census and the chronological dates of the birth and ministry of our Lord, than will be found in Lord Arthur Hervey's two articles on the GENEALOGIES, and in the Archbishop of York's article on JESUS CHRIST. They do not amount to actual demonstration, but they show very clearly that the preponderance of evidence is altogether on the Christian side.

Passing into another atmosphere altogether, we find a thoughtful and carefully-digested article by Mr. Perowne on the PENTATEUCH. With much of it we cordially agree; and we recognise with admiration the pains with which he has collected the conflicting theories of German scholars, and the perfect fairness and impartiality with which he brings them forward. The following view is worthy of consideration:—

'It is necessary here at the outset to state the exact nature of the investigation which lies before us. Many English readers are alarmed when they are told, for the first time, that critical investigation renders it doubtful whether the whole Pentateuch in its present form was the work of Moses. On this subject there is a strange confusion in many minds. They suppose that to surrender the recognised authorship of a sacred book is to surrender the truth of the book itself. Yet a little reflection should suffice to correct such an error. For who can say now who wrote the books of Samuel, or Ruth, or Job, or to what authorship many of the Psalms are to be ascribed? We are quite sure that these books were not written by the persons whose names they bear. We are scarcely less sure that many of the Psalms ascribed to David were not written by him, and our own translators have signified the doubtfulness of the inscriptions by separating them from the Psalms, of which in the Hebrew text they were made to form a constituent part. These books of Scripture, however, and these divine poems, lose not a whit of their value or of their authority because the names of their authors have perished. Truth is not a thing dependent on names. So likewise, if it should turn out that portions of the Pentateuch were not written by Moses, neither their inspiration nor their trustworthiness is thereby diminished. All will admit that one portion at least of the Pentateuch—the 34th chapter of Deuteronomy, which gives the account of Moses' death—was not written by him. But in making this admission the principle for which we contend is conceded. Common sense compels us to regard this chapter as a later addition. Why then may not other later additions have been made to the work? If common sense leads

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us to such a conclusion in one instance, critical examination may do so on sufficient grounds in another.'—Vol. ii., p. 769.

There would be nothing to object to here, provided that sufficient data were to be found for such critical examination, and that its results were trustworthy or generally acquiesced in. His own conclusions are as follows :—

' Briefly, then, to sum up the results of our inquiry.

' 1. The Book of Genesis rests chiefly on documents much earlier than the time of Moses, though it was probably brought to very nearly its present shape either by Moses himself, or by one of the elders who acted under him.

' 2. The Books of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, are to a great extent Mosaic. Besides those portions which are expressly declared to have been written by him (see above), other portions, and especially the legal sections, were, if not actually written, in all probability dictated by him.

' 3. Deuteronomy, excepting the concluding part, is entirely the work of Moses, as it professes to be.

' 4. It is not probable that this was written before the three preceding books, because the legislation in Exodus and Leviticus as being the more formal is manifestly the earlier, whilst Deuteronomy is the spiritual interpretation and application of the Law. But the latter is always before the spirit; the thing before its interpretation.

' 5. The first *composition* of the Pentateuch as a whole could not have taken place till after the Israelites entered Canaan. It is probable that Joshua, and the elders who were associated with him, would provide for its formal arrangement, custody, and transmission.

' 6. The whole work did not finally assume its present shape till its revision was undertaken by Ezra after the return from the Babylonish captivity.'—Vol. ii., p. 784.

Of these the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th may be accepted with slight reservations. The 1st, in so far as it assumes the existence of documents more ancient than Moses, may fairly be looked upon as reasonable and probable, though incapable of direct proof: but that the Book was reduced to its present shape by an unknown Elder in the wilderness, or by any other than Moses himself, is one of those gratuitous assumptions, which form the stock-in-trade of the 'higher criticism,' and have no stronger foundation than the varying *verba magistri*. The same may be said of Mr. Perowne's 6th conclusion, for which there is no evidence worthy of the name.

There could not be a stronger proof of the integrity of the text and the worthlessness of the highest German criticism than a glance at the very fair *résumé* which Mr. Perowne has collected of its leading results.

We may notice here also Mr. Perowne's article on ZECHARIAH

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as an admirable investigation of a very perplexed point of criticism.

In the article on NOAH and the Noachic DELUGE the writer walks with an unsteady foot on uncertain ground. His work is the work of a scholar, and is full of ingenious speculation. But the pear is not yet ripe. It will be time enough to discuss the phenomena of the Deluge, when the great Asiatic Sahara, extending from the Caspian to China, with its rivers that have changed their course and its seas drying up so rapidly, has been examined by competent geologists; and when Bactria and Armenia and Persia and Aria, the original seats of the human race, have yielded up their geological treasures. It is at present our wisdom to wait and to be silent.

Mr. Plumptre's contributions are numerous and important. His excellent digest of all that is known of the SYNAGOGUE is the very model of an article for a Dictionary.

'The Synagogue was the great characteristic institution of the later phase of Judaism. We cannot separate this institution from the most intimate connection with our Lord's life and ministry. In it he worshipped in his youth and in his manhood. Whatever we can learn of the ritual which then prevailed tells us of a worship which He recognised and sanctioned; which, for that reason, if for no other, though, like the statelier services of the Temple, it was destined to pass away, is worthy of our respect and honour. In the synagogues were wrought some of his mightiest works of healing. In them were spoken some of the most glorious of his recorded words; and many more, beyond all reckoning, which are not recorded.'—Vol. iii. p. 1396.

To them, too, on every Sabbath did his Apostles repair, and proclaim to their countrymen the fulfilling of inspired prophecy and the Advent and Resurrection of the promised Messiah. The whole Synagogue service was directly antagonistic to priestly domination. Founded probably on the stated public readings of the Law commanded by Moses, it became the germ of spiritual life to the nation, more by far than the pulpit is to the Christian community; and in worship, organization, and government there seems little doubt that the Synagogue was the prototype of the Church. In Mr. Plumptre's article will be found a full, learned, minute, but never dull or tedious, detail of its name and history, its extension to every town or village in the land, its structure, its officers, its worship and ritual, and its judicial functions; and very few will rise from the perusal without a feeling of thankfulness to the writer for the valuable and suggestive information he has gathered for them with such care and labour.

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Among the biographical articles are some of the most interesting in the work, though we regret to find in others a treatment of the sacred history which does not appear to us duly reverential.

Mr. Plumptre's character of Jeremiah is strikingly drawn:—

'There fell to the lot of Jeremiah sharper suffering than any previous prophet had experienced. It was not merely that the misery which others had seen afar off was actually pressing on him and on his country, nor that he had to endure a life of persecution, while they had intervals of repose, in which they were honoured and their counsel sought. In addition to all differences of outward circumstances, there was that of individual character, influenced by them, reacting on them. In every page of his prophecies we recognise the temperament which, while it does not lead the man who has it to shrink from doing God's work, however painful, makes the pain of doing it infinitely more acute, and gives to the whole character the impress of a deeper and more lasting melancholy. He is pre-eminently "the man that hath seen afflictions" (Lam. iii. 1). There is no sorrow like unto his sorrow (Lam. i. 12). He witnesses the departure, one by one, of all his hopes of national reformation and deliverance. He has to appear, Cassandra-like, as a prophet of evil, dashing to the ground the false hopes with which the people are buoying themselves up. Other prophets, Samuel, Elisha, Isaiah, had been sent to rouse the people to resistance. He (like Phocion in the parallel crisis of Athenian history) has been brought to the conclusion, bitter as it is, that the only safety for his countrymen lies in their accepting that against which they are contending as the worst of evils; and this brings on him the charge of treachery and desertion. If it were not for his trust in the God of Israel, for his hope of a better future to be brought out of all this chaos and darkness, his heart would fail within him. But that vision is clear and bright, and it gives to him, almost as fully as to Isaiah, the character of a prophet of the Gospel. He is not merely an Israelite looking forward to a national restoration. In the midst of all the woes which he utters against neighbouring nations he has hopes and promises for them also (xlviii. 47, xlix. 6, 39). In that stormy sunset of prophecy he beholds, in spirit, the dawn of a brighter and eternal day. He sees that, if there is any hope of salvation for his people, it cannot be by a return to the old system and the old ordinances, divine though they once had been (xxxi. 31). There must be a New Covenant. That word, destined to be so full of power for all after-ages, appears first in his prophecies. The relations between the people and the Lord of Israel, between mankind and God, must rest, not on an outward law, with its requirements of obedience, but on that of an inward fellowship with Him, and the consciousness of entire dependence. For all this he saw clearly there must be a personal centre. The kingdom of God could not be manifested but through a perfectly righteous man, ruling over men on earth. The prophet's hopes are not merely vague visions

of a better future. They gather round the person of a Christ, and are essentially Messianic.'—Vol. i. p. 971.

Mr. Llewelyn Davies, in his elaborate and carefully-written article on ST. PAUL, gives an excellent description of the Apostle's personal appearance and character, and administers a gentle but well-deserved castigation to Professor Jowett for his depreciation of the Apostle:—

'We have no very trustworthy sources of information as to the personal appearance of St. Paul. Those which we have are the early pictures and mosaics described by Mrs. Jameson, and passages from Malalas, Nicephorus, and the apocryphal *Acta Pauli et Theclae* (concerning which see also Conybeare and Howson, i. 197). They all agree in ascribing to the Apostle a short stature, a long face with high forehead, an aquiline nose, close and prominent eyebrows. Other characteristics mentioned are baldness, gray eyes, a clear complexion, and a winning expression. Of his temperament and character St. Paul is himself the best painter. His speeches and letters convey to us, as we read them, the truest impressions of those qualities which helped to make him The great Apostle. We perceive the warmth and ardour of his nature, his deeply affectionate disposition, the tenderness of his sense of honour, the courtesy and personal dignity of his bearing, his perfect fearlessness, his heroic endurance; we perceive the rare combination of subtlety, tenacity, and versatility in his intellect; we perceive also a practical wisdom which we should have associated with a cooler temperament, and a tolerance which is seldom united with such impetuous convictions. And the principle which harmonised all these endowments and directed them to a practical end was, beyond dispute, a knowledge of Jesus Christ in the Divine Spirit. Personal allegiance to Christ as to a living Master, with a growing insight into the relation of Christ to each man and to the world, carried the Apostle forwards on a straight course through every vicissitude of personal fortunes and amidst the various habits of thought which he had to encounter. The conviction that he had been entrusted with a Gospel concerning a Lord and Deliverer of men was what sustained and purified his love for his own people, whilst it created in him such a love for mankind that he only knew himself as the servant of others for Christ's sake.

'A remarkable attempt has recently been made by Professor Jowett, in his Commentary on some of the Epistles, to qualify what he considers to be the blind and indiscriminating admiration of St. Paul, by representing him as having been, with all his excellences, a man "whose appearance and discourse made an impression of feebleness," "out of harmony with life and nature," a confused thinker, uttering himself "in broken words and hesitating forms of speech, with no beauty or comeliness of style," and so undecided in his Christian belief that he was preaching, in the 14th year after his conversion, a Gospel concerning Christ which he himself, in four years more, confessed to have been carnal. In these paradoxical views, however, Professor

Professor Jowett stands almost alone: the result of the freest, as of the most reverent, of the numerous recent studies of St. Paul and his works (amongst which Professor Jowett's own Commentary is one of the most interesting) having been only to add an independent tribute to the ancient admiration of Christendom. Those who judge St. Paul as they would judge any other remarkable man confess him unanimously to have been "one of the greatest spirits of all time;" whilst those who believe him to have been appointed by the Lord of mankind, and inspired by the Holy Ghost, to do a work in the world of almost unequalled importance, are lost in wonder as they study the gifts with which he was endowed for that work, and the sustained devotion with which he gave himself to it.—Vol. ii., pp. 762-3.

We had marked many other articles for extract—Chaldea, Nineveh, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Syria, Phœnicia, Shishak, Nebo, Weights and Measures, the Levites, &c., &c.—but we must stop; recommending to the public Dr. Smith's Dictionary, with its numerous excellences and its few and easily-remediable superfluities, shortcomings, and defects, as a work in the first rank of English literature, an honour to the learning and talents of the Anglican clergy, and a treasure-house of everything of value in Biblical literature. We believe that it will be an invaluable gift to the clergy, whether Churchmen or Dissenters. It will give them mastery over the whole range of Biblical literature, add freshness and accuracy to their illustrations of Scripture, open out rich fields not otherwise accessible and full of interest and value, and accustom them to largeness of thought and candour and forbearance in dealing with other men's opinions, as earnest it may be, and as conscientious as themselves.\*

ART. V.—*Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Sanitary State of the Army in India.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 1863.

**T**HIS Report embraces the consideration of the supply, the maintenance, and the preservation of our European army in India. It deals with the welfare, physical and social, of more than seventy thousand Englishmen, who, for the honour and in the interest of their country, have for years to endure hard-

\* We cannot take leave of this subject without congratulating all students of Biblical and Oriental Literature on the appearance of the first part of Mr. E. W. Lane's Arabic-English Dictionary (London and Edinburgh, 1863), a work which is the fruit of many years of painful labour, and which promises to be worthy alike of the learning of its eminent author, and of the munificence of its 'originator and constant and main support,' the Duke of Northumberland, as well as of the judicious patronage of the British Government, awarded through Earl Russell.

ships inseparable from a residence under a tropical sun. It demonstrates that great waste of money, as well as undue loss of life, has occurred, is still occurring, and may be prevented. The Report is of a varied character, and it deals with many questions involving the well-being not only of the army, but of the civil hospitals, dispensaries, and prisons, and of the population of India altogether. We propose, however, to consider it almost exclusively with a view to its immediate purpose.

To speak, then, of the British troops in India: the Report was scarcely needed to inform us that the English Government has been in the habit of enlisting in its military service a large number of young and heedless persons, and of so disposing of them when enlisted that most of them live unhappily and perish in the flower of their age, constituting meanwhile a more costly and a far less efficient force than they might, with due care, be made. And now the question is, shall this always be so, or is the knowledge which has been derived from dear-bought experience, and which has been already acted upon to a considerable extent, to be zealously, steadily, and systematically employed in promoting the well-being and efficiency of our troops? Let us apply to its solution the information embodied in the important document which stands at the head of the present article. Miss Nightingale's indignant comments are well known.

The Royal Commission which has recorded its conclusions in this Report originally consisted of the late Lord Herbert, best known as Mr. Sidney Herbert; General Sir R. Vivian; Sir P. Cautley; Mr. Alexander (the late able and excellent head of the Army Medical Department); Colonel Greathead; Dr. Farr; Sir Ranald Martin; and Dr. Sutherland. That estimable man and true friend of the soldier, Lord Herbert, did not live to see completed the noble work commenced under his supervision. Always anxious and ready to improve the condition of the army, and ever interested in its welfare, he was greatly instrumental in the appointment of the Commission; and while health was spared him he did his best to promote its objects. But he did not live to see the task completed, which his benevolence as much as his patriotism had undertaken.

Mr. Alexander, in the prime of life, was also removed by death from the field of his useful labours, long before the completion of the work. His place was supplied by his successor in office, Dr. Gibson, who has had great experience as an army surgeon.

In the room of Lord Herbert, the services of Lord Stanley were secured to the Commission; and the Report drawn up by him, as chairman, will stamp his name with a character for painstaking precision, and an honest wish to act rightly, that not

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all can achieve, but that all may envy. Dr. Farr, by his years of valuable experience in the Registrar-General's Office, and the ability with which he can render it available for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, was able to afford most important aid to the Commission. To Sir Ranald Martin may be attributed, if we mistake not, much of the substance of the Report. In years past, while resident in Calcutta, he was the first of his day to draw the attention of the Governor-General of India to the insalubrious condition, and the want of sanitary arrangements, in that important and populous city. He has laboured ever since in the same good cause. The establishment of the sanitary officers of towns and districts was caused in a great degree by his early efforts; and to his disinterested exertions is mainly due the appointment of the Commission, from whose recommendations we venture to hope for great public benefits.

The whole subject before us resolves itself into the question, by what means we can most economically and efficiently supply and maintain our European army in India? How can recruits be best transmitted to India, and what precautions should be taken to preserve their health when landed there?

In 1862 the European army was reduced to about 74,500 men. Of these, 48,000 were scattered over the Presidency of Bengal, 12,000 over that of Madras, and 14,000 over that of Bombay; and the terms of the Commission embrace every conceivable subject connected with their well-being, many of them, of course, having the largest bearing on the condition of the native troops, and of Indian life generally.

The minutes of evidence occupy two volumes, of nearly 1000 pages each. Elaborate tables, maps, plans, and charts of weather, &c., assist to swell this immense mass of information—evidence derived in a great measure from the medical officers of the army of India, a class of men, for intelligence, industry, and devotion to their duty, not to be surpassed by any. In many instances high scientific knowledge, combined with much experience on service and in the field, renders their statements most valuable.

The rate of mortality among Europeans resident even in the healthiest of the three Presidencies of India, viz. Bombay, is much higher than the death-rate of all England. But the rate of mortality which affects British troops scattered over all India, it will appear, is far greater than it need be were sanitary measures properly carried out. The following remarks will fully establish the justice of this statement. They are taken verbatim from the Report:—

‘The mortality of men of the soldier's age, in the healthy parts of England

England and Wales, is such, that on an average 8 die annually to 1000 living. Recruits for India undergo careful examination; and when soldiers are attacked by consumption, or any disease that is not soon fatal, they are invalided. So that their recorded mortality in peace, under such conditions as can be commanded in the army at home, should not exceed that experienced in the healthy districts of England, which, as regards their salubrity, are by no means perfect models.

‘Half the population of England and Wales is concentrated in town and city parishes, under many unfavourable conditions, and the annual mortality of Englishmen, of the soldiers’ ages, is 9 in 1000. Thus the mortality varies in different cases; and as it rises from 8 to 9 and 12, unfavourable sanitary conditions are discovered accounting for every degree of increase. The same principle holds in the mortality of the British army at home, which was at the rate of 17 per 1000 annually, and is now declining in proportion as the causes of disease are abolished or mitigated.

‘The mortality of the non-commissioned officers and men serving in the British army abroad,\* in the four years (1857-60), was at the rate of 41 in 1000. Of the officers the mortality was 80 in 1000.’

The annual mortality of officers serving at home and abroad was 17; of non-commissioned officers and men, 33 in 1000, during the years 1839-53, of European peace. The Report states that the death-rate of the British soldier in India, since the first occupation of the country by European troops, down to the present day, has oscillated round 69 per 1000, and concludes this portion of the inquiry with this remarkable sentence:—‘If the mortality is set down at 69 in 1000, it follows that, besides death by natural† causes, 61, or, taking the English standard, 60 head per 1000 of our troops perish in India annually. It is at that expense that we have held dominion there for a century; a company out of every regiment has been sacrificed every twenty months. These companies fade away in the prime of life; have few children; and have to be replaced, at great cost, by successive shiploads of recruits.’ This fearful death-rate is the result, not of warfare, but of those various local, atmospheric, or malarious influences which are known to be to a considerable extent within the reach of science and experience, and the remedies which they may suggest.

An examination was made by the Commission into the rates of mortality at different ages, as well as at different terms of service in India. The mortality under 20 years of age is lower than it ever is afterwards; from 20 to 25 it is 56·4 per 1000;

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\* This, we presume, includes those serving in India.

† The Commissioners must mean to say, by causes usually occurring in the English climate.

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from 25 to 30 it is 48·8; and then gradually rises. The mortality during the first year of residence is higher than in any subsequent period (65·2); it decreases gradually to 44·1 in the fifth year; then slowly rises; is 47·0 at the second quinquennial, and 52·8 at the third; but between 15 and 20 years' service, the rate becomes reduced to 43·0, which reduction is properly attributed to the elimination of the sickly by invaliding. If acclimation, in the ordinary sense, takes place, it is at advanced ages. The causes which destroy Englishmen in India, like arsenic, or any other poison, do their fatal work in every year of age and residence; and, indeed, the zymotic, the climatic, and malarious agents which produce cholera, dysentery, liver disease, diarrhoea, and fever in all its forms, comport themselves like organic poisons.

One other point in reference to the mortality of our troops is of importance. That mortality appears to depend more on the intensity of zymotic poisons, and the time at which the men are exposed to such influences, than to the fact that the soldier has resided a longer or shorter period in the unhealthy locality.

The Commissioners have exhausted all the resources of arithmetic to show in every variety of form the sad truth, which we fancy no one will dispute, of the rapid mortality of our troops in India. The mean period of service is found to be 8·6 years. Eleven recruits are required annually to keep up the standard of each hundred men; or, to maintain an army of 85,856 men, 10,000 annual recruits are required, even were the term of service as prolonged as under the regulations of the late East India Company. The half of a regular army so constituted consists of men who have served less than six years; and not more than a fourth of the men are veterans of ten years' standing, on whom the discipline and solidity of an army greatly depend. How few ever return to England in a single regiment sent for its term of duty to India!

By a comparison of the causes of death in England, with the causes of death in India, the Commission ascertain the class of diseases which chiefly prove fatal to the British soldier in the latter country. The great endemic diseases of India—those which injure the health, or destroy the life of the British soldier incalculably more than wounds received in war—are, fever, dysentery, diseases of the liver, and epidemic cholera, which has for many years engrafted itself on the endemics of the country, all other diseases being of minor extent and influence comparatively. These four great diseases are almost exclusively diseases of the sultry plains of India; and, when any of them  
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are found in the elevated lands, they are, generally speaking, greatly modified in degree, and reduced in proportionate frequency.\* They were for centuries equally fatal in the cities of Europe; they are still prevalent there under the same circumstances, and they are generally most fatal in the summer, when the sun is not so hot as in India, but is above the horizon a greater number of hours. If heat-apoplexy and liver complaints, frequently the results of certain forms of zymotic disease, be added to those which have just been mentioned, '*the main causes of premature and preventible mortality*' in India affecting European life are here included.

The experience of the civil service, of the military officers, of their wives and children, of the English troops in many stations, and of the native troops, proves to the satisfaction of the Commission, that in the present state of India the mortality of the English troops can be reduced to the rate of 20 in 1000. It is not necessary that we should discuss the question whether this rate is not too low. The rate, at all events, can be greatly reduced.†

In India every evil of unwholesome water supply, bad ventilation, or insufficient drainage, becomes tenfold aggravated by the wonderful effects of a high temperature, and the consequent rapid animal and vegetable decomposition. In England, on the other hand, ague and intermittent fever have disappeared in districts well drained and cultivated, jail fever has been lost sight of in our prisons, now well ventilated and kept clean; typhoid fevers have lessened in frequency and intensity, from good household drainage and good free circulation of pure air; and cholera and dysentery have been nearly banished by good sanitary measures, and good water supply. At the same time the congregation of large populations in crowded towns and buildings has engendered another evil; and fever of a contagious character, the result of foul and contaminated air, crowded rooms, ill-ventilated chambers, and want of food and clothing, has taken hold of large portions of the lower classes. Well may the Commissioners feel, 'that so far as the experience of more temperate climates can be admitted as evidence, it tends to prove that the very class of diseases, formerly so fatal in this country, and which

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\* Certain forms of bowel complaint, when the sufferers are removed from the plains to the high grounds, are the only exceptions. But even here there is no uniformity of climatic influence, for the bowel complaints of some mountain ranges are unknown in others. A very full and discriminating account of the diseases of India, and the localities in which they are chiefly engendered, will be found in the Evidence of Sir R. Martin.

† The rate of mortality among the European troops in the Bombay Presidency in 1863 was only 12 per 1000.

occasion so very high a rate of mortality, both absolute and relative, among the Indian army, is, to a large extent, dependent on removable conditions and habits.'

But although some of the conditions of a soldier's life admit of being modified or removed, others of them are irremediable; and without accurate information relative to the topography and climate of India, it would have been impossible for the Commission to arrive at satisfactory or just conclusions on any sanitary measures. A very interesting chapter is therefore devoted to the consideration of these two important points.

India, with a superficial area of 1,500,000 square miles, is enclosed on the north, east, and west by mountain ranges some 4500 miles in extent, and is girt on the southern, western, and eastern coasts by 4500 miles of sea. Plains traversed by large rivers, with deltas projecting into the sea, and hardly raised above its level, constitute a large portion of the country; but extensive table-lands, of greater or less elevation, rise from the plains; a continuous range of mountains along the west coast intercepts the warm, moist winds of the Indian Ocean, and influences the climate for a considerable distance inland; here and there solitary mountain groups, from their elevation, present very different climates from those of the immediate plains beneath. The Himalayas on the north consist of successive ranges, rising in height as they recede northwards, until their summits are lost in the range of perpetual snow.

Mr. Glaisher, at the request of the Commissioners, who placed in his hands all the documents at their disposal, has for the first time given a comprehensive view of the geographical distribution of atmospheric phenomena over this vast and varied peninsula. His observations, based on wonderfully voluminous calculations conducted with great labour and zeal, confirm the opinions of those who believe that climate is far less dependent on range of latitude or longitude, than on elevation. Several degrees of latitude appear to produce no effect whatever upon the average of extreme high temperature, whereas by elevation a certain fall of the thermometer is secured—a certain cooling of the atmosphere occurs. On the plains, therefore, extremes of heat are to be observed all the year round. There is no winter to produce frost or snow. The rainfall in these parts is abundant, and affords a humid atmosphere, injurious to the European constitution. In the mountain districts, elevation is the regulator of the temperature; but the rainfall is influenced by certain other causes. On the face exposed to the monsoon, the rainfall is enormous; while to the leeward of the same hills, the climate is dry and clear, with little rainfall. 'The climates of certain isolated mountain groups and

and table-lands are almost as healthy as those of southern Europe ; while at the base of the same mountains there are local climates which are absolutely pestilential.'

We need but mention one or two instances to show the reader how insignificant is the question of latitude in the consideration of climate, as regards British India, when the temperature is taken below 1000 feet elevation. At Palamcottah, in latitude  $8^{\circ} 43' N.$ , the mean maximum temperature was found by Mr. Glaisher to be  $91^{\circ}$ ; at Cannanore, in latitude  $11^{\circ} 52' N.$ , the mean maximum temperature was  $86^{\circ}$ ; whereas at Ferozepore, in latitude  $30^{\circ} 55'' N.$ , the mean maximum temperature was  $90^{\circ}$ . In the first instance, the variation between the hottest and coldest months was  $8^{\circ}$ ; in the second,  $8^{\circ}$ ; in the third,  $34^{\circ}$ ; so that although latitude appears to make, within the district we are considering, but little difference as regards the mean maximum temperature, it certainly makes a considerable difference in the range of the thermometer between the hot and cold months. If we take two instances of elevation in low latitudes, the difference will at once be perceptible. Bangalore is 3000 feet above the level of the sea, in latitude  $12^{\circ} 57'$ ,  $18^{\circ}$  nearer the Equator than Ferozepore, but with a mean maximum temperature of  $83^{\circ}$ ,  $7^{\circ}$  cooler than Ferozepore, taking the year through, and with only  $12^{\circ}$  of variation. Wellington, in latitude  $11^{\circ} 25'' N.$ , and 6000 feet elevation, has a mean maximum of  $72^{\circ}$  and  $9^{\circ}$  of variation.

The Commissioners have arrived at the conclusion,—that climate does exercise some effect on the general health of persons exposed to its influence; that long-continued exposure to Indian climates gradually deteriorates the constitution; that diseases of the epidemic class prevail most severely and extensively in localities where, and at seasons when, the elements of *heat and moisture most predominate*; and they say, 'If careful inquiry were to show that there were absolutely no other agents at work in producing these results, except high temperature, then we should be driven to the conclusion that nothing short of change of climate and station would preserve the health of the army. But there are many other agencies at work besides those due to climate *per se*, and first among them, that subtle, unknown agent, or rather that cause of disease known only by its effects, malaria.' In India, as in all tropical climates with undrained soils, swampy lands and luxuriant vegetation, the presence of malaria is known but by its effects on health; but as surely as moisture, heat, and the consequent rank vegetation exist, though no other test detect it, the living human being falls under its dire influence, as surely as the mercury in the barometer falls before the coming gale. It is the main

main cause of most of the diseases incident to India, both in the native and European inhabitant ; most sure to be met with, and most fatal in low situations ; more rare and far less fatal as we rise in height from the sea level. 'At considerable elevations,' say the Commission, 'where the air is cool and dry, and the vegetation scanty, it diminishes greatly, or disappears altogether. It is the product of heat, moisture, and vegetable decomposition. It appears to be absorbed largely and retained by the soil, and is given off on the first fall of rain, or on turning up the ground, in sufficient intensity to produce disease in susceptible persons exposed to its influence.' It is only the old story of our own undrained fen districts of England years gone by, minus the excessive heat and the consequent vast mortality.

'The production of malaria can be checked (not extirpated) by the withdrawal of any one of the three elements, on the co-existence of which it depends ; but the experience of colder climates would appear to prove that subsoil water has more influence on its production than high temperature. High temperature with a moist state of the air and subsoil are the chief agents which influence the rapid decomposition of dead organised matter, while, at the same time, they produce a certain amount of susceptibility to disease in those exposed to them. Indian climates have, therefore, the double disadvantage of generating malaria and increasing its deleterious influence on health.'

The Commission are content to rest on the experience gained in other countries, viz., that removal of wood-lands, subsoil drainage, and improved cultivation have been most effectual in eradicating its deleterious influences. So in India part of the once deadly country at the foot of certain mountain slopes, has become comparatively healthy by the removal of forests and by the cultivation of the soil.

Malarious influences are observed, no doubt, to act very fatally in elevated districts under peculiar circumstances. For instance, in certain valleys running up mountain-slopes from a low country, it has been supposed that malaria has been carried up thousands of feet above the low-level source of its origin. The Commissioners report an instance of a whole family, living in an otherwise healthy locality, being swept away by malaria, supposed to arise from the adjacent low country. These cases, however, require very careful examination before the evil can be certainly ascribed to its right source. It is as probable that some local, overlooked cause, if carefully sought for, might be found to account for the disaster. In consequence of these causes of disease being ignored or overlooked, many stations were originally formed in districts in the midst of a deadly climate, which

which proved so fatal to troops that the stations had to be abandoned after much loss of life and great sacrifice of money.

Under the present system of cultivation of the soil by the native of India, viz., by irrigation, but without any attention to drainage, it may be assumed that the three peculiarities of the climate and causes of disease—heat, moisture, and malaria—are constantly in force, and everywhere influence the sanitary condition of the country. But beyond these causes, potent in the production of disease, in a climate of such a temperature, rainfall, and evaporation, many small circumstances of neglect or disorder which in a cooler climate would produce no prejudicial effects, here may occasion formidable consequences. Crowded sleeping-rooms, slight impurity of drinking-water, want of general or personal cleanliness, want of ventilation and want of drainage, are followed by consequences a hundred-fold more serious than could possibly occur in colder latitudes—though even here neglect of proper sanitary precautions has been occasionally visited by dire mortality. ‘The supreme importance of apparently trivial causes of disease is the lesson to be learned by all our past experience; and not till this is thoroughly understood and practically acted on will any great good be done in reducing the high mortality rate of the Indian army.’

However formidable the effects of climate to European troops during their period of service in India, there are other very important conditions which influence their health, efficiency, and invaliding. In our own climate young growing men, still under twenty years of age, may make efficient or good materials for enlistment, and for training into excellent soldiers; but it is a question whether, while growth is still active, recruits should be sent out to India, or whether it would not be better to allow them to attain maturity in their native air. We are inclined to the opinion that, as a general rule, twenty-five years should be the usual age of soldiers landing in India for long service. Growth is then complete, ossification is then perfect, and the system is capable of enduring the greatest amount of fatigue, and of resisting to the utmost the attacks of disease; and the years gained between eighteen and twenty-five would probably render the soldier more careful of health, and less prone to yield to the evils of drink and debauchery.

The passage to India, by the ‘long sea voyage,’ *viâ* the Cape, is a portion of the soldier’s life-history which certainly has a black side, however bright any one may be inclined to paint the other. In the days of ‘John Company,’ whose argosies were annually bound to China, to be freighted home with fragrant hyson

hyson and costly silks, it was the custom to *ballast* his fine ships, on their outward passage, with recruits intended for the protection and preservation of his Indian possessions. In order that these ships should make a fair passage home from China in the most favourable season, the poor soldiers were sent out to India at a period which insured their arrival at the most unhealthy season. It has been mentioned by one of the most distinguished officers of the Bengal army, that upon one occasion he made it his duty to represent this evil to some of the authorities at the India House. The evil was at once acknowledged, and the reply was: 'What use could be made by the Company of their ships on the outward voyage if troops were not sent out in them? The ships could not be permitted to wait to insure the arrival of the troops in the cold season, and so would have been sent out empty had the troops not been despatched in them.' Consequently the soldiers were drafted out in them, to their own ruin, and to the great detriment of the Exchequer of the Company, which dealt with human life in so sordid a spirit.

It is to be hoped that ere long India will be supplied with troops conveyed entirely by the so-called 'overland route.' We understand that negotiations have been opened to effect the establishment of such a system. It would be a waste of time to enumerate its advantages where we have to send out an army of 10,000 recruits annually. Whether it is more convenient or expedient to keep that number of troops at sea, and consequently useless, for four or five weeks, or for four or five months, is a question which need scarcely be asked. The question of diet would, if the overland route be adopted, form no subject of complaint or cause of disgust. At present it is far otherwise. We subjoin a table of the diet of troops on board ship, according to the present Admiralty regulation:—

<i>Daily.</i>			<i>Weekly.</i>			<i>Alternate Days.</i>		
Biscuit	.. ..	1 lb.	Oatmeal	.. ..	$\frac{1}{2}$ pt.	Salt pork	.. ..	$\frac{2}{3}$ lb.
Spirits	.. ..	$\frac{1}{2}$ pt.	Mustard	.. ..	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	Peas	.. ..	$\frac{1}{2}$ pt.
Sugar	.. ..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	Pepper	.. ..	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	Salt beef	.. ..	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Chocolate	.. ..	$\frac{3}{4}$ oz.	Vinegar	.. ..	$\frac{1}{2}$ pt.	Flour	.. ..	6 oz.
Tea	.. ..	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.				Suet	.. ..	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
						Currants or raisins		1 oz.

It is difficult to account for the disregard to all that is economical and beneficial in the above scale of diet for men cooped up in a ship for a four or sometimes five months' passage—a passage of many hot days, and preparatory to a residence in a hot climate:—

'As regards the issue of spirits on board ship, there cannot be a doubt that the practice has been injurious to the health of the army,' say the Commissioners. 'It can easily be understood how this arises, when

when it is considered that men, having little or nothing to do during a three or four months' passage, may gradually contract a taste for spirits which they never had before; and, of course, immediately on arriving in India, they proceed to indulge themselves with any kind of intoxicating drink they can most easily obtain, so that on their first arrival in a dangerous country the habit acquired on board ship may lead, as indeed it has led, in a great number of instances, to the destruction of health and life. Lately an issue of malt-liquor has been made on board ship; but still the regulation allowing the use of spirits is in existence, and ought to be repealed.'

The diet scale in many respects is most objectionable, and the waste of food is most extravagant. 'In a calm, the sea, for scores of yards around the ship, is covered with biscuit,' writes an experienced medical officer of the army. The biscuit is often unpalatable, always hard, and never inviting as an article of diet; and the daily waste above noted is sufficient to indicate how little economy or the benefit of the soldier has been studied by the promoters of the diet scale.

The following scale, proposed by a medical officer of experience, is far preferable, being economical, palatable, and wholesome:—

<i>Daily.</i>					<i>Three Days.</i>				
Biscuit	..	..	..	..	8 oz.	Preserved meat—beef or mutton	12 oz.		
Chocolate	..	..	..	..	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	Preserved potatoes	..	..	4 oz.
Tea	..	..	..	..	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.				
<i>Weekly.</i>					<i>Two Days.</i>				
Butter	..	..	..	..	4 oz.	Flour	..	..	12 oz.
Vinegar	..	..	..	..	$\frac{1}{2}$ pt.	Lard	..	..	2 oz.
Sugar	..	..	..	..	1 lb.	Raisins or currants, alternately	2 oz.		
Mustard	..	..	..	..	oz.	Salt beef	..	..	12 oz.
Pepper	..	..	..	..	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	Preserved vegetables	..	..	2 oz.
Pickles	..	..	..	..	pt.				
Salt	..	..	..	..	1 oz.				

7 pints water per day per man.

It will be observed that in the latter scale the quantity of biscuit is one-half that of the Admiralty scale. Preserved fresh meat and vegetables are substituted for salt pork; salt beef is only issued twice a week; and in two days of the week the soldiers would be restricted to a vegetable diet—pudding alone, with raisins, for dinner; all intoxicating liquor is excluded. Upon a careful calculation for the Admiralty scale of a mess for six men for twenty-eight days, the cost is 5*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* Upon an equally careful calculation, the cost of the scale we have introduced would be 4*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.* But, independent of the saving in money—the variety in the diet, and the abstinence from spirituous or fermented liquor, while the soldier has no hard work, and is not even able to take exercise of any amount, would render him on landing

landing a much better subject for the climate than a man fed on salt meat alone, stimulated by a daily allowance of spirit, and unable to work off its injurious effects by exercise. Pure, good cold water supplied to the troops in abundance would compensate largely for the want of spirit or beer; and by the recent improvements of Dr. Normandy, such a supply can be readily furnished at sea. We should also propose, that in lieu of biscuit fresh bread should be issued occasionally in the week. The cost might be a little more than the calculation given, but it would be compensated by the better condition of the men. There would be no difficulty in meeting the supply required, and it might be easily achieved by the overland route. The difficulty we anticipate would alone rest with those who object to change of routine, and who see lions in every path that can be indicated for the improvement of the soldier's condition.

It will be seen, however, that if the overland route could be established for the transmission of reliefs to India, time and money would be materially economised, and the soldier would arrive at his destination better prepared for his work and the climate than after the voyage around the Cape, fed as at present on the Admiralty scale. The variety in the overland route, by the railway transit across the Isthmus of Suez, would not only break the monotony of the sea voyage, but benefit the recruits; and a system of vessels might readily be organised, and we believe is being organised, to ply between the respective ports on either side, so that those conveying troops out would be available for returning invalids not requiring the greater quiet of a voyage round the Cape, or for regiments which had served their time in India. One great and essential object would be secured: outgoing troops could always be sent so as to arrive in India in the cold season. Even if the Cape route be still adhered to, the altered scale of diet should be given; the soldier should invariably land in India at the beginning of the cold season, war-time excluded; and on arrival, or during the first hot season, he should go to some elevated station, so that his system may be gradually accommodated to the change to a tropical climate.

We must never forget that the life of the European soldier is risked by his residence in the plains at any time of the year; that the heat, the moisture, and the malaria are inimical to health; and that there disease often devastates a whole district, or destroys a great portion of a regiment in a short time. 'A certain amount of destruction and deterioration of European health must result from a residence at the stations on the plains, even if the soldiers were put into palaces,' says Sir R. Martin. The selection of  
stations,

stations, as a rule, in India (we still speak on the authority of the Commission), appears to have been most unfortunate, and not in accordance with any sanitary considerations. 'Many of the stations occupied by British troops are either within, or close to, cities and towns, the inhabitants of which are decimated periodically,' says the Report, 'by fevers, cholera, diarrhoea, and dysentery, connected with the most obvious causes.'

We do not here discuss the military administration of India. It may be important that certain points of the country should be accessible to troops, so that any requisite number should be there collected rapidly on any emergency. But with the present available railway accommodation, increasing every year,\* it becomes a matter of far less importance to retain all our European troops in the plains; and no one will dispute that the men of that army should always be preserved in the soundest frame of body and mind for their work.

Temperature is after all the cardinal fact in judging of health-questions. In proportion as we rise above the sea level, so the temperature decreases and the mortality surely diminishes, until an altitude may be attained at which the European is really in a temperate climate. Sir R. Martin† has most justly drawn especial attention to this very important consideration. But as there must always be many stations on the plains, we must first consider the means of improving them.

The extreme unhealthiness of many of the stations was long ago brought to the notice of the Indian Government.

'It is a primary duty of the Government,' wrote the Marquis Wellesley, when Governor-General of India, and resident in Calcutta, 'to provide for the health, safety, and convenience of the inhabitants of this great town, by establishing a comprehensive system for the improvement of its roads, streets, public drains, and water-courses; and by fixing permanent rules for the construction and distribution of the houses and public edifices, and for the regulation of nuisances of every description. The appearance and beauty of the town are inseparably connected with the health, safety, and convenience of the inhabitants; and every improvement which shall introduce a greater degree of order, symmetry, and magnificence in the streets, roads, ghauts, and wharfs, public edifices, and private habitations, will tend to ameliorate the climate and to secure and promote every object of a just and salutary system of police.'

Lord Wellesley did not remain long enough to see his projected

\* How greatly the means of internal communication are likely to increase, may be guessed from Capt. A. Henderson's 'Comprehensive View of Indian Railways and River Steam Transport Progress,' &c., 1864.

† 'On the Influences of Tropical Climates,' p. 42.

improvements

improvements carried into execution, but had subsequent Governments acted on his hints, or had they taken warning from the voice of him who, as we have mentioned above, first drew attention to the insalubrity of Calcutta and its suburbs, Calcutta, instead of being what it is, would long since have been a model for all Indian cities and stations.

'There is no such thing as subsoil drainage carried out at any station,' say the Commissioners. What the landed proprietor of England does at an average expense of some 5*l.* an acre, to improve his land and increase his corn crops, the Government of India have not considered it policy to carry out to save human life, or avert 'the pestilence that stalketh by day' in many of these garrison stations. 'The reason assigned for the absence of any but surface drainage is the want of sufficient fall at many stations; but if there be not fall enough to enable the subsoil to free itself of moisture, the ground is certainly unfit for occupation by troops,' unless the water were pumped up and removed by mechanical means. By machinery alone, have we seen the fen districts of Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Cambridge, drained of their stagnant waters, now presenting to the eye of the traveller thousands of acres of the most luxuriant corn-raising land, whence fever and ague have been gradually dispelled, but which formerly were alone prolific in the heron and wild fowl; . . . 'the evidence given, as well as the stational reports, when carefully considered, all go to prove that the drainage of Indian stations, on a well digested plan to suit local circumstances, is a work of urgent necessity for improving the health of the army.'

Of the first importance in a hot climate, of more importance even than drainage or sewerage, is the water supply of the European; it should be *wholesome, clear, and cold*. '*I am disposed to think that impure water is before impure air, as one of the most powerful causes of disease*,' says Dr. Letheby;\* and the Commissioners add 'that the diseases which our home experience has proved to be so strikingly under the influence of the quality of the water are the same diseases which bring so much loss and inefficiency in the Indian army. Purity, abundance, and facility of use are the three principles which require to be kept in view, and they are, if possible, of far more importance in India than at home.'

In a hot climate, with long droughts, sudden and heavy rainfalls, and excessive surface evaporation, a continuous and

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\* The Oriental mode of expressing that a place is healthy is, that 'the water and air are good.'

efficient supply of water is a matter requiring very careful management.

The supply of stations in India is from three sources—tanks, wells, and rivers. Water, so readily distributed, years past, in most European countries, by means of pipes carried from some fountain head of pure supply, is still in India allowed to be conveyed in large bags of prepared skins by bullocks or water-carriers (bheesties) in moderate and intermittent quantities, instead of being conducted underground and in cooler conduits, and supplied without stint in a continuous stream. What would be thought of our foresight and supervision, were it generally known that in no single instance, in the construction of barracks in India, has any other provision been made for water supply than the tub into which the bheestie daily pours water, carried some distance in the prepared hide, and from which tub the soldier draws his tepid, unrefreshing draught? It may be urged that mechanical difficulties prevent a suitable supply at many stations; but this cannot answer the question, why no proper supply has until very lately been attempted in any one station of India? Engineering skill is not wanting. All that has been stated on this water question points to the importance of elevation in the location of troops, for there the water supply will be generally purer, better, and cooler than in the plains.

It is difficult in the temperate climate of England to secure what may be termed pure water, but in such a climate a slight impurity is not of vital consequence. It is different in the tropics: there the slightest vegetable or animal matter in contact with water soon renders it unwholesome and injurious. The only certain method to procure a pure water supply in India is by the collection of rain-water in covered tanks, as the drinking water of European families is now collected in large jars. The expense in the first instance would of course be considerable, but in time the health of our troops and the prolongation of life would amply repay the cost. In every station in India, from the highest in the Bengal Presidency to the most southern point of Madras, from east to west, such covered tanks should be established at the cost of Government. A calculation of the greatest number of troops to be placed in any emergency at any station, with the calculation of the rainfall of the district, should regulate the size for the supply of such troops with a certain amount of water per diem. Rain-water has the greatest amount of purity in the first instance, and by a very simple method of filtration before it entered the tank, the most perfect state of purity would be obtained. The tank should be so constructed as to prevent water oozing into it by percolation from the surrounding land,

land, and should be arched over and covered with earth to prevent atmospheric or vegetable contamination, and also to prevent the penetration of heat. If of sufficient depth, and properly covered in, water drawn from the bottom of such a tank, and conveyed to barracks by iron pipes, would always be cool, fresh, and palatable, free from all contamination, and incapable of conveying any poison to the human body. If such a system of tanks were established throughout India, each cantonment and each barrack might be supplied with as much water as would be required for every social purpose; and, in addition (if water from other sources were wanting), afford baths to the soldiers, the contents of which baths would again be most serviceable in effectually flushing the adjacent surrounding drains. There is no other system of water supply for our troops in the tropics which can compete with this for purity, coolness, and salubrity.

Water may in India more easily be obtained pure than cool. Recent improvements place most simple impromptu and inexpensive filters at the command of every one at all stations where charcoal is to be obtained.\* But to cool down water in large quantities, is a matter much more complex. Cold water *can*, however, be obtained, and the temperature is almost as important as the purity; for tepid water, however pure, is by no means palatable, or even sufficiently assuaging of thirst to induce any one to prefer it to a more stimulating beverage. The man who sweats profusely in exercise under a hot sun or before a furnace must drink something to enable him to maintain physical exertion. The copper smelters of Swansea, working in a very heated atmosphere, drink during their hours of work gallons of cold water supplied in taps immediately accessible to them, and they are said to run 'rivers of perspiration.' These men have of late been induced to abstain entirely from the use of beer during the hours of work; they drink nothing but cold water, as much of it as they like, and whenever they like. Since the change from beer to water the men acknowledge themselves to be equally able to endure the labour of the day, and to be less exhausted when the day's labour is terminated. They are more healthy, and their houses are made comfortable.

There can be no moral doubt that an ample supply of pure cold water (of iced water where possible) would be the most sure means of checking intemperance. The want of it is the

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\* We understand upon good authority that most barracks and stations in India are now actually supplied with pure drinking water.

cause of much mischief to the soldier, in health and discipline, and of great loss to the Government. Drink is the bane of the soldier all over the world, but especially so in hot climates, where thirst is excessive and cannot be slaked by fermented drinks, and where stimulating beverages when taken in excess act most perniciously on the liver and brain. It appears that in many stations one-tenth of the total admissions into hospital depend directly or indirectly on this cause. To a certain extent this arises from the system still kept up of allowing the soldier to purchase spirits at his regimental canteen; and it is calculated that if a soldier avails himself of his privilege to the full extent, he will consume eighteen gallons and a quarter of spirit in the year. How certain and swift must be the effect of this in a climate in which the action of the skin and loss by perspiration leave the blood in a highly carbonised state, in a country in which very little and no unnecessary exercise is *permitted* or taken!

A total abolition of the privilege to purchase and consume spirits might fairly form a subject of deep consideration for the Indian Government. We would strongly urge, if possible, the gradual but entire abolition of the system. The substitution of beer or porter has been largely practised, and there can be little doubt of its advantages over the more stimulating dram. In hot climates, with profuse perspiration, it is the quantity of liquid required that forms the matter of consideration; and if men be provided, without cost, with abundance of cool non-stimulating drinks, they would as a rule resort to them rather than to others of less bulk, but of more potency, and for which they have to pay. The London streets, in hot summers, have told a story confirmatory of our statement. The ginger beer barrows and the drinking-fountains have by far the larger number of customers; for in hot weather, quantity is of the first importance, and quality, *i. e.* of the non-stimulating character, is the next. We are informed that in the cold wet summer of 1860, the bitter beer trade of one house alone of very extensive business was most materially diminished, the heat of summer having, as a general rule, greatly regulated the quantity of light bitter beer sold.

A temperance movement was introduced at Meerut in the 2nd Troop, 1st Brigade, H. A., with the most satisfactory results. Mr. Dempster states that he 'had never before seen European troops in India in so good a condition in all respects;' that when the troop arrived at Meerut from Loodiana, it had 50 per cent. actually in hospital; and that, after a four years' residence in Meerut under the temperance system, it marched to Sealkote 'with

*'with a clean bill of health, no death having occurred among the men for a period of two years.'*

Drinking in India is, no doubt, in the first instance promoted by the thirst which results from heat, but we have already shown that the recruit on his outward voyage is initiated in the habit and taste for spirits. In addition to this apprenticeship and the want of an efficient and cool water-supply, drinking is the companion of idleness, and in India it is so especially. The want of amusement and occupation, the want of comfortable cool resting accommodation apart from his sleeping-room, the want of some out-door exercise beyond that of drill, all these are considerations in the balance which hands over a soldier to the grog-shop. Give him opportunities of exercise and amusement; give him gardens to work in, and tools to till them with; teach each a trade, to supply the regiment with the necessities or small luxuries of life; and give him an inducement to work, and it will be strange if drunkenness does not diminish, and the increased efficiency of the army and the happiness of the soldier be a marked and cheap-bought result.\* One of the most difficult and important duties of the Bazaar Magistrate in India, is to prevent soldiers from procuring a cheap bad liquor—a spirit of a very unwholesome character, and often adulterated; so strong and so cheap, that for a few annas' worth a man may become intoxicated—and this liquor he manages to procure, notwithstanding certain penalties to which he subjects himself. 'Restrictions are always attempted,' says Sir R. Martin, 'but then the evil of open cantonments throughout India is the difficulty of maintaining a proper system of medical police, especially in regard to the use of the pernicious bazaar spirits.'

We may concede that when troops have to march distances in short periods; or when in the field; or when exposed to many hardships, wet, and great fatigue, the moderate use of spirits may be beneficial. Yet in the latter part of the campaign in Central India under Sir Hugh Rose in 1857, when beer and spirits were scarcely attainable at any price, and the officers were placed on the Commissariat rations, the general health of the troops was excellent, though they were marching by night, and fighting by day, in the hottest season of the year.

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\* In fact we believe that a good deal has already been attempted in this direction, and with very encouraging success. Another source of humanising influence is to be found in cultivating the soldier's mind by supplying him with useful and entertaining books, or by delivering popular lectures on subjects which he is capable of understanding. The admirable services rendered to the soldier in this way by the Rev. Reginald Norman, Chaplain at Dum Dum, are well worthy of imitation.

It is worthy of consideration whether a more liberal supply of tea and coffee to the men, especially during their night marches, might not diminish the desire and relish for spirits. The Indian Government has expended of late nearly 200,000*l.* per annum on beer for the European troops in India. 'As the daily use of malt liquor,' say the Commissioners, 'is not necessary to health, this large sacrifice of revenue can be considered in no other light than as a tax to encourage men not to drink spirits, and is a striking evidence of the cost incurred by the intemperate habits of the British soldier. If the loss to the service from diseases occasioned by intemperance were added to this premium on the consumption of the less deleterious drink, it would amount to a very large item in the whole cost of the army.' And they remark, that one of the advantages of hill-stations would be, that, on account of the lower temperature of the climate, beer might be brewed there, and a great saving thus effected.\* We may fairly add, that with the diminished temperature, the wants of nature would be less, as regards drink, than in the lower hot plains, and that even the quantity taken would relatively have less injurious effect.

The disease which is the plague-spot of all armies is a crying evil in the British service, and one of the most important and difficult to deal with. We are glad to see that the Commission have not shirked the question; we wish they had more rigorously treated it. The prevalence of the disease is marked in all military hospitals in India. A percentage, varying from twenty, to in some parts fifty, of the total sick,† must materially damage the efficiency of an army. Not only does illness at the moment incapacitate the man for duty, but in a large number of cases the frequently recurring outbursts in those once contaminated render the sufferers liable to be placed repeatedly on the sick-list, and not unfrequently to be invalided home, and discharged the service, at an otherwise useful period of a soldier's life.

There are manifestly only two ways of mitigating this terrible evil. One is, to offer greater inducements to the soldier to marry; the other, the establishment of Lock Hospitals. The former plan would in the first instance add largely to the cost of the State; but, on the other hand, we should have fewer

\* Good wholesome beer is actually brewed at Landour.

† 'This disorder in one form or other of its Protean shapes,' says Dr. Maclean, 'complicates 50 per cent. of all the diseases that are treated in the medical wards of this hospital.\* It is quite an exceptional thing to see a post-mortem examination here, without palpable evidence, in almost every tissue, of the destructive power of this searching poison.'

\* Victoria Military Hospital.

soldiers in hospital, fewer invalided, fewer old soldiers to convey home, for old soldiers would be far more disposed to remain with their regiments.

In the field an army cannot be hampered with women and children. In the transport of troops at home, to the colonies, or abroad, an increase of accommodation must be provided at increased expense, and many incidental inconveniences would no doubt arise; but let the aspect of the soldier's life spent in India be fairly considered; we doubt if the expense would then be grudged.

As a rule, the private is sent out a mere youth, generally without education or mental discipline of any kind; often with evil habits, or predisposed to acquire them. He is bound to serve in any part of the world for a certain period. His pay is small; his liberty is the hour off duty. If he gets intoxicated he is punished, though he may know that some of his officers commit the same fault daily with impunity. He cannot marry without the permission of his commanding officer. The Supreme order that went forth to all lands and tribes is to him a visionary idea. Were he to marry, he would be made to suffer; or, if he remain single, he more surely risks an infection through which we may truly say, that the sins of the fathers are visited on their children. The soldier is thus between two fires. He marches where he is bid; he fights when ordered, not his own, but his country's battles; his food, his dress, his every thing, is supplied him. He is not permitted to think for himself, act for himself, or, during certain months, to amuse himself out of doors in the day-time. He is cut off, with very few exceptions, from all the hopes, pleasures, advantages, and social ties of married life; and is in general given over to idleness, debauchery, and drink.

The married soldiers are usually found to be most steady; they commonly prefer to remain in a regiment; their children are a source of occupation and happiness to them. If marriage were more encouraged, the soldier would procure a better class of wife than is often found in regiments in India. A system of education might be established for all the children of those who remained in the country; and these children as they grew up would be useful either in the army or out of it. It will be important to provide for the wives and children of the privates when a regiment is ordered on active service, and this might be managed in India provided permanent barracks and cantonments were placed in elevated and healthy positions. The families of the soldiers would then increase; and the settlement of the pensioners in the neighbourhood, which has already taken place in the comparatively cool station of Bangalore, would make them

them available for the formation of volunteer or veteran bands—a force at all times efficient and economical for purposes of protection.\*

The service would be more efficient; for the Commissioners truly observe that the army would be less sickly, as *'married men are generally the most healthy; they are the best soldiers, and a certain number of them are an example in a regiment.'*

On the other hand, while we debar the soldier from marriage, we brutalise him; we treat him as a mere animal; and, treating him as such, we do not even protect him from the evils of an animal life. If the soldier is not to be permitted to marry, it is the bounden duty of the Indian Government to establish Lock hospitals at all cantonments.

We are compelled to pass unnoticed several subjects investigated by the Commission, that we may attempt to do justice to the most important of all considerations in the maintenance of an efficient and powerful European army in India. We allude to the establishment of Hill Stations.

The Commissioners have considered the subject in two respects: 1st, as regards *Health*; 2ndly, as regards the *Military Occupation of the Country*. Our space will permit us to investigate the first point only at present. We may say in general terms that with every 100 feet above the sea-level temperature declines and salutary influences increase. No doubt, through some peculiarity of drainage, soil, water, or vegetation, the elevated spot indiscriminately chosen may prove more pestiferous than the plain; but, as the Commissioners have stated, 'so far as health is concerned, the evidence in the stational Reports is, with trifling exception, decidedly in favour of mountain climates, especially during the earlier years of service. Hitherto, however, there has been no experience on any large scale of the sanitary influence of hill climates on healthy troops: for it has been the practice to send to the hills men either absolutely diseased or convalescing from severe disease, or sickly regiments; and, so far as these classes are concerned, hill climates have been found beneficial in certain descriptions of cases only, but in all others either of doubtful efficacy or positively injurious.' Prevention, all the world over, is better than cure. It is as a preventive of disease that we must first consider the advantages secured by hill stations.

But even the hill stations must not be pitched upon at random. It has too often happened, through want of due care and consider-

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\* Pensioned soldiers, if steady, will never have any difficulty in obtaining employment in India, as overseers (for instance) of tea or coffee plantations, or on railways.

ation, that troops have been stationed on the fronts and spurs of mountains which bear the brunt of the south-west rainy monsoon. Such positions, on account of their cold humidity, have proved disadvantageous, not only to the sick, but to the healthy; while it has frequently been found that, inland from such stations, sheltered from storms, having a moderate rainfall, and a larger space of level ground, there are places which have been neglected, but which are far more suitable for cantoning troops. Solitary mountains recommend themselves on the score of a more free ventilation, with exemption from the influences of neighbouring hills, and of this description is Mount Aboo; the experience derived from which is very favourable. But this question, as well as the whole subject of the mountain climates of India; including the most suitable elevation for locating European troops, has yet to be carefully examined. Table-lands are to be found in many provinces which are eligible for artillery and cavalry. Sir Patrick Grant, in a Minute to Government on the subject of establishing convalescent dépôts on hill-ranges for European soldiers, states that a searching investigation in the Bengal Presidency, by a committee of highly experienced medical and military officers, established the fact that the rate of mortality amongst the soldiers was fully fifty per cent. less on the hills than it had been on the plains. Dr. Macpherson, Inspector-General, Madras, in his valuable Report on the Mountain Climates of India, says of the upper ranges of the Pulney Hills, Southern India, that they 'are decidedly salubrious, and that it were difficult to find a climate more congenial to the feelings, more calculated to preserve health, or to restore the invalid, than this elevated area affords.' But they are quite out of the way, and have never been tried. The praise bestowed upon the Pulney Hills applies also to Ramandroog (at an elevation of 3400 feet), near Bellary, and in a still higher degree to the Neilgherries; and Dr. Macpherson states that every military station of importance in the southern peninsula, except Secunderabad, has in its vicinity hill ranges adapted for the residence of Europeans, and that our military positions would in no degree suffer by quartering portions of our regiments upon them.

We select a few facts from the evidence collected by the Commission:—At Sunnawur and Mount Aboo the Lawrence Asylums afford evidence of great health in the children during their residence therein; 'they look like English children, while those in the plains below are "pale, pasty, and wasted."' At a convent 'at Darjeeling, with 11 adults and 28 children sent up from the plains, during thirteen years there has been no death among the

the children ; while the mortality among children in Bengal is 84 per 1000 per annum.' To look beyond India, even Fernando Po is losing its deadly character since the establishment of a sanitarium at an altitude of 1200 feet. Well may Captain Burton \* express himself in these regretful words—'Though pleased to see the Spanish authorities taking sanitary measures which no other nation on this coast has thought proper to attempt, I regret that we are not following, however humbly, in their steps. An English sanitarium on the Camaroon Mountain was proposed a score of years ago ; nothing has yet been done for the preservation of health and life.'

It is essential in considering the salutary influences of the mountain ranges for purposes of cantonments that we should not expect more from them than they are capable of affording ; and, on the other hand, that we should not destroy the essential advantages that proper use will secure. It cannot be expected that the hill climates will restore invalids, suffering from the ravages of tropical climates, to pristine health in the larger number of cases. Hill districts differ in their climate materially from each other : some are damp, debilitating, chilling, and with abundant rainfall ; others are dry, invigorating, with agreeable temperature and moderate rainfall. Some, in consequence of vegetation and want of drainage, are pregnant with malaria ; others are salubrious, and offer the best prospects for speedy convalescence under the latitudes of the tropics. But the invalid from the plains has probably gone through an attack that no climate or human skill will remedy, and the removal to a comparatively cold climate within a short time, especially if that be a damp climate, may hasten rather than retard the disease, or produce one of the chest or bowels equally fatal.

This appears to be the chief point of all, that freshly-arrived troops should at first be quartered in hill stations ; but, more than this, each European regiment should have its turn there.

With respect to the second point, that we should not destroy the essential advantages which a proper use of hill stations would secure, we wish to notice that, as man can readily convert the healthiest district into a pestiferous one, so the present hill-stations appear to have been formed with utter disregard of all sanitary considerations. 'At Simla "the conservancy" is described as having been as bad as could be ; the ravines full of dead animals, together with the ordure of many thousand natives.'—'The effluvia from the ravines were as strong as on going into a sewer.' At Jackatalla (or Wellington) in the Neilgherries,

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\* Letter to 'The Times,' inserted 16th June, 1864.

the 74th Highlanders died at the rate of 39 per 1000. Dysentery, diarrhoea, and cholera were active causes of death. The 60th Rifles in 1860 lost at the rate of 24 per 1000. *The barrack-square was frequently an immense swamp.* On inquiry into the causes of this sickness, it was discovered that, besides bad drainage, the large body of from 2000 to 3000 workmen employed on the buildings had been under no sanitary control, so that the ground for miles was contaminated, and the troops suffered to a great extent from bowel disease in consequence. This at 6000 feet elevation! At Cannanore, 20 feet above the sea-level, the 66th Foot lost only at the rate of 11 per 1000. Well may the Commissioners say 'one thing is quite clear, that it will never do to trust simply to elevation above the plains to keep the army in health.'

To render hill, or any other stations, fit for the reception of European troops, it becomes absolutely necessary to secure certain essentials, previous to soldiers being housed in such positions. The ground should be well drained for a few square miles,\* and only a certain quantity of timber allowed to grow for shelter in the immediate neighbourhood of barracks. The barracks should be roomy, well built,† well ventilated, and provided with sewers and ample water-supply, with facilities for washing and bathing, and for flushing the sewers. The outlets of sewers should be carried beyond the reach of harm, and might be made subservient to purposes of irrigating and fertilising the soil upon which they would be discharged. Natives as well as Europeans should be subjected to the strictest sanitary control at every station, or all other precautions are vain.

The sanitary administration of the army is equal in importance to any other military consideration whatever, for without health an army is powerless. It has long been urged by persons whose opinions are entitled to weight, that a competent medical sanitary officer (as originally proposed in India by Sir Ranald Martin), and one whose sole duty should be to attend to sanitary measures,

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\* Bangalore, the highest of the larger stations in India, is 3000 feet above the sea-level, in lat. 12° 57' N. Its natural advantages are very considerable; but it has nevertheless afforded a high sick and death rate, and the population, civil and military, have suffered severely from dysentery and cholera. During the period included in the return from this station the barracks were bad, and their 'conservancy' worse. The natural drainage from the ridge on which the cantonment rests is good; but as it is not properly taken advantage of, the surface filth finds its way into the tank, which, during the dry season, supplies the dense native population with water.

† At Aden, though one of the hottest places in the world, the barracks are of the flimsiest kind. At Poonah, they are so arranged that, when the wind blows from a certain quarter, they receive the most offensive odours from a large section of the city.

should always be attached to the staff of the larger commands, and that he should be answerable for the well-being of the troops under such command. Sanitary measures should be his sole duty; and, as the appointment must be no sinecure, he should be granted liberal pay and allowances. He should also correspond directly with the Government of his Presidency.

Although the peculiarities of the Indian Government may have rendered expedient the appointment of a Commission to carry out the needful improvements, we earnestly hope that they will be carefully superintended by the Government, and will be guided by medical officers in deciding upon local improvements.

The medical officers of the Indian army possess the intelligence, the will, and the capacity to carry out all that may be required of them. It is to the Government, and not to them, that the backwardness of India in sanitary matters is to be attributed; and, with the aid of the able engineers at command in India, they can best carry out the improvements suggested or considered necessary. How far the Government is likely to secure, under the present rules, medical officers of tried skill and ability, is another question; but nevertheless one of some moment, if sanitary measures are to be a reality.

Good drainage, proper police as regards removal of sewage, and pure water-supply, are the elements of successful sanitary improvements in every cantonment in India, *and are required in all*. Hill stations for European troops and invalids; location of all recently arrived English soldiers in such stations; these are the great features of improvement which the Government of India may advantageously turn its attention to. This change cannot be effected without good men to direct and carry it out. It cannot be completed without a large outlay of money. But surely it is the first duty of the Government to save life, let the cost be what it may. Few governments move rapidly in the direction of improvement without some pressure from without; but we hope that the Government of India is now rousing itself to some sense of its responsibilities.

The general principles of the Report are not in the least impeached, though it may be the case, as is thought by some officers of experience, that the figures adopted by the Commissioners are too unfavourable to the sanitary condition of the British troops in India for the period preceding the mutiny of 1857; and those principles are greatly confirmed by the unquestionable fact, that even before the appointment of the Commission, the great increase of the British troops in India had led to better sanitary arrangements, and that during the last three years in particular the increased attention to these subjects has been attended

attended with the most gratifying success.\* We earnestly hope that the Government will not weigh life against money, nor falter in pursuing a career of improvement in which every step must add to human happiness.

ART. VI.—1. *Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern.* From the German of Frederick Schlegel.

2. *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.* 3rd Edition. Edinburgh, 1819.

3. *Valerius: a Roman Story.* Edinburgh, 1842.

4. *Reginald Dalton.* Edinburgh, 1842.

5. *Some Passages in the Life of the Rev. Adam Blair, and History of Mathew Wald.* Edinburgh, 1843.

6. *The Life of Robert Burns.* 5th ed. London, 1847.

**J**OHAN GIBSON LOCKHART was born in the manse or parsonage-house of Cambusnethan, on the 14th of July, 1794. His father, the minister of the parish, came of a good stock, being a younger son of William Lockhart, Esq., of Birkhill, in Lanarkshire. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. John Gibson, minister of St. Cuthbert's, in Edinburgh, who married one of the Miss Erskines of Cardross. The father of the subject of our present sketch was twice married. By his first wife, as well as by his second, he had a family; but of the children of the first marriage only one, the late Laird of Milton-Lockhart, and member for the county, attained to mature age; and of the children of the second marriage, John Gibson was the eldest.

Lockhart appears from his birth to have been a delicate child. Had his first decade been spent amid the bracing air of his native place, this delicacy of constitution might perhaps have

\* While these sheets are passing through the press, we learn that the returns which have been issued from the Army Medical Department relating to the health of the European forces in India in 1862, show the deaths to have been only 25·68 per 1000, being nearly a third under the proportion of 1861. The mortality in the Madras Presidency was 20·83 per 1000; Bombay, 24·60; and Bengal (where the majority of the troops are quartered), 27·55. These statements include the deaths of invalids on their passage home, or while waiting their discharge in England.

Assuming 69 per 1000—the rate adopted by the Commissioners—to be correct, or even not very incorrect, the figures we have just quoted show an immense diminution of mortality, and we are informed that later returns will prove that a steadily progressive improvement is taking place. Of course in years when an epidemic prevails, the rate of mortality must be much larger. Thus we find that the mortality of 1860 and 1861 (taken together) in Bengal, averaged 42·27; but the troops suffered severely from cholera in 1861, the deaths from that cause alone being 23·73 per 1000. We have already mentioned (p. 418, note) that the Bombay rate in 1863 was only 12 per 1000.

been

been overcome; but he had scarcely attained his second year when his father became minister of the College Kirk, in Glasgow; and the close atmosphere of a town, already beginning to be one of the chief seats of Scottish manufacture, could hardly fail to affect the little fellow injuriously. Be this as it may, the fact is certain that Lockhart as a boy was singularly open to the influences of contagion. To some juvenile illness he used to attribute the partial deafness under which he ever afterwards laboured.

His early education was conducted through that series of day-schools at which it was customary, in the beginning of the present century, for Scottish children of his condition in life to attend. When a mere child, from four to six years old, he toddled to the English school, as it was called, and to the writing-school—the former being a seminary in which reading and spelling were exclusively taught; the latter, the great hot-bed—to girls and boys alike—of writing, geography, and arithmetic. His first remove was into the High School, where the elements of Latin and Greek were taught by competent masters; and, finally, at the age of twelve, or something under it, he put on the red-frieze gown, and became a matriculated member of the College and University of Glasgow. He is described by his contemporaries, some of whom still survive, as having been a clever, though by no means an industrious boy. He contrived indeed, in spite of frequent absences, occasioned by illness, to keep his place at the head of his class; yet how this was done, nobody was ever able to discover. ‘I really don’t know how he contrived it,’ writes one who sat on the same form with him at the High School, ‘but he always kept his place as dux. He never seemed to learn anything when the class was sitting down; and on returning after one of his illnesses, he went of course to the bottom; but we had not been five minutes up when he began to take places, and he invariably succeeded, sometimes before the class was dismissed at noon, in getting to the top of it again.’

The secret of Lockhart’s success at school—the secret indeed of all his successes through life—lay in this, that he possessed in no common degree the power of concentrating his thoughts, and keeping them steadily fixed upon the subject to which they were from time to time directed. His lessons thus gave him very little trouble; and, having conquered these, he was not unapt, for mere amusement’s sake, to follow up to its legitimate conclusion the argument to which they had introduced him. It may be almost said of him indeed, that he never knew what it was to be absolutely idle. His reading, like that of clever children

children in general, was to be sure miscellaneous enough; for whatever came in his way he devoured. But whatever he had once devoured he never forgot. This was an advantage over other boys which he owed in part at least to nature. His memory was retentive in the extreme, and continued so through life. Like Lord Macaulay and Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Lockhart, in the maturity of his days, seldom thought it necessary to verify a quotation of which he desired to make use. In like manner, as a child, he seemed always ready to draw from the little store of knowledge which he had accumulated, and to turn it to account at a moment's notice. Hence the slight interruption to his onward progress which illness itself occasioned. When the sick boy could not read, he could think; and his thoughts appear to have ranged themselves in such order, that as soon as the opportunity offered of resuming his studies, he did so having forgotten nothing. He was never therefore at a loss where to begin, and in what order to go forward.

The clever child, the gifted boy, had however a character of his own, and, in essentials at least, it continued unchanged throughout the whole of his not very protracted existence. Full of fun, overflowing with humour, he was yet averse to rough sports, and hated quarrelling. An intense perception of the ludicrous made him a capital caricaturist. The same exuberance of animal spirits rendered him incapable of stifling a jest, even if thereby he was sure to make a lasting enemy. In all this there was not one spark of malice; it was the mere outpouring of glee, which could not be restrained, of which it was never the object to inflict a wound, and which sometimes could not even see the wound after it had been inflicted. At the same time the humorous, gleeful, merry boy was proud and reserved. A natural disposition more than commonly affectionate he kept under perpetual restraint, considering it unmanly to make any violent display either of joy or of sorrow. The effort necessary to accomplish this often cost him dear, and on one occasion had well-nigh proved fatal to him. He was very much attached to a younger brother and sister, particularly to the latter, both of whom died within a few days of each other. John would not weep as the rest of the family did, nor in any other way make a display of his feelings, and the consequence was that he became so ill as seriously to alarm, not his parents only, but his medical attendants.

From this illness, which sowed the seeds of what appeared for a while to be consumption, John recovered very slowly. He was removed for change of air to the sea-side, and ceased, as a matter of course, to take his accustomed place in the High School;

School; but his education suffered thereby no interruption. Dr. Lockhart, himself a good classical scholar, took the boy in hand, and the progress which he made under such tender guidance proved most satisfactory. The result was, that when the invalid regained his strength, it was considered unnecessary to send him back to school, and he was entered at College, though still under twelve years of age.

Of his appearance and manner at this period of life, and of the place which he took in the society to which it introduced him, one of his early friends, Dr. Rainy, Professor of Forensic Medicine in the University of Glasgow, gives the following graphic account:—

‘I became acquainted with John Lockhart in 1805: he was then about twelve. He had just recovered from a protracted illness, was of small size, thin and pale, with delicate, rather feminine features, but with sharp bright eyes, and altogether a very expressive countenance. Like most boys of his age at that period, he was rather slovenly in his dress, and ridiculed any of his companions who devoted much attention to his personal appearance. As he was rather delicate, he seldom engaged in the games and athletic exercises with which the students generally amused themselves. He preferred taking a quiet walk with some congenial companion in the college garden. He was well informed for a boy of his age; had a decided fondness for poetry; had remarkable conversational powers, and expressed his views with great fluency and distinctness. His most marked peculiarity was a strong sense—I may say a morbidly strong sense—of the ludicrous. Anything odd in appearance, language, or conduct, struck him forcibly, and was depicted by him with great humour, though often with some exaggeration and a good deal of sarcasm. It made little difference to him whether the object of his ridicule was a stranger, an intimate friend, or a near relative. Any one was fair game if he showed any ludicrous peculiarity of manner or deportment. At the same time I do not think that there ever was anything ill-natured in the spirit of his remarks; in fact, he seemed unconscious that his remarks might give pain to others.

‘He attended the junior Latin in 1805-6, and the senior Latin and junior Greek in 1806-7. His appearances at the oral examinations were always highly respectable—I think, rather in consequence of his ability than his assiduity, for he did not appear to me to exert himself to sustain a prominent position in the class. He occasionally got into discredit with the Professor from talking to his neighbours, and especially for sketching caricatures, of which the Professor himself was frequently the subject. On some of these occasions the sketch was noticed by the Professor, and had to be handed up for his inspection.

‘At the close of the session 1805-6, two prizes were given to the junior Latin class. They were adjudged by the votes of the students  
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to the two students who were considered most meritorious. Lockhart expected a majority of votes for the second prize. He was disappointed, and felt it keenly, much more so than I expected; for up to this period I thought him rather indifferent to honorary distinctions. Several of his supporters were also disappointed at this result, and having met together, determined to present him with some testimonial as an expression of their opinion of his merits, as well as their personal attachment to him. Scott's "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*" had been recently published. It was one of Lockhart's special favourites; we therefore got a copy elegantly bound in red morocco, with a view of presenting it to him. It occurred to some of us, however, that it would be much more gratifying to Lockhart if it were handed to him by the Professor at the annual distribution of prizes in the Common Hall, on the 1st of May. I was deputed to wait on the Professor (Richardson) to ask his concurrence. The proposal met with his cordial approbation. Accordingly, after the other prizes were handed to the successful competitors, the Professor stated that he had been asked by a number of the students to present to "*Johannes Lockhart*" a prize, which they had themselves provided. He then produced the splendid volume, and with some very complimentary observations, and amidst the acclamations of the crowded assembly, presented it to Lockhart, who up to that moment knew nothing of the intended gift. As you may easily suppose, he was deeply affected. This little incident will show you that amongst his fellow students Lockhart was not only respected, but loved.

'After 1808 I had very little intercourse with Lockhart. He went to Oxford, and I commenced the study of medicine. We met accidentally the summer before his death and had a long walk together. I should not have known him if he had not stopped and asked my name, for we had not seen one another for forty years.'

Thus far Dr. Rainy. The Rev. Dr. Smith, of Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh, writes a little more at length, and continues the picture in the following terms:—

'My acquaintance with Lockhart began in October, 1806. My father, the late Rev. Dr. Smith, of Galston, had brought me, then between thirteen and fourteen, into Glasgow, to enter the Latin and Greek classes at college, taught by Professors Richardson and Young.

'Dr. Lockhart, of the College Kirk, and my father were well acquainted, and in the course of the first few days after getting into town we dined at his house in Charlotte-street, then at the north-west corner of the Glasgow Green, where I became acquainted with Lockhart and his brother, now of Milton-Lockhart, in Lanarkshire.

'At the distance of upwards of fifty-six years, though my intercourse with him was daily for I think two sessions, I am unable to recall many particulars worthy of being recorded, and I speak rather of impressions made upon my mind than of facts.

'The 10th of October, 1806, however, was a memorable day to both of us, for that day we took our seat on the same form, which, with

three companions, we occupied till the end of the session. The manner in which this was brought about made an impression upon me which I cannot forget. I had been creeping about the Professor's court and the inner court, under the guardianship of old Zachary Boyd,\* not recognised by a single acquaintance and not in the happiest frame of mind, but envying the boisterous fun and frolic of the boys, who were castigating each other with the sleeves of their gowns, when we were summoned by the big bell into our different class-rooms. Ours was the old common hall where Professor Richardson taught his classes, and spying on one of the cross-benches nearly opposite the pulpit my friends Lockhart and Willie Cooper, late Professor of Natural History in the college, I made for it, in the idea that my feeling of solitariness would be somewhat alleviated by their society. My modest attempt to join them, however, was somewhat roughly resisted by Harry Rainy, the present excellent Professor of Forensic Medicine in the University, who guarded the only entrance to the bench with a determination which I was in no humour to resist. No one, not even the son of a baillie or a merchant prince, would be allowed to get in, and I should have retired at once had not my friends whispered something in his ear which operated like a charm. Then I was instantly and warmly welcomed. They had resolved that no one but a minister's son should be allowed to sit on that bench, and from that day five of us occupied it till the end of the session.

'It was in this way that I got admission into their valued society, and soon were we actuated with the spirit of brotherhood, which continued unbroken and unruffled till the end of the session.

'The occupants of that bench, however, were supposed to regard each other as rather a better lot than some of their fellow students around them, and we did not wish this to appear merely in our habiliments or in the species of clanship to which I have just referred, but by attention to the actual work of the class; and I believe that, taken as a whole, there was not a better in the hall that session. It is true that this gave Lockhart apparently no trouble, for he was as frequently employed with his pencil in sketching some oddity, or making a caricature of some group that struck his fancy at the time, as in taking notes; but never once, that I remember, was he found fault with either for inattention or for want of preparation. We were in the habit then of using our pencils freely, and while the worthy Professor thought we were thus riveting in our memories his critical remarks upon the classics or upon Roman antiquities, I believe that not unfrequently was Lockhart sketching, with great apparent gravity, something ludicrous for our amusement afterwards. I have, for example, a sketch of Professor Young, drawn by Lockhart in 1806, upon the fly-leaf opposite the title-page of my *Livy*, which, though not remarkably like, is nevertheless much prized by me.

'Lockhart was not in the habit of mingling in the skirmishes in the college garden, on the classic banks of the Molendina, partly because

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\* The College Porter.

they often led to strife, which he hated, and partly because he did not relish the society of the "roughs," who chiefly engaged in them. But any piece of ludicrous poetry, or stanza from "*blind Alick's Homeric songs*," about some Gallowgate hero in the great French war, picked up near the Tontine, had peculiar charms for him, and lost nothing from his ludicrous recital of them.

'He was full of fun and frolic, and ready for anything that would promote harmless merriment. It was not till he joined the Logic class, being at that time little more than thirteen years old, if indeed so much, then taught by that excellent man Professor Jardine, that Lockhart so much and so suddenly outstripped his companions; and I remember well our astonishment when we heard the amount of Greek which he *professed* at the black-stone examination. It used to be thought a *profession* of reasonable amount when a student intimated his willingness to translate and be examined critically on Anacreon, two or three of Lucian's dialogues, extracts from Epictetus, Bion, and Moschus, and perhaps a book or two of Homer. But, if I mistake not, he professed the whole "*Iliad*" and "*Odyssey*," and I know not how much besides. And we marvelled how a stripling of his years and habits—habits which we regarded as the reverse of studious—could ever have found time or ever have taken the trouble to read so much, and make himself master of it besides. Whether he had then the promise of the Snell exhibition at Oxford, or was only aiming at it, I don't know; but it could not be doubted for a moment that by his talents and acquirements he deserved it.'

The following account of the two classical professors, written by Lockhart himself, shows that he enjoyed great advantages at this stage of his education:—

'John Young, the Greek professor, as a classical scholar unrivalled in Scotland, was besides a master of Italian literature and of music—an enthusiast in poetry. Nor has any teacher possessed above him the art to inspire juvenile auditors with his own delight in the visions of genius, as well as in the anatomy of their records to the minutest tint and refinement of word and syntax.' 'Richardson, Professor of Humanity (i. e. Latin), though neither a genius nor a masculine scholar, like Young, was a man of taste and acquirement, enjoying much local reputation as one of Mackenzie's coadjutors in the "*Mirror*," and author of some essays on the characters of Shakspeare, besides a volume of poems, this last long dead and buried.'\*

Reference is made in the communications of Dr. Smith to certain customs which prevail in Glasgow College, and to the peculiar phraseology in which they are described. For example, students, on a particular occasion, *profess*, or, as Oxford men would term it, *take up*, certain books in which they chal-

\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxxv., pp. 37-40: Art. on Beattie's 'Life of Thomas Campbell.'

lenge examination. The examination is conducted in a hall, where stands an old chair, the seat of which is of black marble—the same, according to tradition, on which George Buchanan once sat.\* The student to be examined is placed on that chair, whence the ordeal to which he is subjected receives indifferently the name of his ‘*profession*’ and his *black-stone examination*. The following anecdote of Lockhart, in connexion with his *black-stone examination*, we have received from his brother, the Rev. Dr. Lawrence Lockhart, who, in consequence of John’s death, succeeded, on the demise of William Lockhart, to the Milton-Lockhart estate:—

‘During the summer vacation preceding his entrance into the Logic class John read a great deal, but had not been pointedly preparing for the *black-stone* examination. On returning to college, however, he discovered that a fellow student, older than himself, who had been three sessions at Greek, while he had been only two, had come up with a *stunning profession*, as it was called; and ascertaining the books his rival was to *profess*, he never rested till he had mastered the identical amount, and on the day of trial, amid many plaudits, he carried away the prize. In after years John used to say, “It was a shabby trick I played, for if the lad had known I was going to compete with him, he might have got up a much larger *profession* and carried off the prize.” On my mentioning this to a brother of the conquered youth, long since dead, the answer was, “It was quite fair; we never blamed your brother for it.” John, on my telling him this, was much delighted.’

Lockhart’s display of learning on the occasion just referred to was quite unprecedented. He not only construed his authors fluently, but answered with such accuracy every question put to him, that the attention of the examiners was fixed upon him. It proved to be the turning-point likewise in his fortunes. ‘His appearance at the *black-stone*, and general eminence,’ says Dr. Lockhart, ‘led to his being offered, quite unexpectedly, through Professor Mylne, one of the Snell exhibitions to Oxford, which had just fallen vacant. After some hesitation, on account of his youth, the offer was accepted. You know the result.’

Lockhart had not yet completed his fifteenth year when he was entered a commoner at Balliol College. He arrived at Oxford in the same boyish costume—the round jacket and trousers—which he had been accustomed to wear in Glasgow; and was thus introduced to the master, Dr. Parsons, afterwards

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\* The truth we believe to be that George Buchanan had nothing to do with the chair, or with the examination; but that the stone had been sent, as was the custom, along with some old charter, by way of ‘infestment’ or symbolical delivery of possession of the property thereby granted to the college, and that it was placed in the latter part of the last century in the unwieldy chair now called the Blackstone Chair.

Bishop of Peterborough, to the college tutors, and to his future companions. One of these, who has attained high eminence as a scientific lawyer, and with whom he lived to the last on terms of the closest intimacy and friendship—Mr. Christie—thus describes him:—

‘I first saw our common friend John Lockhart at Balliol College, in I think the year 1809, I being his senior at the college by one year, and two years his senior in age. But we were both boys; for I, the elder of the two, had not completed my seventeenth year. At that age we are not critical observers of character; we judge of those with whom we associate by the pleasure we take in their companionship, and look no further. But I recollect that Lockhart was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar when he came to college, and immediately made his general talents felt by his tutor and by his companions. His most remarkable characteristic, however, was the exuberant animal spirits which found vent in constant flashes of merriment, in season and out of season, brightened and pointed with wit and satire, at once droll and tormenting. Even a lecture-room was not exempt from these irrepressible sallies, and our tutor, who was formal and wished to be grave, but had not the gift of gravity, never felt safe or at ease in the presence of his mercurial pupil.

‘Lockhart with great readiness comprehended the habits and tone of the new society in which he was placed, and was not for a moment wanting in any of its requirements; but this adaptive power never interfered with the marked individuality of his own character and bearing. He was at once a favourite and formidable; his tongue and his pen were alike ready, and both employed for merriment and keen satire. In those days he was an incessant caricaturist; his papers, his books, and the walls of his rooms were covered with portraiture of his friends and himself—so like as to be unmistakable, with an exaggeration of any peculiarity so droll and so provoking as to make the picture anything but flattering to the self-love of its subject. This propensity was so strong in him, that I was surprised when in after life he repressed it at once and for ever. In the last thirty years of his life I do not think he ever drew a caricature. In those days—I mean in college days—he was a frequent writer of verses, sometimes in Latin, sometimes in English, and not unfrequently in both. Though Lockhart partook with thorough relish of all the pleasures and amusements of an undergraduate, he was far from neglecting the proper business of the place. He was always a diligent reader—made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Greek Theatre, Homer, Pindar, Herodotus, and Thucydides. I mention these, because his diligent and careful study of them fell under my own personal knowledge—not as stating the limits of his acquaintance with Greek literature. He was, in fact, an excellent classical scholar, and also read French, Italian, and Spanish, in the days of which I now speak: German was a later acquisition. He was curious in classical and also in British antiquities, and much attached to heraldic and genealogical questions.

questions. I think his first publication was an article on heraldry, in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia." County histories were favourite reading with him. I remember his telling me of his being placed at dinner by an American lady, who explained to him that her husband (a gentleman of good position in the States) was descended from an ancient Scotch family of great distinction. "Little," said he, "did the worthy lady suspect that I was a good enough Scotch genealogist to know that her husband's name was never borne by any gentleman's family in Scotland."

'But though Lockhart was an excellent scholar and a man of great and various knowledge, he was not, I apprehend, what would be called "a learned man." We had only one learned man in our (in those days) small college: I mean the late Sir William Hamilton. He was already pursuing those studies which ultimately gave him a high place among those who dwell in the higher regions of learned speculation.

'Those who never knew Lockhart personally, or knew him but slightly, will never appreciate him justly. He had a sort of magnanimous carelessness, which allowed him to say things and to write things which gave a handle to those who were indisposed to him. Those only who knew him intimately could understand what the man really was. If his best friend or his nearest relation had been mortified in his self-love by anything touching his vanity, it is not to be denied that Lockhart was not the man to heal the wound. If resorted to for sympathy, he would most probably make it smart afresh by a thousand unpleasing gibes. But had any real sorrow or anxiety come upon you, such as the loss or sickness of those dear to you, or any calamity touching the fortunes or life of yourself or your family, John Lockhart was, of all men, he to whom you might most safely resort for sympathy and consolation—for help, if within his power to give it.

'The love of children was stronger in Lockhart than I have ever known it in any other man—it was womanly love. He delighted to dandle and play with an infant in arms. It was an early characteristic, and he never lost it. A little girl of four or five years of age, the child of one of the college servants, used to be his companion in his rooms for hours at a time, and when in after years he heard of ill having befallen her, I remember that he was deeply moved. I never saw so happy a father as he was while dancing his first-born child in his arms. His first sorrow in life was the breaking of the health and ultimate death of this child, the Hugh Littlejohn of the "Tales of a Grandfather." It was from that time that an expression of deep melancholy not unfrequently overspread his face, and in his later years habitually settled there.

'As a member of society, Lockhart was an exact observer of all its requirements. He always kept his engagements, and was always punctual as to time. He dressed well and carefully, but never too well. His manners were good—perfectly calm, manly, and self-relying, without the slightest obtrusiveness, arrogance, or attempt at display. His conversation was excellent, piquant, and to the purpose; but he never sought more than his share, and readily gave way to more ambitious

ambitious talkers. He was wholly without pedantries; but his extensive knowledge often enabled him to settle doubtful questions and to give the matter in hand a new aspect. This was always done briefly and quietly; but in a tête-à-tête, or with a few friends, literature was, I think, his favourite topic, and his conversation on books or literary subjects was always singularly agreeable. He was never a rich man, and had a strong sense of the duty of prudence in money matters, and was at all times anxiously careful to keep his own expenses within his means; yet, in proportion to his means, he was the largest giver, both in the shape of avowed gifts and of loans—the non-payment of which was a moral certainty—that I have ever known.'

To this sketch, admirable as far as it goes, a few, and only a few not very important additions may be made.

There was a brief space in his academical career when Lockhart seemed more disposed than prudence warranted to fall into habits which clever men with moderate means will do well to avoid. He hunted frequently, besides becoming a member of a boat club, a much less perilous amusement. Sir William Hamilton observed this with regret; and partly through his own judicious counsel, partly by communicating in a wise and friendly spirit with the young man's father, he succeeded in diverting Lockhart from pursuits which might have spoiled such a nature as his. In other respects Lockhart ran the common course of college life, getting into scrapes like undergraduates in general, and getting out of them again with a tact peculiar to himself. Our correspondent has spoken of the sort of terror with which Mr. Lockhart's tutor contemplated his mercurial pupil; and that he had some reason to be afraid of him may be gathered from the following anecdote. The gentleman in question was an accurate classical scholar, and even for his day a superior man; but his literary acquirements were moderate. It was his pleasure, however, to be regarded by his pupils as a man of extensive erudition; and when lecturing on the Greek Testament, he would pause from time to time to point out what he considered to be Hebraisms in the style of one or other of the Evangelists. Lockhart, who mistrusted his tutor's acquaintance with Hebrew, and who, in his own thirst for knowledge, had already mastered the Hebrew alphabet, ventured upon the following bold trick. One day, to the great surprise and apparent delight of the tutor, he handed in, instead of a Latin exercise, a paper covered with Hebrew characters. He was complimented on his acquirements, and desired to persevere; which he did for several days, till at last the tutor, to whom the glory of the college was everything, unable any longer to restrain his delight, carried a bundle of these exercises

exercises to Dr. Parsons. The Doctor (who was really a good Hebrew scholar) read, or appeared to read, Lockhart's essays, the tutor dilating all the while on what might be expected from such an extraordinary young man, when the form of the master's visage suddenly changed, and, after vainly attempting to look grave, he burst into a roar of laughter. Lockhart had written in the Hebrew character, but in the English language, a series of good-natured lampoons upon his tutor, for each of which, as he handed it in, he had received the public thanks of the person lampooned. We need scarcely add that Hebrew exercises were thenceforth discouraged, though nothing was said to make Lockhart or the class aware that the real merits of these particular specimens had been discovered. Lockhart wrote Latin with great facility and elegance. His skill in this respect was sometimes exercised on impositions to which, for boyish pranks (never once for any grave offence), he was subjected. Upon one of these occasions he and others found themselves confined to college till one of the longest papers in the 'Spectator' should have been rendered into Latin. Lockhart, without missing a single lecture, gave in his imposition a little after noon, and took his walk, and was back a free man to dinner at what was then the usual hour, four o'clock.

It was about this time that Lockhart began the study of the Spanish language, of which he never ceased to be a passionate admirer. His English version of some of their most popular ballads shows likewise how he could enter into the chivalrous character of the Spaniards themselves, whose resistance to the power of the first Napoleon was then at its height, and interested him greatly. Like many of his contemporaries, destined as well as himself for peaceful pursuits, Lockhart yearned to go out and join the patriots in their struggle. Unlike some of them, however, he was restrained by the known wishes of his father from indulging that inclination. At the same time a memorandum, kindly supplied by his brother, shows that he endeavoured to make a compromise between his own wishes and what he accepted as a duty. He offered to take orders in the Church of England provided Dr. Lockhart would consent to his joining Lord Wellington's army as a chaplain. But the Doctor, whose eldest son was then serving with his regiment in India, wholly condemned the romantic scheme; and John, abandoning all idea of fighting for the Spaniards, resigned himself, not perhaps without a murmur, to his fate.

The same distaste for rough play which had distinguished Lockhart when a student at Glasgow College, remained with him throughout the whole of his Oxford career. Genial he was, and

and light-hearted—glad to receive his friends in his own rooms, or to visit them in theirs; and, though gifted with no genius for music, exceedingly fond of simple ballads, which some of his friends sang with skill and taste. But boxing, single-stick, fencing, &c., though they were then much in vogue, he never approached.\* His great delight of all in the way of relaxation was a quiet row on the river, and a fish dinner at Godstow. Of the knot of intimate associates who used to join him in these excursions, originally very small, probably few now survive; but there is not one among them, we will venture to say, who fails to look back at this moment with melancholy pleasure on the brilliant wit, the merry song, and from time to time the grave and interesting discussion, which on such occasions gave to the sanded parlour of the village ale-house the air of the Palæstra at Tusculum, or the Amaltheum of Cumæ.

Lockhart went up into the schools in the Easter term of 1813, before he had completed his nineteenth year; and, notwithstanding that he with unparalleled audacity devoted part of his time to caricaturing the examining masters, came out in the first class in Classics. For Mathematics he never had the smallest taste. The name which stood next to his in the alphabetical arrangement of the first class was, like his own, destined to become celebrated. It was that of Dr. Milman, the present Dean of St. Paul's—his friend through life. Can anything stronger be said in his favour than that he gained and kept the friendship of such men? Lockhart's success gave great satisfaction, not only to his personal friends, but to the master and the tutor of the college. The latter, a man of most kindly and amiable disposition, forgot, in a triumph which he accepted as reflecting honour upon himself, whatever soreness the little incident of the Hebrew exercises might have occasioned. He wrote to Lockhart's father a letter of congratulation, in terms so warm and generous that they gladdened the old man's heart.

Having obtained from Oxford all that she was likely to give—for even in Balliol, fellowships were not in those days as they are now, open to competition—Lockhart quitted college, and turned his attention to the study of Scottish law. This imposed upon him the necessity of residing for a certain portion of the

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\* Neither did he ever become a sportsman. In an article on the Life of one who was eminent in that capacity as well as in others, Sir Fowell Buxton, Lockhart thus expresses himself ('Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxxiii, p. 143):—'We are less surprised than distressed to see a child blowing up a frog or impaling a butterfly; but of all this world's wonders none is to us more incomprehensible than the fact that there have been deep philosophers, solemn divines, nay, tender, thoughtful, meditative poets, who could wander from morn to dewy eve among woods and waters, torturing fish and massacring birds.'

year in Edinburgh; and there he accordingly settled himself in bachelor's lodgings, though not till he had indulged a desire which had long been present with him, of visiting Germany and becoming personally acquainted with Goethe. For already he was so far master of the German language that he could appreciate the merits of that band of poets and scholars who, in a single generation, had won for the literature of their country the high place which it still holds among the nations of Europe; and among that band there was none whom he more passionately admired than Goethe. The noteworthy point in the adventure is, however, this—Lockhart wished to visit Germany, but the means were wanting. He could not afford the outlay incident to what was then a toilsome and expensive journey. But his reputation as a scholar had preceded him to Edinburgh; the article on Heraldry, elsewhere referred to, showed that he could write; and Mr. Blackwood, already rising into eminence as a shrewd and enterprising publisher, accepted without hesitation his proposal to translate into English Frederick Schlegel's *Lectures on the Study of History*. Before a line of the translation had been written, the sum agreed upon as the price of the copyright was handed over to Lockhart. Though seldom communicative on such subjects, he more than once alluded to the circumstance in after-life, and always in the same terms. 'It was a generous act on *Ebony's* \* part, and a bold one too; for he had only my word for it that I had any acquaintance at all with the German language.' Mr. Blackwood knew, however, what he was about. His sagacity showed him that in Lockhart's hands he was perfectly safe; and Lockhart and he became fast friends, and so continued ever after.

The translation of Schlegel's *Lectures*, of which the merits have long been recognised, was, we believe, the first of Lockhart's avowed works. It did not come out, however, till after his connexion with the friendly bookseller had by other means been confirmed. Meanwhile he paid his visit to Germany, saw and conversed with Goethe in Weimar, traversed France, and what was then the Kingdom of the Netherlands, and returned to Edinburgh. There in 1816 he became an advocate, or, as we in the South should express ourselves, was called to the bar; and day by day in session-time duly showed himself in the Parliament House. But Lockhart had no friends in those days among the writers or attorneys, and few briefs came in. We doubt whether his own tastes ever led him in reality to desire that they should come in. Full of knowledge as he was,

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\* A play upon Mr. Blackwood's name.

and in conversation powerful as well as brilliant, he never shone as a public speaker. Indeed he was perhaps too conscious of his own shortcomings in that respect. Naturally, therefore, he betook himself to literature, where his great strength lay; and if at the outset he made personal enemies by the trenchant style in which he delivered his opinions, it must not be forgotten that he only followed in this respect the example set him by older and more experienced critics.

We have no wish to revive feelings long dead by telling over again the rise and progress of 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Mrs. Gordon, in her otherwise creditable memoir of Professor Wilson, has shown (as we had occasion to observe in commenting upon that piece of biography\*) how impossible it is, even at the distance of well-nigh fifty years, to tread upon ground so delicate without wounding where there could be no desire to wound. But in justice to Lockhart, we must be permitted to observe, that in helping to establish that able periodical, he not only obeyed an impulse natural to a young man entertaining his views in politics and in letters, but adapted himself in his manner of doing so to the taste and temper of the age. Whig literature was not, in 1817, what it has since become. Nor was it through the press exclusively that the party, as it existed in Edinburgh, claimed to monopolise, sixty years ago, the genius and talent of the land. Men of the present generation need not look further than Henry Cockburn's Memorials of his own Times to see with what rare self-complacency a knot of Whig lawyers and professors regarded themselves, and required others to regard them as the salt of the earth. Sir Walter Scott is indeed mentioned by our worthy gossip as 'a good story-teller;' and his gaiety, simplicity, and kindness of heart are admitted; but the only conversationalists in Edinburgh were Jeffrey and his clique. Even in the region of law, we are told, the Tories being unable to find among themselves any one qualified to sit upon the bench, were forced against their will to make the Whig Gillies a judge. 'The whole official power of Government,' it seems, 'was on one side—nearly the whole talent and popularity on the other; and the principles espoused by each admitted of no reconciliation. The Tories could boast of some adherents of talent, and of many of great worth, but their political influence now depended entirely on office. With the exception of Scott, I cannot recollect almost a single individual taking at this time a charge of public opinion, and of personal weight, who was not a Whig.' Put this into intelligible English, and it will read well enough. It is at

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cxiii.

least very harmless in the year of grace 1864; but the visible assumption, brought day after day under the notice of young and ardent spirits, led, as might be expected, in 1817, to resistance.

'The best table-talk of Edinburgh,' says Lockhart in his '*Life of Scott*,' 'was, and probably still is, in a very great measure made up of brilliant disquisition, such as might be transferred without alteration to a Professor's note-book, or the pages of a Critical Review; and of sharp word-catchings, ingenious thrusting and parrying of dialectics, and all the quips and quiddities of bar-pleading. It was the talk of a society to which lawyers and lecturers had for at least a hundred years given the tone.' Two incidents alone saved Edinburgh from falling into the condition of a mere country town. In the first place, it was still the chief seat of judicature in Scotland, where, since the establishment of Presbyterianism, the law has taken rank at the head of the liberal professions. In the next place, the University stood deservedly high as a school not so much of learning, as of physical and metaphysical science. Now such a state of things could not fail to bring about at Edinburgh the concentration of social influence in the hands which actually wielded it. It was not the position of his name on the peerage-roll, nor the weight of his purse, nor the extent of his acres, which secured for a stranger access within the charmed circle in that city. A reputation, more or less deserved, in arms, arts, or letters, did more for him than any other recommendation could effect; and if to his fame in these respects was added the suspicion that he entertained what were called liberal views in politics and religion, there was not a philosopher's door in the old town or in the new but opened to him of its own accord.

Such was Edinburgh society during the latter half of the eighteenth century,—very philosophical, very argumentative, prone to entertain and to express doubts on all subjects, and especially dissatisfied with the established order of things in Church and State. But society so constituted never fails, sooner or later, to act aggressively against the principles which it began by distrusting. The '*Edinburgh Review*' (established in 1802) gradually became the organ of the Liberal party. The triumph of Whig views, both of men and things, seemed to be complete, and Edinburgh became, not for Scotland only, but for the whole empire, the centre of liberalism.

Six years after the first appearance of the '*Edinburgh Review*,' the '*Quarterly Review*' (in the establishment of which Sir Walter Scott took a leading part) proved that the resources of learning and genius were—in England at all events—at least as accessible to the Tory party as to their antagonists. But while the '*Edinburgh Review*' continued to have a considerable hold on the Scottish mind,

mind, the Tories of Scotland did not possess a single local periodical through the columns of which their own opinions might be defended; and,—which is the strangest incident of all,—it seems never to have occurred to them that it might be judicious to establish one. The battle which they fought was therefore fought at great disadvantage. There is a pride of intellect, the appeal to which is of far more force, especially among the young, in creating or confirming opinion, than considerations of mere personal interest; and the political party which overlooks that fact, or refuses to be guided by it, never fails in the end to suffer for its stolidity. To that pride of intellect the Whigs had appealed, and appealed with undeniable success. Had they only known how to deal wisely by this advantage in maintaining a tone of moderation, and of something like candour in dealing with their opponents, their success might have been even more complete, and certainly more enduring than it was. But they fell into the snare which is laid for all who make an early start in the race of life; they lost their own heads, and they brought about a strong reaction. There had been started in April, 1817, a monthly Magazine, of which Mr. Blackwood was the publisher and chief proprietor. It was conducted by gentlemen of undeniable personal worth, but of dull intellect, and it dragged on for a while a sickly existence, after the manner of Scotch magazines in general. If it had any political leaning at all, it leant towards the views of the dominant literary faction; but its staple commodities were heraldry, tales, and biographical sketches, put forth in a style of no point or brilliancy. Few people read it at all, fewer still spoke about it after they had done so. So ran the first six numbers;—but on the appearance of the seventh, people suddenly opened their eyes. Three sharp papers, pregnant with literary heresy, were among the articles in that number. One presumed to dispute the dicta of the ‘*Edinburgh Review*’ on what was then a great colonial question; another quizzed the gentlemen who had heretofore been accepted as the founders of the Magazine; and a third assailed, in terms of unmeasured censure, certain poets of the school called Cockney, whom the ‘*Edinburgh*’ had taken under its special protection. Besides these there was the opening article, a vigorous and severe critique on Coleridge’s ‘*Biographia Literaria*,’ with a set of witty verses, notes, as they were called, to correspondents, the like of which we will venture to say never confronted the title-page of any work. If a shell had exploded in Prince’s Street, the effect would have been less startling to the multitude. The Edinburgh Whigs, who thought nothing scandalous that was written on their own side, and had been highly delighted with the ‘Two-

penny Postbag,' and other productions of the same pen, which, however brilliant, were certainly not distinguished by decorum or by abstinence from personal attacks, stood perfectly aghast when that seventh number of 'Blackwood's Magazine' was set before them. They felt that rebellion was begun. The Tories, and especially the younger members of that party, shrieked with laughter as they read, and pretended to censure. Neutrals, if any neutrals there were, chuckled over the prospect of more fun in reserve, and verily they were not disappointed. How Blackwood continued from month to month to startle, scandalize, and keep Edinburgh society in a roar, and also, we must add, to delight and instruct its readers, it is unnecessary for us to say. Among its early contributors, with the exception, perhaps, of Professor Wilson, there was none who wrote more frequently than John Lockhart, or upon a greater variety of subjects. He might have said in after life, and said in good company—

'me quoque pectoris  
Tentavit in dulci juventâ  
Fervor; et in celeres iambos  
Misit furentem.'

Unfortunately for himself, those among his contributions which inflicted pain upon individuals, as they made the greatest noise at the time so they are still the most pertinaciously remembered. But the editor, whose privilege it may one day be to exhibit Lockhart as he was in the dawn of his literary reputation, will best do so by reproducing portions from such scholarly papers as 'The Greek Drama,' the 'Horæ Germanicæ,' with snatches of songs, such as 'The Lament for Captain Paton,' or 'The Clydesdale Yeoman's Return,' and a stanza here and there taken from the extravaganza 'The Mad Banker of Amsterdam.' It is in these and in his hearty criticisms upon Wordsworth, Coleridge, Bowles, and Sir Walter Scott, that Lockhart comes forth in his true colours. How full of manly geniality and of spirit (less discernible in the originals) are the Spanish Ballads, most of which appeared in 'Blackwood' about this time!\* Their bold movement and fine rhythm, unless we mistake, have given valuable hints to more modern poets. We extract, as a specimen, two verses from the 'Song for the Morning of St. John the Baptist: '—

'Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the air is calm and cool,  
And the violet blue far down ye'll view, reflected in the pool;  
The violets and the roses, and the jasmines all together,  
We'll bind in garlands on the brow of the strong and lovely wether.'

\* They were published in a collected form in 1823.

'Come forth, come forth, my maidens, we'll gather myrtle boughs,  
And we shall learn from the dews of the fern, if our lads will keep  
their vows ;  
If the wether be still, as we dance on the hill, and the dew hangs  
sweet on the flowers,  
Then we'll kiss off the dew, for our lovers are true, and the Baptist's  
blessing is ours.'

Lockhart soon found himself courted and flattered by the chiefs of the Tory party in Edinburgh and in Scotland generally. The Whigs, on the other hand, abhorred him ; and abhorred with the greater intensity that hatred with them was not a little tempered by fear.

Among the many acquaintances to which his literary reputation introduced him, there was none which Lockhart valued more highly than that of Sir Walter Scott. His own account of that which may be called the turning-point in his existence is too characteristic to be omitted here :—

'It was during the sitting of the General Assembly of the Kirk in May, 1818, that I first had the honour of meeting him in private society. The party was not a large one, at the house of a much-valued common friend, Mr. Home Drummond, of Blair Drummond, the grandson of Lord Kames. Mr. Scott, ever apt to consider too favourably the literary efforts of others, and more especially of very young persons, received me, when I was presented to him, with a cordiality which I had not been prepared to expect from one filling a station so exalted. This, however, is the same story that every individual who ever met him under similar circumstances has had to tell. When the ladies retired from the dinner-table I happened to sit next him, and he having heard that I had lately returned from a tour in Germany, made that country and its recent literature the subject of some conversation. In the course of it I told him that when, on reaching the inn at Weimar, I asked the waiter whether Goethe was then in the town, the man stared, as if he had not heard the name before ; and that on my repeating the question, adding, Goethe, der grosse Dichter (the great poet), he shook his head as doubtfully as before, until the landlady solved our difficulties by suggesting, that perhaps the traveller might mean the Herr Geheim-Rath (Privy Councillor) Von Goethe. Scott seemed amused at this, and said, "I hope you will come one of these days and see me at Abbotsford, and when you reach Selkirk or Melrose be sure you ask even the landlady for nobody but the Sheriff."

The acquaintance thus begun soon ripened into friendship. Lockhart visited Mr. Scott frequently, both at Abbotsford and at his house in Edinburgh, and came ere long to be treated as a son. The results are well known. Between Mr. Scott's eldest daughter, Sophia, and the handsome and gifted young man so introduced

introduced to her, an attachment soon matured itself; and on the 29th of April, 1820, the young people were married, *more Scotico*, in the evening, and in the drawing-room at Abbotsford.

Well pleased with the match—which in a worldly point of view was certainly not a great one—Scott fitted up for his daughter and her husband the cottage of Chiefswood, on his own estate; and thither, after spending the winter-months in Edinburgh, they usually repaired as soon as summer set in. It was as charming a residence for the young couple who took possession of it as could well be imagined. Standing within easy distance of half-a-dozen country-houses of which the occupants were personal friends both of Lockhart and of Sir Walter, it brought continually together those who delighted in each other's society, and afforded not unfrequently to Sir Walter a place of retreat from company which oppressed him at home. But Lockhart himself shall describe, as he alone could do, both the joy experienced by all who shared in it when this intercourse was in its prime, and the deep shadow which fell upon those who survived its dissolution. After telling how Scott saved as many of the creepers which used to cluster round the porch at Abbotsford as seemed likely to bear removal, and planted them with his own hands about a somewhat similar porch erected expressly for their reception at his daughter Sophia's little cottage of Chiefswood, Lockhart goes on to say:—

‘There my wife and I spent the summer and autumn of 1821, the first of several seasons, which will ever dwell in my memory as the happiest of my life. We were near enough Abbotsford to partake as often as we liked of its brilliant society, yet could do so without being exposed to the worry and exhaustion of spirit which the daily reception of new comers entailed upon all the family except Sir Walter himself. But, in truth, even he was not always proof against the annoyances connected with such a style of open housekeeping. Even his temper sank sometimes under the solemn applauses of learned dulness, the rapid raptures of painted and periwigged dowagers, the horse-leech avidity with which underbred foreigners urged their questions, and the pompous simpers of condescending magnates. When sore beset at home in this way, he would every now and then discover that he had some very particular business to attend to on an outlying part of his estate, and craving the indulgence of his guests overnight, appeared at the cabin in the glen before its inhabitants were astir in the morning. The clatter of Sibyl Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of reveillée under our windows, were the signals that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to take his “case in his inn.” On descending, he was to be found with all his dogs

dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's axe for himself, and listening to Tom Purday's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast he would take possession of a dressing-room upstairs and write a chapter of the "Pirate," and then, having made up and despatched his packet for Mr. Ballantyne, away to join Purday wherever the foresters were at work, and sometimes to labour among them as strenuously as John Swanstown himself, until it was time either to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford, or the quiet circle of the cottage. When his guests were few and friendly, he often made them come over and meet him at Chiefswood in a body towards evening; and surely he never appeared to more amiable advantage than when helping his young people with their little arrangements upon such occasions. He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment. He used to delight particularly in sinking the wine in a well under the brae ere he went out, and hauling up the basket just before dinner was announced; this primitive process being, he said, one he had always practised when a young housekeeper, and, in his opinion, far superior in its results to any application of ice. And in the same spirit, whenever the weather was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of doors altogether, which at once got rid of the inconvenience of very small rooms, and made it natural and easy for the gentlemen to help the ladies, so that the paucity of servants went for nothing. Mr. Rose used to amuse himself with likening the scene and the party to the closing act of one of those little French dramas, where M. Le Comte and Mme. La Comtesse appear feasting at a village bridal under the trees. But, in truth, our M. Le Comte was only trying to live over again for a few simple hours his own old life of Lasswade.

When circumstances permitted, he usually spent one evening at least in the week at our little cottage, and almost as frequently he did the like with the Fergusons, to whose table he could bring chance visitors when he pleased, with equal freedom as to his daughter's. Indeed it seemed to be much a matter of chance any fine day, when there had been no alarming invasion of the Southron, whether the three families, which in fact made but one, should dine at Abbotsford, Huntley Burn, or at Chiefswood. And at none of them was the party considered quite complete unless it included also Mr. Laidlaw. Death has laid a heavy hand upon that circle—as happy a circle, I believe, as ever met. Bright eyes, now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced, seem to haunt me as I write. With three exceptions they are all gone. Even since the last of these volumes was finished, she whom I may now sadly record as next to Sir Walter himself the chief ornament and delight at all those simple meetings—she to whose love I owed my own place in them, Scott's eldest daughter—the one of all his children who, in countenance, mind, and manners most resembled himself, and who, indeed, was as like him in all things as a gentle, innocent woman can ever be to a great man deeply tried and skilled in

the struggles and perplexities of active life—she, too, is no more; and in the very hour that saw her laid in her grave,\* the only other female survivor, her dearest friend Margaret Ferguson, breathed her last also. But enough, and more than I intended.'

Enough—at least for the present. It is the old story, often told, and to be told again by-and-by, in reference to Lockhart himself. Meanwhile, we resume the thread of our narrative, which we shall endeavour to make as brief as the importance of the subject will allow.

For five years and a-half Lockhart divided his time pretty regularly between Edinburgh and Chiefswood. Two children were born to him there: the eldest, John Hugh, the same 'Hugh Littlejohn' to whom his grandfather addressed the charming letters on the History of Scotland; the second, Charlotte, the idol of her father's affections, and the only one who survived him. His youngest, Walter, was born at Brighton, after his connexion with Scotland, as a place of residence, had been severed. Poor little John was a sickly child from his cradle. He became on that account doubly an object of interest and tenderness to his father, who never appeared so happy as when fondling the infant in his arms, unless it were at a subsequent period in trying to amuse and instruct the boy. Alas! neither a father's care nor a mother's devotion sufficed to keep alive a spark so feeble as flickered in the bosom of that child. He lingered on, physically all but helpless,—intellectually and morally precocious to a degree,—till he reached his tenth year; and then, to the inexpressible grief both of his parents and his grandfather, 'he fell on sleep.'

Besides contributing largely to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' Lockhart undertook and executed in the interval between 1818 and 1825 a very large amount of literary labour. The proprietors of the 'Edinburgh Annual Register' engaged him, on Scott's declining the task, to write the historical portions of their work. It was an undertaking which demanded rather accuracy and care than any other qualifications, and both were bestowed upon it. But 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' which appeared in 1819, was more in his line; as were the novels which followed in quick succession—'Valerius, a Roman Story;'

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\* In another place he says (chap. 84) 'The clergyman who read the funeral service over her was her father's friend, and hers, and mine, the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, one of the Prebendaries of Westminster; and a little incident which he happened to observe during the prayers, suggested to him some verses which he transmitted to me the morning after, and which the reader will not, I believe, consider altogether misplaced in the last page of these *Memoirs of her Father*.' These beautiful verses are too well known to need to be here transcribed.

‘Reginald Dalton;’ ‘Some Passages in the Life of Mr. Adam Blair;’ and ‘The History of Mathew Wald.’ Of ‘Peter’s Letters’ it may suffice to say (we write for the benefit of the present generation) that, like Goldsmith’s ‘Citizen of the World,’ and Southey’s ‘Letters of Don Velasquez Espriella,’ they profess to give the impressions made upon a foreigner by what he saw of men and things during a brief sojourn in a country which was strange to him. The supposed author was one Dr. Morris, a Welsh physician, whose work was first introduced to public notice by a critique in ‘Blackwood’s Magazine;’ and by-and-by a second edition came out, the first never having had any existence except in the teeming fancy of the author. But more remains to be told. The second edition made its appearance, under the double protection of a ludicrous dedication to the then Bishop of St. David’s, and a still more laughable epistle liminary to Mr. Davies, one of the partners of the well-known house of Cadell and Davies, in the Strand. The book, which was probably suggested by the Scotch chapters of ‘Humphry Clinker,’ gave a full and familiar (many thought too familiar) account of the living celebrities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. But why the good people of Edinburgh should have been so excessively angry with it and with its author it would be difficult to explain. Looking at the performance after an interval of forty-five years, we can discover no single expression which ought to have rankled in the most sensitive of Scottish minds. The manners of the age are delineated, lightly, perhaps, but surely not untruly—the ludicrous preponderating in all cases, whether individuals sit for their portraits, or the General Assembly passes under review. But when the worst is said that can be said of such a performance, it seems impossible to treat it as anything more serious than a very clever and sagacious though perhaps somewhat lengthy *jeu d’esprit*.\* Sir Walter Scott, we suspect, was right in the estimate which he took of the matter. The book, he said to Lockhart one day, gave offence because ‘few men—and, least of all, Scotchmen—can bear the actual truth in conversation, or in that which approaches nearest to conversation—a work like the Doctor’s, published within

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\* The passage in the book which caused, perhaps, the greatest annoyance, was that in which the pseudo-Morris represents himself as having been invited to dine with Mr. Jeffrey at Craigerook, and as having witnessed before dinner a leaping-match in the garden, in which Jeffrey and his circle of lawyer and philosopher guests took part; and he gravely discriminates and comments upon the performances of each. This sportive description was deeply resented by the Whig dignitaries, to whom the sensation of being quizzed was entirely new. Indeed, Lord Cockburn thought it necessary to assure his readers, thirty years afterwards, that no such athletic exertions had ever taken place.

the circle to which it refers ;' for 'the Doctor, certainly, *rem acu tetigit*. His scalpel was not idle ; though his lenient hand cut sharp and clean, and poured balm into the wound.' Lockhart was barely twenty-five when the celebrated 'Letters' made their appearance, and at twenty-five men say and do many things which at thirty-five they would either not say and do at all, or say and do differently. We transcribe the account which he thought proper to give of himself in 'Peter's Letters :—

'It was on this occasion that I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with Mr. Lockhart, who, as well as Mr. Wilson, is supposed to be one of the principal supporters of this Magazine, and so of judging for myself concerning an individual who seems to have cared very little how many enemies he raised up among those who were not personally acquainted with him. Owing to the satirical vein of some of the writings ascribed to his pen, most persons whom I have heard speak of him seem to have been impressed with the notion that the bias of his character inclined towards an unrelenting subversion of the pretensions of others. But I soon perceived that here was another instance of the incompetency of the crowd to form any rational opinion about persons of whom they see only partial glimpses, and hear only distorted representations. I was not long in his company ere I was convinced that those elements which form the basis of his mind could never find their satisfaction in mere satire, and that if the exercise of penetration had afforded no higher pleasure, nor led to any more desirable result than that of detecting error, or exposing absurdity, there is no person who would sooner have felt an inclination to abandon it in despondency and disgust. At the same time, a strong and ever-wakeful perception of the ludicrous is certainly a prominent feature in his composition, and his flow of animal spirits enables him to enjoy it keenly, and to invent with success. I have seen, however, very few persons whose minds are so much alive and awake throughout every corner, and who are so much in the habit of trying and judging everything by the united tact of so many qualities and feelings all at once. But one meets with abundance of individuals every day, who show in conversation a greater facility of expression, and a more constant activity of speculative acuteness. I never saw Mr. Lockhart very much engrossed with the desire of finding language to convey any relation of ideas that had occurred to him, or so enthusiastically engaged in tracing its consequences, as to forget everything else. In regard to facility of expression, I do not know whether the study of languages, which is a favourite one with him—(indeed I am told he understands a good deal of almost all the modern languages, and is well skilled in the ancient ones)—I know not whether this study has any tendency to increase such facility, although there is no question it must help to improve the mind in many important particulars, by varying our modes of perception.

'His features are regular, and quite definite in their outlines ; his forehead is well advanced, and largest, I think, in the region of observation

observation and perception. Although an Oxonian, and early imbued with an admiration for the works of the Stagyrte, he seems rather to incline, in philosophy, to the high Platonic side of the question, and to lay a great deal of stress on the investigation and cultivation of the impersonal sentiments of the human mind—ideas which his acquaintance with German literature and philosophy has probably much contributed to strengthen. Under the influence of that mode of thinking, a turn for pleasantry rather inclines to exercise itself in a light and good-humoured play of fancy upon the incongruities and absurd relations which are so continually presenting themselves in the external aspect of the world, than to gratify a sardonic bitterness in exulting over them, or to nourish a sour and atrabilious spirit in regarding them with a cherished and pampered feeling of delighted disapprobation, like that of Swift. But Mr. Lockhart is a very young person, and I would hope may soon find that there are much better things in literature than satire, let it be as good-humoured as you will. Indeed, his friend Wastle tells me he already professes himself heartily sick of it, and has begun to write, of late, in a quite opposite key.

‘*Valerius, a Roman Story*,’ is beautifully written; stately and grave in style as becomes the subject; describing life and manners in the ancient capital of the world as only a scholar brimming over with knowledge could do. Everybody admitted, when it first came out, that the book was perfect in its way, and no one, we presume, will now dispute the justice of the verdict. Yet ‘*Valerius*,’ considered as a literary speculation, did nothing for the publisher, and very little to enhance the reputation of the author. The truth is, that ‘*Valerius*’ belongs to that class of novels which scholars hardly care to take up, and which mere readers of fiction cannot appreciate. There is little story in it, properly so called, and what there is touches but indifferently modern tastes and sympathies. The loves of Sextus and Sempronia interest nobody; even *Valerius* and *Athanasia* take scarcely any hold upon us; and *Dromo* the slave and the pedagogues *Xerophrastes* and *Parmeno* are considerable bores. Still the general effect is grand. The scene in the dungeon where *Tisias* is confined, the combat of the gladiators, and the execution of the Christian martyr, are masterpieces of word-painting. We feel that there was great originality in the conception of the whole plot, and the skill displayed in working it out is extraordinary. Yet the results undeniably disappoint us. We soon weary of pageants, however gorgeous, which neither excite our feelings nor appeal to our memories.

As the machinery of ‘*Valerius*’ had been made use of to exhibit the author’s acquaintance with Roman manners and customs in the reign of *Trajan*, so it appears as if in ‘*Reginald Dalton*’ Lockhart’s chief aim had been to describe undergraduate life as it

it was at Oxford during the earlier terms of his own academical career. If such were really his intention, he succeeded with just as much of exaggeration as was necessary to throw an air of romance over very commonplace incidents, but with an adherence to truth and a manliness of expression contrasting forcibly with other works to which we need not specially refer. To be sure, Lockhart was more favourably circumstanced in some respects than 'Tom Brown' himself, the most successful of his followers. For the last thirty years there have been no such Town and Gown rows as are described in 'Reginald Dalton;' and the melancholy tutor and the Romish ecclesiastic are things of the past. Well do we remember them both; the former in his secluded rooms over the gateway of Balliol College,—the eccentric, generous, shy, and most learned Oxford Don; the latter an admirable specimen of an extinct race,—the gentleman-priest of a Church still virtually in the shade, as liberal as he was honest, as sociable as he was sincere. Even of 'Reginald Dalton,' however, we are constrained to admit that the conception is superior to the execution. Admirable bits occur here and there, some even of surpassing beauty; but, taken as a whole, it falls undeniably short of what the talents and genius of the author might have justified us in expecting. Lockhart's strength did not lie in the direction of novel-writing. He could tell a story admirably; he could not write a novel. In corroboration of this assumption we may observe that the tales which followed 'Reginald Dalton' come as near to perfection as works of the sort can well do. But then they are composed upon a plan essentially different from that either of 'Valerius' or of 'Reginald Dalton.' They are tales of passion, told vigorously yet simply, and with little or no effort at dramatic effect. 'Adam Blair' shows how remorse for one great sin committed acts upon a generous nature; and, losing its bitterness as sacrifices are made for conscience sake, leads to repentance and to rest. "Adam Blair," says a very discerning critic in the Biographical Sketch prefixed to the illustrated edition of the 'Spanish Ballads' (London, 1856), 'was a strange, bold experiment to carry human passion, not, as in the "Vicar of Wakefield," into the family, but into the very heart of the pious occupant of a Presbyterian manse. The Kirk stood aghast. We remember that on the Scotch side of the Tweed clerical countenances looked grave. We remember also a true story of a very pious English bishop being caught in his carriage in a flood of tears: he was reading 'Adam Blair.' 'Mathew Wald' describes the downward progress of a character essentially selfish, which, though not unrelieved by better impulses, becomes continually more and more unrestrained till it sinks into madness. There is prodigious power in both stories;

stories ; great vigour of narrative, great beauty of expression, great depth of pathos ; but they are not the productions of a man whom Nature designed to take his place in the foremost rank of the masters of fiction.

In 1826 a vacancy occurred in the management of the 'Quarterly Review,' and it was proposed to Lockhart that he should fill it. Several reasons, more or less weighty, combined to make the arrangement agreeable to him. In the first place, there were no particular ties of property ; for though presumptive heir to Milton Lockhart, he was only the laird's brother—or of profession, for that he had virtually abandoned—to bind him to Scotland. In the next place, he had become sensible that party warfare, as it prevailed in Edinburgh, was conducted on both sides with far too much bitterness. It was easier, however, circumstanced as he was, to feel this than to withdraw—while still on the spot—from the arena in which he had so long played a prominent part. Hence whatever measure of regret might attend the prospect of removing himself from tried friends and from the society of Chiefswood and of Abbotsford was more than compensated by the reflection that here was the very opportunity which of all others he could have most desired of gently severing a connexion which had become painful to him. Still it was not without real distress of mind that he found himself the guest of a circle of admirers who, on the 4th of December, gave him a farewell dinner in the Assembly Rooms ; and, on rising to return thanks for the toast of the evening, even his firmness in resisting the display of feeling was sorely tested. 'You know very well,' was one of his expressions, 'that I am no speaker ; for, if I had been, there would have been no occasion for this parting.'

On his arrival in London Lockhart established himself in a furnished house in Pall Mall, and assumed at once the duties of his new office. He subsequently removed to Sussex Place, Regent's Park, where he continued to reside till within a year or two of his death. How the 'Quarterly Review' fared under his management it is for others rather than for us to tell. But this much we may venture to say without fear of contradiction,—that men of eminence in literature, art, or politics, had never, at any period of the 'Review's' existence, greater pleasure in co-operating with it than when it was under Lockhart's direction.

The management of a publication which is pledged to make its appearance at fixed intervals of time, and which claims to take part in forming public taste and directing public opinion on points of the greatest importance to the moral and intellectual well-being of society, is a charge of the onerous nature of which  
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only they who have had some practical acquaintance with the work can form a conception. The editor has not only to master the spirit and temper of the age, keeping himself *au courant* for that purpose with the literature, the science, and the politics of the whole civilised world, but he must sit in judgment on the labours of others; often far less painfully upon books which it is his legitimate province to criticise than upon articles sent to him for insertion. Every one who had an opportunity of knowing how Lockhart treated the essays which it was his function to introduce to the public, will remember the exquisite skill with which he could by a few touches add grace and point to the best written papers—how he could throw off superfluous matter, develop a half-expressed thought, disentangle a complicated sentence, and give life and spirit to the solid sense of a heavy article, as the sculptor animates the shapeless stone. As Lockhart himself says of Jeffrey\* :—

‘He was excellent in beautifying the productions of his “journey-men,” an art, Scott said, of the last importance to an editor. The biographer intimates that he effected this end by slight omissions and delicate touches; while the artist himself states, on the contrary, “that he was more given to dash out and substitute by wholesale than to interweave graces or lace seams.” We have little doubt that Cockburn judges by his own experience—none that Jeffrey employed both methods according to his mood and the necessity of the occasion. In any case of need, being fertile in metaphors, and rapid in discovering pertinent applications for his varied stores, he could dot at will a dark expanse of heather with gay tufts of flowers.’

But here again a rock lies ahead. Writers are apt to be sensitively tenacious of their own opinions and of their own manner of expressing them; and to touch one or the other, be it ever so gently, is apt to stir up wrath. Southey endured the curtailments of Lockhart’s predecessor, Gifford; but was not content to endure them, for he made them the subject of many tart and some fiery reflections in his correspondence with his intimates, which came afterwards to be published. The concluding part of Lockhart’s observations on this subject is worthy of consideration† :—

‘Gifford’s curtailments of Southey’s articles were, we have no doubt, judicious. It may be possible that he now and then altered for the worse phrases which Southey had deliberately pondered and trimmed; he was obliged to decide, perhaps, in a moment. The correspondence, however, points out but one case in which this was clearly so; and we firmly believe that on the whole, even as to mere words, Southey, like

\* ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. xci. p. 127.

† ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. lxxxviii. p. 233: Art. on ‘Life and Letters of Southey.’  
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the rest, owed a great deal to that sharp superintendent, who after all bore the responsibility. The amusing point as to the Laureate is, that he seems to have pretty nearly made up his mind to accept the helm whenever Gifford should resign it; and, in anticipation of being invited to do so, which he never was, communicates to the same schoolmaster who had so long sympathised with his sufferings under the editorial pruning and paring, his own views and plans for a system of administration identical with the old gentleman's. He groans over the expenditure of time which he must anticipate "*in correcting communications when there was anything erroneous, imprudent, or inconsistent with those coherent opinions which the Journal should have maintained under my care, &c. &c.* (vol. v. 127)."

Of course it is not to be supposed that the editor and the contributor can always concur as to the value of the alterations. The latter will be prone to complain that his 'brain-children' (to use the expression of old Sir Thomas Urquhart) have been changed at nurse. Nevertheless, where each of the parties at issue makes a proper allowance for the situation of the other, there may be momentary indignation, perhaps a brief estrangement on the one hand and a passing regret on the other, but there can be no personal or enduring difference. The following account of a little affair of this sort, in which Earl Stanhope (then Lord Mahon) and Lockhart were the actors, with which the noble Earl has kindly supplied us, appears to us so characteristic that we cannot resist the temptation to insert it at length.

Speaking of the commencement of their acquaintance in 1829, Earl Stanhope says—

'It was not long ere my friendship with Mr. Lockhart engaged me, nothing loth, as a writer in the "Quarterly Review." I contributed an article on the French Revolution, in reply to a new theory which Mr. Macaulay had just before, in another Review, propounded. But when my article was finished, my friend in Sussex Place, without apprising me, placed it in Mr. Croker's hands and left him at liberty to add some further observations. Mr. Croker, as is well known, did not allow to lie dormant his great power of caustic wit. No man knew better how to enliven a dry and difficult subject by the pungency of personal allusion; and no man was more fully aware of his own abilities in that respect. I remember, for example, a series of private notes from him to Sir Robert Peel, in the autumn of 1841, when Mr. Croker was assiduously employed in the composition of a stinging article against the Whigs,—in which he declares himself so hard at work, that he must for the present decline all dinner engagements, and he adds as a P.S.—"I am as busy as a wasp."

'Mr. Croker, then, being in full possession of my unfortunate proofs, proceeded to embody with them some comments by himself on a former publication by Lord John Russell. With the whole so amended, if amended I must call it, the "Quarterly" came out in 1833. But when

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on its appearance I saw how my handiwork had been dealt with, I was much annoyed and displeased. The disparaging remarks on Lord John Russell seemed to me open to objection in their tone and temper, and did not accord with my feeling of respect for that eminent man. I did not wish to be considered as their author, in case the entire article were ascribed to me. Accordingly I published, as a separate essay, the article as it stood at first, declaring at the same time to Mr. Murray that I would never—no, never—write again for his Review. It is worthy of note, I think, as showing how high the character of Mr. Lockhart stood among his friends, that although I chafed, possibly more than I ought, at the treatment of my bantling in the “Quarterly,” I did not, even at the moment, impute any want of kindness or consideration for me to the Editor. It was only, as I was convinced, that he had seen the matter in a different, perhaps, as the public might think, in a juster view. It was only that he could not find it in his heart to refuse the good things—for good things they were undoubtedly—that Mr. Croker tendered: it was only that, in a survey of his writers, he preferred the veteran\* to the *debutant*. Our personal friendship was not at all affected. We continued to meet and to confer, as often and with the same cordial feeling as before.’

One point more we must mention regarding Lockhart’s management of the Review. It is impossible to say too much of his punctuality in all things concerning contributors. The post was not more sure to bring the immediate letter of acknowledgment and courteous encouragement and commendation, than Lockhart was to write it. He was a rare instance of a man utterly unconventional, yet scrupulously attentive in all such matters. He was an admirable man of business, and he was so simply because he knew, what men of genius are apt to forget, that this is one of the most sure and effective forms of showing kindness.

Throughout not fewer than twenty-eight years, Lockhart devoted a large share of his attention and his great abilities to the management of the ‘Quarterly Review.’ His, however, was a mind which no amount of labour seemed capable of oppressing. He had time for many papers in ‘Blackwood’s Magazine,’ written to help Wilson. He found leisure to compile by far the most charming biography of Burns which has yet been written; and to assume the superintendence of an enterprise, on which the late Mr. Murray had determined to embark. We allude to the publication of the Family Library—one of the earliest of those schemes which, by rendering books cheaper than they had previously been, aimed at spreading over a larger surface the humanising influence of letters; while at the same time they made up by increase of

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\* Mr. Croker had written a series of articles on the French Revolution, and knew more of its history than any man living.

circulation what might be lost to the publisher of the profits upon each particular copy.\* The success which attended this praiseworthy effort was for a while remarkable. The series opened, in 1829, with the *Life of Napoleon*, from Lockhart's pen, and was carried on with works upon various subjects by many of the ablest and most popular writers of the day. But it is in the nature of things that no serial work can last very long, and the Family Library came to an end, though not before it had stocked the shelves of many persons of moderate means with some of the most valuable and interesting treatises which have appeared in the nineteenth century.

The latest and greatest of all Lockhart's separate works was the *Life of Sir Walter Scott*. It gave full occupation to his spare time for several years. It was published in successive volumes, the last of which made its appearance in 1838. Reasons which must be obvious to all have heretofore restrained us from entering upon a critical examination of that performance; nor do we propose to do so upon this occasion. It is, we presume, no secret that, from this the most laboured and successful of all his literary efforts, Lockhart personally derived no pecuniary advantage; though his children had a prospect—the second Sir Walter Scott being married and childless—of succeeding to the Abbotsford estate if cleared of debt. He handed over the profits of the undertaking to Sir Walter's creditors. Such was the man. Never rich—almost always treading upon the border-line of pecuniary independence—he valued self-respect far before material comforts, and was sensitively alive to the honour of all connected with him. His devotion to Sir Walter was that of a true-hearted son to a father. Though little satisfied with the manner in which Scott had managed his own affairs, Lockhart could not bear that on the memory of so good and great a man the shadow of a stain should rest; and gave, in consequence, years of labour, with the profits thence arising, in payment of debts for which he was not responsible.

We have alluded elsewhere to Lockhart's genial disposition, and to his manners, quiet, unobtrusive, and self-reliant. Those who met him but rarely, and knew him little, were not unapt to consider him cold. Some even felt themselves repelled from him altogether by terror of a sarcasm, for tokens of which they

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\* The origin of this system of publishing is a matter of some interest. We may mention that, according to our information, the late Mr. Murray, as far back as 1825, had printed but not published a cheap series of modern voyages; one volume of which—given to Captain Basil Hall and by him shown to Mr. Constable—suggested to the latter the idea of his *Miscellany*, which appeared in 1827, headed by Captain Hall's own *Voyages*, a short time before Mr. Murray's Series was actually published.

were constantly on the look-out; and, as his manly figure was eminently stiff, those who were afraid of him saw little more than an unbending back. But this was a great mistake. In mixed companies, especially if composed mainly of persons for whom he had little regard, Lockhart was apt enough to maintain a somewhat stately reserve. Wherever he felt that he was among men and women between whom and himself no such barrier was interposed, he became the most agreeable of companions. It is worthy of remark likewise, that he asserted a power over society which is not generally conceded to men having only their personal merits to rely upon. Unlike many other persons of both sexes eminent in literature and the arts, he was never in any sense of the term the lion of a season, or of two seasons, or of more. He kept his place to the last. His sentiments on this subject may be gleaned from his remarks on the morbid feelings which made Campbell the poet shrink from general society:—

‘There was no reason why he should not have set his rest on old equal friendships—no man but a fool ever does not; there was no reason why he should not have been kind and attentive to persons vastly his inferiors who had any sort of claim upon him—no man with a heart like his could have been otherwise. But he might have done and been all this, and yet enjoyed in moderation—and, as a student and artist, profited largely by enjoying—the calm contemplation of that grand spectacle denominated the upper world. It is infinitely the best of theatres, the acting incomparably the first, the actresses the prettiest.’ \*

No charge could, however, be more ungenerous or unjust than that Lockhart forgot, amid the blandishments of fashionable life, the claims of old friendships, or even of ties less sacred. A welcome guest at the tables and in the country houses of the great, he was never so completely himself as when, surrounded, at his own or at some other board, by the companions of his earlier years, he could throw aside the very semblance of restraint, and live for the enjoyment of the hour. We do not attempt to enumerate the more familiar friends of one so generally known, still less to classify them according to their several degrees of intimacy. Some have already been mentioned, and there occur to us the names—as of intimate associates—of Broderip, Sir R. Murchison, Sir John MacNeill, Baron Alderson, and William Stewart Rose. But without underrating his regard for many kind and distinguished friends who shared his esteem, our own memory leads us back in particular to evenings spent in Curzon-street, in Halfmoon-street, in Upper Berkeley-street, and

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\* ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. lxxxv. p. 64.

in Chelsea Hospital, with Lockhart, Peter Robertson, Adam Ferguson, Dr. Hume, and others, over whom the grave has closed. What outpourings of wit! What bursts of merriment! What exuberance of fun! Or, almost better still, when in Sussex-place were gathered together Robert Hay, Theodore Hook, Robert Ferguson, John Murray the elder, William Best, John Stuart, Jonathan Christie, and Henry Ellis. Nor was he less charming among women, provided they were capable of appreciating an intellect of the order to which his belonged. Such a one was Lady Salisbury, the first wife of the present Marquis, one of the most gifted as well as most excellent of her sex, whose manifold accomplishments of mind, and most attractive conversation, could be regarded only as the external gilding of a character not less truthful than it was generous. Such, too, were the accomplished and able Duchess Countess of Sutherland; Lady Louisa Stuart, that mine of curious recollections; Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the accomplished daughter of an accomplished father; Lady Davy; Miss Rogers, the poet's sister; Miss Edgeworth and Lady Dacre; and in closer intimacy still, the Misses Alexander, Lockhart's near neighbours in Regent's Park, and friends of long years' standing. Of others who still live to adorn society, it might perhaps be invidious to speak; but to the list of those departed from among us may be added the names of Miss Yates, gentle, intelligent, and stone-blind—the daughter of the first partner of the first Sir Robert Peel—to whose hospitable mansion (Fairlawn, near Hadlow, in Kent) when sad and weary he often retired for refreshment; and of Mrs. Hughes, the kind, warm-hearted, and highly-gifted grandmother of one not unworthy to bear her name, though better known to the world as 'Tom Brown.' With Mrs. Hughes indeed his intimacy was very close, and his correspondence frequent, familiar, and unrestrained. The good old lady was in the habit of keeping his breakfast-table supplied with pigs' face and other delicacies, the receipt of which was on every separate occasion acknowledged in a letter as full of wit as of thanks. Indeed, we may mention in passing that of all the letter-writers with whom it has been our fortune in life to become acquainted, Lockhart was beyond comparison the most delightful. He never, like the wits of a former age, or their imitators in the present, wrote for effect. The characters inscribed upon his paper, in a graceful but singularly rapid hand, expressed, without premeditation or the slightest effort at arrangement, every thought as it occurred to him at the moment. You felt, while your eye ran over the pages, that you were conversing with the man himself; you could see the smile which lighted up his countenance as particular

ticular sentences rounded themselves off. You could hear the half-uttered chuckle, which chorussed the summing up of each gibe, or joke, or ludicrous couplet, as it escaped him. Take the following, in which, while thanking Mrs. Hughes for her ordinary gift, he refers to the conclusion of his own great work, the *Life of Sir Walter* :—

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,—You must be thinking me the greatest brute, but I really have meant every day to write to you, and no wonder, since your idea is regularly called up whenever I enter the breakfast room by that amiable emblem of your kindness. By the by, I hope Charles Scott was a better boy, and in due time acknowledged the receipt of his New Year’s gift.

‘I have now done with the “*Life*,” and hope Volume 7 may not on the whole disappoint you. But you can’t expect such a thing as the *Diary of 1826* over again ; for no such things as ruin and death again occurred to call out the spirit of the deep places. You will see him, however, contemplating his own death as calmly as *Hero* ever did, and you will see other circumstances of interest, among the rest, goodness, surviving greatness.

‘Confound your old dowagers of Wales! How and why should I believe them, more than the gossip—whoever it was—that told us the story in 1825? Was the story more likely to be invented or to be denied? And after all, may not their candid remembrance, if sifted, come to a confession that I only put the breeches on the wrong damsel? Lady E. B., *an. ætat.* 42, would have made a nice Newmarket-looking groom, I dare say. Miss P. would have done better for a coachman—a respectable married man—no objection to make himself generally useful. Again I say, d—— these tabbies. Their squeamishness is hypocrisy and cant. Was I not to give one sketch of bluestockingism in the life of a man who suffered so much under it? and could I have found the weed in such efflorescence elsewhere?’

Pleased as he was with society, and courted by it in no ordinary degree, Lockhart’s true happiness lay within the domestic circle. Mrs. Lockhart was the *beau ideal* of a poet’s daughter and a poet’s wife. Proud of her father, more proud perhaps of her husband, she was frank, open, playful, and affectionate, possessing the tact and talent which at once made sunshine in the house, and attracted towards herself no small share of the favour with which Lockhart was regarded. In her and in his children he may be said to have been wrapt up, yet therein lay the root of all his sorrows. His first heavy affliction came upon him by the death of his eldest son in 1831. The boy, as has been mentioned, was sickly from his birth, and became perhaps, partly on that account, the dearest of all his children to Lockhart; so that when the event befel at last, to which others looked forward with something like satisfaction, Lockhart staggered under it. Now,  
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however, as in early life, he put a violent restraint upon himself, and made no other display of feeling than is indicated in such an announcement as this: 'God has at length granted a gentle ending to all poor Johnny's sufferings. Your kindness to him we shall never forget.' Yet how much of anguish do not these brief sentences express! A more enduring, if not a more poignant, grief may be found set forth a few years later in the letters which made his friends at a distance aware that the wife of his youth had been taken from him. The following is a very characteristic letter from a man who never made a show of his own suffering:—

'Milton Lockhart, Lanark, July 14, 1837.

'MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,—Many thanks for all your kindness. I retreated as soon as I could to this sequestered place, where I have nobody to see but my brother and my children, and am trying to do as well as I can. As yet, it seems to me as if life were all over; yet I know it is my duty to struggle, and I do so, to recover the capacity of resuming the tasks of this world, and I hope to be in London and occupied again in the usual way before the winter sets in. Walter and Charlotte are both as well as possible, and already as happy with their ponies and fishing-rods as children ever were. I am their tutor, and find this a soothing employment for a couple of hours or so every morning.'

To common acquaintances he seemed, after the death of his wife, to be pretty much what he had ever been. His intimate and familiar friends alone knew how deep the arrow had penetrated. He was greatly sustained, however, in this strife with unavailing regrets, by the intense love with which he regarded his now motherless children. Charlotte and Walter became henceforth everything to him. An admirable governess was provided for the former: a kind, sensible, and well-instructed elderly lady. The latter was sent to King's College School, in order that his father might have the happiness of seeing him daily, might read with him in the evenings, and prepare him for the work of each successive day. A letter to Lady Gifford (widow of Lord Gifford, Master of the Rolls), one of those gifted women who understood Lockhart and were not unworthy of his friendship, describes more correctly than we could do how he ordered his daily tasks under the circumstances. Time had, in 1841, softened down his griefs; he was living again, as he always lived, for duty.

'Sept. 1, 1841.

'MY DEAR LADY GIFFORD,—I spent four or five weeks with Walter at Rokeby, and then, on returning to town, had such poor accounts of Charlotte that I went to Boulogne, where, however, I found her quite recovered; and I believe there had been nothing worse than a fit of nervousness,

nervousness, anxiety, and general low spirits, which they say is not uncommon to girls at her time of life. At all events she was home-sick, and so she is now here with me, and looking at least as well and as strong as I ever saw her. Walter has resumed his place at school, and we are going on in the usual style, or rather what ought to be; for certainly the quiet and complete cessation from all company are rather a contrast to the doings of the late season, as far as I was myself concerned. For a little I must attend to the "Quarterly Review," but by and by I shall make a run to see you, and bring one or both of them with me. Charlotte will probably be the better for a few more escapades before the approach of winter. My brother remained with us till yesterday, and then set off for Lanarkshire, where I suppose he may safely rusticate for a month at least. It is not supposed that Parliament will meet again for business till about the end of the month, and then I hear there will be a sitting of a fortnight merely to pass a vote of credit, and renew *pro tempore* the Poor-bill, which expires at Christmas. "The Post" will tell you all I could, and more, about ministerial arrangements. It does not much signify how minor places are distributed except to the people themselves, and there is no doubt as to the holding of the great ones. I am, however, desirous that my old friends Robert Hay and Henry Ellis may be contented. They are both here on the alert, and I fancy both likely to get handsome appointments either as diplomatists or Colonial Governors. Here, too, is another good friend, Sir Howard Douglas, who has given such high satisfaction in the Ionian Islands, that I rather expect to see him gazetted for Canada, *vice* Poulet Thomson, *alias* Sydenham. As I told you of old, I have not the least notion of their thinking of me in any shape or way: and now that Ambition, and, I hope, Vanity are pretty well extinguished in me, I consider all these things with a placidity which I could not always command in former days—in short, with the sincere feeling that I have very slender claims, if any at all, upon any of the distributing powers, and with every disposition to compassionate the difficulty they must be hourly subjected to by the clamorousness of younger and more submissive party men in various walks.

'Poor Theodore will trouble them no more. What a bright light burned out by madness before its time! I dined in his company the day before I left town for Yorkshire, and his appearance was so terribly changed, that I did not hope he could outlive many weeks.

'With all his faults, Hook was a very warm-hearted fellow, and few men had more friends. I fancy he had no enemy in the world except himself and his bottle.'

Lockhart had long and efficiently co-operated with the Conservative party, and in very trying times; but the only public appointment he ever held was that of Auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which was conferred upon him in 1843 by his personal friend, Lord Granville Somerset, Chancellor of the Duchy, —an office of, we believe, 400*l.* a year. He never complained of any neglect, as far as we know, nor brought any pretensions of his

his own either directly or indirectly before the heads of the party.

Of Lockhart's exceeding fondness for children, generally, mention has more than once been made; and his letters show how entirely his heart was filled with the love of his own son and daughter. She was the brightest, merriest, and most affectionate of creatures; and her marriage, in 1847, to Mr. James Hope, now Mr. Hope Scott, met with his entire approval. He was satisfied that in giving her to Mr. Hope he entrusted his chief earthly treasure to a tender guardian, and strove in that reflection to overshadow the thought that he must himself henceforth be to her an object of secondary interest only. She never caused him, voluntarily, one moment's pain. Nevertheless it must not be concealed that the secession of Mr. and Mrs. Hope Scott to the Roman Catholic faith greatly distressed Lockhart, although he did full justice to the upright and conscientious motives by which they were actuated.

The conduct of his son was for a series of years a source of disappointment to him, and an estrangement took place, for which the father was in no degree blameable; but he was reconciled to his son shortly before the death of the latter, an event which left Lockhart almost solitary, and embittered the rest of his days.

By this time the state of his health had begun to excite the anxious fears of his friends. He withdrew almost entirely from society—from the society of all, at least, except a very few persons; and, either because he had ceased to relish other food, or from a mistaken idea that abstinence was good for him, he hardly tasted anything for a while except tea and bread-and-butter. Dr. Ferguson, one of the oldest and most devoted of his friends, described him as reduced by this process to the condition of a parish pauper, and immediately ordered a more generous diet. The prescription appeared for a while to be efficacious, and Lockhart revived, as the taper revives, or seems to revive, when it is burning into the socket. Once more his hospitalities were dispensed to three or four friends at a time, and once more, from beneath the superincumbent weight of mental and bodily suffering, flashes of the old humour would break out. It is worthy of remark, however, that his more sustained conversation, especially when *tête-à-tête* with one to whom he freely opened his mind, had assumed by this time a tone of settled earnestness. A clergyman with whom he had lived in constant intimacy from his Oxford days was in the frequent habit, between 1851 and 1853, of calling upon Lockhart in Sussex Place, and taking short walks with him, especially in the afternoon of Sunday, in Regent's Park or through

the Zoological Gardens. With whatever topic their colloquy might begin, it invariably fell off, so to speak, of its own accord, into discussions upon the character and teaching of the Saviour; upon the influence exercised by both over the opinions and habits of mankind; upon the light thrown by them on man's future state and present destiny; and the points both of similitude and its opposite between the philosophy of Greece in its best days and the religion of Christ. Lockhart was never so charming as in these discussions. It was evident that the subject filled his whole mind, for the views which he enunciated were large, and broad, and most reverential—free at once from the bigoted dogmatism which passes current in certain circles for religion—*κατ' ἑξοχὴν*, and from the loose, unmeaning jargon which is too often accepted as rational Christianity, though between it and the dictates of reason, properly so called, there is very little in common.

Lockhart appears to have been perfectly aware, in the interval of which we are now speaking, that his days were numbered. His hair, which continued black and glossy long after the term usually fixed by Nature for change, had become suddenly grey; his sight failed him; and his figure, always slight, became attenuated. Yet he never, in speech or manner, exhibited the slightest impatience or apprehension under the circumstances. He moved likewise from place to place in search of that health which he certainly did not expect to overtake, and wherever he went seemed to be more taken up about the affairs of other people than his own. Two letters addressed by him at this time to Lady Eastlake, formerly Miss Rigby, show how unchangeable was his interest in the fortunes of his friends, however widely they might be separated from him by time and space:—

‘Sussex Place, February 28th, 1850.

‘One object I had in calling yesterday was to request of your kindness, if you receive any accounts from Edinburgh about poor Miss Allan, that you would impart to me as much as might seem proper. I fear her health has been such for some time as to render her situation under a great domestic affliction more peculiarly trying. I fear also that Sir William may not have been able to leave her so provided with worldly means as he would have wished to do. If you can resolve me on one or both of these points, I shall be very grateful.’

Sir William Allan was one of the Edinburgh friends of whom Lockhart never lost sight. Professor Wilson was another:—

‘S. P., November 8, 1851.

‘I am afraid your dream was not far out. I have been very unwell indeed,

indeed, and am under a regimen which keeps me terribly depressed ; but I hope it is to restore me somewhat by and by.

‘When in Edinburgh two or three weeks ago I saw Wilson once, and we being both invalids, the meeting was anything but a cheering one. In fact, I was greatly distressed with his appearance, but more with what Dr. Burt and Sir J. MacNeill said to me about him. I think they concur in conjecturing, from the increasing severity of his attacks and irritability of his temper, no very extended limit for life. The second time that I called his servant said he was up, but would not see any one that day, not probably even Mr. Ayton. There could hardly be an older or dearer friend likely to call than myself beyond his family, and his servant and I are old acquaintances. Dr. Burt, whom I was consulting professionally, sees him daily, and finds him a most unmanageable patient. He warned me that morning that I need not go to the house ; but I would try.

‘I left Charlotte very well indeed. Let me hope it is not health that sends you to Brighton, but only a pardonable enthusiasm for Mr. Rogers.’

The labour of conducting the ‘Quarterly Review’ became at last too much for Lockhart. Mr. Murray was urgent that he should continue in nominal management of the work, and generously proposed to defray the expense of a provisional arrangement till it could be seen whether vigour of body and mind were likely to return ; but to this proposal Lockhart would not accede. He felt that for him there was no prospect of returning health ; and if to his mind the idea did not occur, it certainly did to the minds of others, that he ought to have been raised long ago above the necessity of either dying in harness, or owing escape from incessant toil to the generosity of private friends. He resigned the management of the ‘Review’ in the spring of 1853, and began immediately to look out for a small house, into which, with an income much reduced, he might eventually retire. Yet the old manly spirit never waned. We subjoin a letter to Earl Stanhope, then Lord Mahon, which fully justifies this statement :—

‘S. P., July 19, 1853.

‘Thanks for your most kind invitation. I came up last night from Brighton, where I had been reposing myself for some ten or twelve days with my daughter and hers ; and I think I have really profited somewhat by the sea-air, certainly by the repose. You are not aware how completely my physique has, or rather had, given way. But, under advice of Dr. Ferguson and Sir B. Brodie, I some time ago withdrew, for the present at least, from my post on the “Quarterly Review,” and I rather think the retirement will be final. At present I am, though not so ill as I was, altogether unfit for a visit, even to yours and Lord Stanhope’s most benevolent circle ; but perhaps ere

you and Lady M. start for the Continent, I may be so far amended as to hazard an offer in that tempting direction.

‘My plans are like my health, uncertain; but I mean, if I can, to be at Rome for the winter with Robert Hay, who has room for me in his establishment there. I am not sure whether he is now with Lord Stratford at Stamboul, or still, as he was when I last heard indirectly from him, on board our fleet in the “Greek waters;” but I take it he will come to England ere long and fulfil his old plan of returning to his Pincian Mount in October, via Vienna, Trieste, and Ancona; in which case I hope to be his fellow-traveller, as well as afterwards his lodger.

‘I heard this at Brighton from my old friend Charles Townsend, “the peerless parson” of W. S. Rose’s innumerable jeux d’esprit, d’autrefois. It may not be new to you, but it was to me. Mr. Moxon having collected Wordsworth’s sonnets into a volume, old Rogers counted the contents, and wrote on the fly-leaf as here below. And if this was, as the parson said, recent, I think the scrap very fair for a bard and banker, *ætate* 91:

“Five hundred sonnets! what a many!  
£2, if each be worth a penny.

“‘S. R.’”

There was no need for Lockhart to change his place of residence in London. As the summer wore away his health went with it, and the project of spending the winter at Rome was pressed upon him as the best and perhaps the only chance of staying the progress of this manifest decay. His friend Lady Bell has described the preparations for that journey in terms at once so simple and so touching that our readers, we suspect, will greatly prefer her account of the matter, brief as it is, to any which we could give:—

‘In the year 1853 his health sank so rapidly, that his friends persuaded him to try the effect of a winter in Italy. He came to Scotland to bid adieu, and I met him at Abbotsford on the 23rd of September, his first return there since the death of his son Walter. In the morning Mr. Hope Scott asked me to go with Charlotte to meet her father at Melrose station. It was an anxious expectation, and she had to control her agitation when he arrived looking so very ill. His brother Robert and cousin Kate, both devoted to him, came with him.

‘They who remember Lockhart, and have read of the bright days of Abbotsford, Chiefswood, or Huntley Burn, may imagine him returning after so many changes, and so feeble that he needed help at every step.

‘He met his daughter and got into the carriage with a grave and wearied look. As we drove along he said nothing, but was stretching his long thin form to look on his old homes that we passed. I thought he had not long to live: it was a sad drive.

‘In

‘In the evening he was better, and, when warm and snug in his arm-chair, the old dry humour and amusing anecdotes came forth. He spoke very affectionately of old friends, especially of John Richardson, Charles Bell, and Robert Ferguson.

‘Next day he was cheerful, and seemed to wish that I should leave him with happier impressions than when we met. He talked of Italy, and showed us slippers, and cuffs, and comforters which had been sent to him. Of course no allusion was made to the thoughts which were then filling our hearts.’

To Italy accordingly he went. When there, he took, notwithstanding his wretched health and depressed spirits, a keen interest in Etruscan antiquities, and it is a remarkable fact that for two hours every day he read Dante with Signor Lucentini. He was previously a good Italian scholar and well read in Italian literature, but it was to be able to master the difficulties of Dante that he called in the help of one whose ability to aid him was known to surpass that of all the commentators. Lucentini always kindled into enthusiasm when he spoke of him, saying often, ‘I never had such a pupil—one who put me so much to my mettle.’ Every assertion in explanation of a difficulty occurring in the text was discussed, and never was it accepted until the fullest proof had been demanded and obtained. In this way there were daily and often fiery discussions, which would detain Lucentini as many more hours. If in the course of them the invalid had been irritated to use strong language, this was uniformly followed next day by the *amende*, ‘Do forgive me, Lucentini, I was so poorly and was suffering so much yesterday.’

We approach now the last scene of all, over which it is best not to linger. Lockhart returned from Italy in the summer of 1854, apparently better, but in reality bringing with him the seeds of early dissolution. He again visited Abbotsford, and proceeded thence to Milton-Lockhart, the seat of his brother William. There a paralytic affection came on, from which he never recovered. He was removed to Abbotsford, that he might be under the tender care of his daughter and her husband; and there, after lingering several weeks, sometimes scarcely conscious of what was passing around him, sometimes apparently as much alive as ever to the conventionalities of life, he quietly expired in the month of December, 1854, without, we have reason to believe, much suffering, and with a settled faith in God’s mercy through Christ and in perfect charity with all men. He died in a small room next adjoining that in which Sir Walter Scott had breathed his last—a scene feelingly described by Lockhart himself.

himself.\* Little bequests to his friends of various tokens of regard evinced the kindness of his heart, and were highly prized by all who received them.†

We shall not trust ourselves elaborately to paint the moral and intellectual character of one over whom the heart yearns with the deepest and most affectionate regret. How, indeed, can we make a character seem attractive which sacrificed nothing either to vanity or to impulse, and whose feeling lay so far from the surface? The world neither knew Lockhart's real worth, nor appreciated him to the full measure of what it did know. His failings, if so we must call them, lay entirely within view; his noble and generous qualities were visible only to such as took the trouble to pierce the crust of reserve with which on common occasions he was apt to surround himself. There never lived a man more high-minded and truthful;—more willing to make sacrifices for the benefit of others,—more faithful to old ties of friendship and affection, more ready to help even strangers in their hour of need. Those who knew him best loved him best,—a sure proof that he was deserving of their love.

He was, as we have already mentioned, generous beyond his means, especially to poor authors, and ever sympathised with real distress. And yet his life had great disappointments, such as might have made a coarser nature soured and selfish. Need we recapitulate the wreck of the brilliant hopes which his connexion with Sir Walter Scott might suggest; the setting of that sun in clouds and sorrow; the loss of a partner who would have brightened any destiny; the death of his children; the failure of health; the neglect and indifference of political allies? Yet the manly spirit never sunk, the sense of earthly duty remained unimpaired; there was but a more anxious and continued regard to the life that was to come.

His intellect exercised for many years an acknowledged, and, we think, a most salutary influence over the literary tastes of a great nation. *This* was the way in which his genius made itself felt. Nor could we recall, in his generation, a mind fitter for the work. He was early trained to the study of the noblest writings of Greece and Rome; familiar, through his own tastes, with the literature of all the great nations of Europe, thoroughly read in the theory and science of language; but his home and his strength lay in our own literature and our own tongue.

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\* 'It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ears, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.'—*Life of Scott*, ch. 83.

There,

There, his knowledge, his taste, and his intuitive tact were unrivalled. No man could have produced so good an English dictionary or an edition of some great English classic; no man could judge better of the compositions of others, or could write in purer style himself. He was not only critic but author, and had imagination as well as judgment; he was kind and considerate towards unpretending merit, ready to recognise and welcome real talent in friend or foe, and severe only where presumption went hand in hand with ignorance. Of his contributions to this *Journal* we do not speak at present. They were upwards of one hundred in number, and devoted to a great variety of subjects, such as only a versatile and powerful mind could have treated with success. He could write on Greek literature—on the origin of the Latin language—on novels—on any subject, from poetry to dry-rot; but his biographical articles bear the palm. Many of them contain the liveliest and truest sketches that exist, of the characters to which they are devoted, with many a wise and eloquent discussion of points of social morality, and here and there an amusing half-involuntary revelation of Lockhart's own opinions and experiences. Some of his shorter and more fragmentary productions appeal so directly to our hearts and understandings that we accept them without hesitation as the productions of a man of striking ability. Take, for example, his well-known delineation of Theodore Hook. We are not acquainted with anything of the kind in any language, ancient or modern, which holds the reader's attention with a more iron grasp, whether to his entertainment or his agony.

Of his great work, the '*Life of Scott*,' though thrown off in the scanty leisure of a too busy life and interrupted by the saddest of sorrows, it is not too much to say that there are very few pieces of biography in the language worthy to be compared with it.

Of his poetry we subjoin one truly pathetic fragment, for the appearance of which last year in the '*Scotsman*' newspaper the public was indebted to an intimate and valued acquaintance of Lockhart's, the Honourable Mrs. Norton:—

‘When youthful faith hath fled,  
Of loving take thy leave;  
Be constant to the dead—  
The dead cannot deceive.  
Sweet modest flowers of spring,  
How fleet your balmy day!  
And man's brief year can bring  
No secondary May—

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No earthly burst again  
 Of gladness out of gloom ;  
 Fond hope and vision vain,  
 Ungrateful to the tomb.  
 But 'tis an old belief  
 That on some solemn shore,  
 Beyond the sphere of grief,  
 Dear friends shall meet once more—  
 Beyond the sphere of time  
 And sin and fate's control,  
 Serene in endless prime  
 Of body and of soul.  
 That creed I fain would keep,  
 That hope I'll not forego ;  
 Eternal be the sleep,  
 Unless to waken so.'

He was buried in Dryburgh Abbey. A monument erected by a few of the most intimate of his surviving friends marks the spot where he lies, at the feet of his father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott.

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- ART. VII.—1. *A Manual of Photographic Chemistry.* By T. Hardwich. 7th Edition. London, 1864.  
 2. *The Tannin Process.* By C. Russell. 2nd Edition. London, 1863.

OF all the marvellous discoveries which have marked the last hundred years, Photography is entitled in many respects to take its rank among the most remarkable. It will not produce the same wide-spread effects upon the social condition of the human race that have been and will be the result of the steam-engine and the electric telegraph. It will not bring any such mitigation to human suffering as has been caused by the discovery of chloroform. But it occupies a position distinct from these in the perfect novelty of its results, and their more direct connexion with the world of mind. It is not merely an improved mode of doing that which was done before. Carriages were drawn, and shuttles thrown, and signals sent from distant points, before ever Watt or Wheatstone was heard of. But the work which Wedgwood and Boulton are supposed to have begun, and which Talbot and Archer perfected, has done a new thing. It has forced the sun, which reveals to our senses every object around us, to write down his record in enduring characters, so that those who are far away or those who are yet unborn may read it. It has furnished to mankind a new kind of vision  
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that can penetrate into the distant or the past—a retina, as faithful as that of the natural eye, but whose impressions do not perish with the wave of light that gave them birth. Photographs regarded as evidence of that which they represent, differ in essence from any other species of representation that has ever been attempted. They are free, so far as their outlines are concerned, from the deceptive and therefore vitiating element of human agency. The work of the artist may be more beautiful, but it can never be so exact. Philosophers have pleased themselves with the fancy that the scenes that passed upon this earth thousands of years ago have not really perished; but that the waves of light which left the earth then are still vibrating in the illimitable distances of space, and might even now be striking, in some far-off fixed star, an eye sensitive enough to discern them. Supposing that photographs are preserved with reasonable care, the philosophic dream may be a reality to our remote posterity. Lord Macaulay's New Zealander, when he goes home from his perilous exploration of Great Britain, may gaze in some Antipodean Museum upon a picture of the entry of the Princess Alexandra into London, traced not by some careless or courtly human hand, but by the very rays of light which were reflected from her face, and from the various persons and objects around her.

Though it cannot be said that this wonderful art has any want of social consideration to complain of, its nature and processes are too new to be familiar except to those who have made them the subject of special study. There is an inner photographic world in which Photography is pursued with an earnestness which far transcends mere professional zeal, and has something in it of the enthusiasm of the devotee. As a profession the pursuit of it has already attained very large proportions. There is scarcely a family of any class in the United Kingdom in which the likeness of well-loved features, guaranteed by the infallible sun, is not duly prized; and the enormous demand has created a corresponding supply. There is scarcely an educated lady, fashionable or unfashionable, whose table is not adorned with the album of cartes de visite, containing a full allowance of royalties, half-a-dozen leading statesmen, and a goodly row of particular friends—all highly useful in furnishing subjects of conversation to guests 'gravelled for lack of matter.' There is hardly a cottage in which a humble sixpenny 'positive' does not recall, somewhat duskily perhaps, but still truthfully, the lineaments of some distant son or brother. To meet this demand a whole army of professional photographers has sprung into existence, working with very various skill, and in very different social positions—from the few celebrated artists in the

the great capitals, one or two of whom are said to be in the receipt of incomes far exceeding that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, down to the travelling photographer in a covered cart, who may be found in the remotest villages of Scotland or Cornwall, and whose gains may probably be described in the most modest possible terms. By the side of this professional class, has arisen, not so widely of course, but still with remarkable rapidity, a very zealous body of amateur artists. A number of photographic societies exist, composed in some cases of amateurs and professionals conjointly, in others entirely of amateurs. The chief of these societies is honoured by the presidency of no less a personage than the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer; on the committee of another figures the name of the Primate of England; and the other less learned professions are not less fully represented. Three or four photographic newspapers, conducted for the most part with great ability, complete what may be called the social apparatus of the art.

But, outside this special and limited circle, surprisingly little is known of the nature of an art whose results are so fascinating and so widely enjoyed. There is a general notion that nitrate of silver blacks your fingers if you touch it; and that somehow or other it produces pictures. But very few people are at the trouble to inquire into the nature of the processes by which the exquisite works of art which they admire are brought into existence, or of the delicate and beautiful chemical laws which are involved in their production.

The chemical fact which is the keystone of photography is, of course, the sensitiveness of certain compounds or 'salts' of silver to the action of light. Silver of itself is not affected by exposure to the sun. But it has this peculiarity which distinguishes it from every other metal,—that a large number of its 'salts,' or combinations with other substances, become unstable, and tend to fall asunder, under the influence of light.\* This is peculiarly the case with the salts that silver forms with those elements which we derive principally from the sea,—chlorine, bromine, and iodine. In combination with most other metals, these elements remain unchanged, whether in the light or in the dark. But the chloride of silver, though it will remain quite stable in the dark, is separated into the chlorine and silver of which it was originally composed if brought out into the light;

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\* Several of the metals have salts which are perceptibly sensitive to light—gold, iron, copper, platinum, uranium, chromium; but no one of them approaches to silver in the number of highly sensitive compounds which it is known to form.

and the same is true of the bromide of silver and of the iodide under some conditions.

This tendency of silver to escape from these compounds in the presence of light is the fundamental fact upon which the art of 'drawing with light' is built. For this escaped silver is not like silver as we know it in mass—a bright white metal. In the state of infinite subdivision into which it falls when light separates it from the iodine or bromine with which it was combined, it is blackish brown or purple. This released silver is therefore the pigment with which the sun paints his picture. Wherever his ray falls upon a sensitive silver salt, there, after a time, the mark of its presence is left in a patch of black silver: and the mass of this silver is greater or less, according to the length of time during which a ray of light has fallen on it. The photographic process in its simplest form consists in simply guiding the incidence of this ray. A plate covered with a sensitive salt of silver is put upright into a dark box, known as the 'camera,' which has a round hole at the other end, and in this round hole is screwed a lens. The lens throws upon the plate a picture of the objects opposite to it, and each of those objects leaves its mark of reduced silver upon the plate. Those which reflect much light, such as the sky or a white dress, leave a very dark mark; those which reflect less light leave a less decided mark; and those which reflect little or no light leave no mark at all. Thus the rays of light describe, in monochrome, a complete picture upon the sensitive salt of silver: only it is a picture with this peculiarity,—that everything white is represented black, and everything black is left white. Such a picture, however, if left at this stage would be a very useless achievement. It could never be brought out into the daylight to be shown; for the same light that had darkened special portions of the plate would then infallibly darken the rest. This difficulty actually did for a considerable time obstruct the efforts of the first discoverers of photography. They contrived to make pictures of some sort, but nothing had been discovered to remove those parts of the sensitive surface which had been untouched by light; and therefore they could only show their pictures to their friends in a dark room.\* Fortunately, it was discovered that one  
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\* To the non-photographic reader, showing a picture in a dark room may appear to be a very Hibernian process of science. But in photography a dark room only means a room lit with red or yellow light. The chemical effect of light is almost entirely due to the rays in the upper part of the spectrum—the violet, the blue, and, to a less extent, the green. The lower rays, the yellow, the orange, and the red, are chemically inert, or nearly so, upon salts of silver. But  
for

or two drugs, such as cyanide of potassium, hyposulphite of soda, and some others, have the property of dissolving salts of silver, while they leave silver itself unaffected, or, at all events, affect it far more slowly. Of course, if a plate is treated with one of these drugs, all the salts of silver which the light has not changed are washed away, and nothing is left behind but the darkened silver picture.

Such is, in its simplest form, the process of photography. Practically, it is necessary that more complicated modifications should be introduced in order to adapt it to the uses which it is required to serve. The unassisted action of light even upon the most sensitive salt of silver is comparatively slow. Even under the direct ray of a midday summer sun some minutes must elapse before the full reducing power of the light is exercised. In the comparative obscurity of the camera, into which the whole of the light that comes is reflected light, and has to find its way by one small hole and through the thickness of one or more stout pieces of glass, the exposure which would be requisite to produce any perceptible effect would be enormously long. For objects that are absolutely still, such as buildings or pictures to be copied, it is possible that with certain processes the unassisted ray of light might be left to draw its picture without any insuperable inconvenience. But no landscape that included foliage, still less any picture into which human beings entered, could be taken by an art which would require some hours of immobility for its success. It is necessary, therefore, that the sun should be helped,—or, to use photographic language, it is necessary that the latent image his ray has left should be developed. If the subtlety and delicacy of the chemical laws involved be taken into consideration, the development of the latent image is a more remarkable process even than that by which the sun can be made to draw in silver. Certainly, it is one without which Photography could never have become an art, and would probably have remained little else than a chemical toy.

If a sensitive plate—*i. e.* a square of glass coated with bromide of silver—be exposed in the camera for two or three seconds, and then taken out and looked at in a dark room, it will seem to have undergone no alteration whatever. It will still present the creamy white look natural to those salts of silver. Even if it be submitted to the most powerful microscope, no indication of change will be detected. But the sun

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for this lucky distinction between the chemical and visual rays, photographic manipulations would have to be conducted really in the dark, and photography would be an impossibility.

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has done his work nevertheless, though he requires assistance. The elements of a picture are there, though not a line is to be seen. The silver has not escaped from the combination in which it was held, and therefore there is no dark mark to indicate its independent existence. It is still detained in a reluctant partnership with the iodine or the bromine; but the union is rudely shaken. The light has not acted long enough to release it entirely; but a disturbance among the molecules, the commencement of separation, has been set up. If the plate were put away without anything further being done to it, that commencement would be abortive and the action of the light would come to nothing. But chemistry furnishes implements by which the bond which the sun has loosened can be finally severed, the half-escaped silver set absolutely free, and the latent picture made visible to the human eye.

There are a considerable number of substances which have this power in a greater or less degree: but the only ones which possess it in sufficient vigour for the purposes of the photographer are, curiously enough, the two with which we are familiar in the composition of common writing-ink. Either tannin or iron forms the base of all the developers which are employed by photographers. Some years ago a preparation of tannin, known as pyrogallic acid, was universally employed. More recently it has been abandoned by almost all photographers in favour of the proto-sulphate of iron; and simultaneously the custom has found favour of preparing the sensitive plate with two salts of silver, bromide and iodide, instead of with the iodide alone; changes by which a great saving in the necessary length of exposure has been effected. But the principle of the two developers is the same: and it is to the extraordinary delicacy of the task entrusted to them that almost all the difficulties of Photography are due, and at the same time its most marvellous achievements. The office of these developers is what is chemically called 'reduction,'—i. e. they reduce the salt of silver to its elements, and thereby disengage the silver of which the picture consists. But their task is a difficult one, in that they have to steer through a very narrow channel between two dangers, either of which is fatal to the picture. Their reducing power is quite sufficient, if they are applied in adequate strength, to reduce the whole of the sensitive plate, whether the light has acted on it or not—that is, to turn it all an equally dark black. This is naturally not the photographer's object. He only wishes the developer to act where the light has already acted—to reduce the molecules of the silver salt, where the sun has already given them a shake. He has, therefore,

so to proportion the strength of his developer that it shall have exactly power enough, and not more than enough, to complete what the sun has begun, but has not had time to finish.\* It must be vigorous enough to reduce the bromo-iodide of silver which has already been predisposed to reduction, without affecting that which the light has not touched. It is the necessity of this exact proportion which communicates its extreme delicacy to the whole process.

If light were the only agency which possessed the power of disturbing the molecules, and commencing that release of the silver from its compounds which the developer is afterwards to complete, the task would be comparatively easy. The photographer would have nothing to do but to take care that the mutual proportion of the length of the exposure and the strength of the developer were accurately observed. But the case is far otherwise. There are a hundred causes which will alter the sensitiveness of portions of the sensitive surface, make the salt of silver either readier or less ready to decompose, and so destroy the regularity of the development. Such difficulties haunt the operator from the very outset of his process. You take a plate of glass, which perhaps to an un instructed eye appears beautifully smooth, but hold it at a particular angle to the light, and you will detect a faint short scratch. That scratch, if your process is sensitive, will be represented, when the picture is finished, by a bold brown line. If by ill luck it happens to coincide with the position of your sitter's cheek, he will appear in his *carte de visite*, and be handed down to posterity, as *Le Balafré*, bearing the scar of honourable wounds. If unfortunately it should fall a little higher in the face, it will adorn him with the equally combative but less honourable decoration of a black eye. By virtue of some obscure chemical law, connected presumably with molecular attraction, jagged edges, or indeed edges of any kind, have a tendency to aid the decomposition of solutions with which they are in contact. Unless the solution is very prone to decompose, the influence is too faint to make itself felt. But it is the peculiarity of

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\* It is only true in a general sense, to say that the developer finishes what light has begun. The completed action of light by itself, and the inchoate action of light followed by development, are not absolutely similar. For instance, the darkness of an image produced by light alone will increase in proportion to the length of the exposure, until the whole of the silver salt exposed has been reduced. But an image that is to be developed loses strength instead of gaining it, after the proper period of exposure is passed. A film of iodide of silver that has been exposed much too long, becomes upon development almost transparent. Another curious difference is to be found in the relative sensibility of the various salts of silver under the two processes. Under unassisted light the iodide is with difficulty affected, while the chloride is very sensitive. Under the developer the iodide is very much the most sensitive of the two.

Photography that it gives expression to the most infinitesimal chemical forces. The influence of the jagged edge in the scratch is quite sufficient to dispose the particles of the salts of silver near it to a quicker reduction than would otherwise have taken place; and where every preparation is used at its maximum strength for the purpose of facilitating a short exposure, that predisposition will frequently suffice to produce a complete reduction over the scratches. This is but a sample of the troubles which are entailed upon the photographer by the necessity of guarding against the action of these minute causes of disturbance. After the plate is selected, it must be cleaned: but a clean plate of glass, in photographic language, has a meaning very different from that which a window-cleaner or a housemaid would attach to the phrase. A plate may seem to the eye faultlessly bright and transparent, but it may be so dirty as to destroy all chance of obtaining a decent picture with it. Among the numerous causes which promote the decomposition of the salts of silver is the presence of 'organic matter.' A touch of the finger will of course leave organic matter on the plate. If it is cleaned by cloths which have been washed with soap, the same result will follow. If the dust of a room, consisting generally of small hairs from the surface of carpets or clothes, fall upon the plate during any part of the process previous to development, the same risk will be run. In all these cases the chances are, that if the power of the chemicals is strained to produce a rapid process, a stain or spot in the finished picture will record the presence of the contaminating cause.

The difficulties in coating the plate with a surface of sensitive material are equally formidable, and exact equally delicate manipulation. The mode of doing so most commonly pursued is that known as the wet collodion process—which consists of covering the glass with iodised collodion, and then producing a film of iodide of silver by dipping the glass so coated into a bath of nitrate of silver solution. Collodion is a solution of gun-cotton in alcohol and ether. Its valuable property is that, if spread evenly over any surface, it dries rapidly in the form of an exquisitely smooth and slender and yet tough film. At its first invention it was employed exclusively for covering wounds in surgical cases. No particular nicety appears to be required in its manufacture for that purpose; but it is not so with the collodion that is used in photography. The sensitiveness of the silver salts appears to depend largely upon the molecular structure of the substance in which they are held. Accordingly the most elaborate precautions are necessary in making the gun-cotton, which in solution constitutes collodion. It is made by steeping  
cotton

cotton in hot nitro-sulphuric acid ; but so marvellously minute are the conditions upon which the action of the sun and the developer on the silver salts depends, that the variation of ten degrees in the temperature of the acids in which the cotton is steeped, or a very slight difference in their specific gravity, will make an enormous difference in its capacity, when charged with silver salts, to receive the impression of a ray of light. From this cause, in a great degree, it is that the progress of photography has been so rapid in recent years. It has only been by a lengthened and laborious process of experimental study that Mr. Hardwich and others have worked out, one after another, the microscopic details upon which the successful manufacture of collodion depends. A still more serious trouble to the photographer has been, and still is, the solution of nitrate of silver into which he plunges his plate of iodised collodion, and which is known by the concise name of 'the nitrate bath.' Collodion can be procured from chemists who make it on a large scale, and if properly treated is a tolerably steady and well-conducted material. Extremes of temperature affect it, and it must not be used very new or very old ; but with these precautions it generally behaves well and can be relied on. But there is no end to the freaks of a nitrate bath that happens to be capricious. The delicacy of constitution, which Homœopathy attributes to the human stomach, and which is averred by orthodox physicians to be a dream, is a sober and sad reality in the case of the nitrate bath. Particles of matter so minute that they could hardly be seen except under a microscope are sufficient so to paralyse or pervert its action, that the most skilful photographer cannot, until it is cured, lure it into the production of anything approaching to a picture. For the most rapid kind of work, a perfectly neutral bath is usually employed—neither acid nor alkaline to test-paper. Slight acidity does no harm beyond interfering with rapidity ; but the smallest trace of alkali, as much ammonia as would be conveyed by a wet pin, would be enough to destroy the balance and produce the terrible phenomenon known to photographers as 'fogging.' The word aptly enough expresses the universal mist overspreading the whole plate, which greets the photographer's eyes, when through the fault either of his developer or his sensitive plate, the reducing agency is powerful enough to change not only the portions of the plate which the ray of light has touched, but also those which have not been exposed to it. The presence of alkali, in however small a quantity, predisposes the plate so strongly to reduction, that the developer is no longer confined to the modest position of an auxiliary to the sun, but is enabled to act independently upon its own account. The same dreaded disaster is liable to arise from

from the presence in the bath of certain kinds of organic matter. The rule does not apply to all sorts of organic matter, nor is it very clear to what kinds it is restricted ; but it is certain that the minutest quantity of some kinds is sufficient to bring a nitrate bath into a condition of more than womanly caprice. If it is afflicted with this malady, there is no limit to the variety of tricks which it will play to its unfortunate employer. One plate will furnish a good picture ; the next will be hopelessly fogged ; the third will be covered with spots of every shape and size—stars, comets, bars, round transparent holes, or round opaque patches, usually distributed with the malignant ingenuity of a frolicsome elf, so as to show exactly upon the nose of your portrait, or the most prominent object in your landscape. Nor do such freaks exhaust the catalogue of troubles which a contaminated bath can bring on the unfortunate photographer. Fortunately such sorrows are not so common now as they once were. Formerly an unmanageable bath was frequently due to errors in the manufacture of the nitrate of silver. Now the subject is better understood, and a contaminated solution is usually the photographer's own fault. But his bath must still be to every photographer the object of the same tender and unceasing solicitude with which a trapper regards his rifle, or an Arab his horse. It must be preserved from air and from dust ; it must be protected during use from extremes of temperature. The exact degree of acidity, or the precise neutrality required, must be constantly tested for and scrupulously maintained. It must be purged from time to time from the alcohol and ether which it is incessantly gathering from the collodion. It must be replenished occasionally with materials of absolute purity, and especially with water that is chemically pure—no easy matter to obtain in a village or country-town. It must be preserved in a condition of exact saturation with iodide of silver ; for if it either falls short materially or is in the slightest degree in excess of the precise point of saturation, the result is a plentiful crop of pinholes in the negative, which are represented upon the paper positive by the innumerable dark specks that sometimes give a dirty and fly-blown appearance to the works even of the best photographers. The nitrate bath is the nightmare of the photographer ; a kind of evil deity, whose worship he performs with curses, though he cannot forego it for fear of the evil that may befall him. But no efforts to escape from the necessity of using it have yet been successful, though many have been made. After the development is complete, one of the most delicate portions of the process still remains. It is seldom, with the methods that are now employed, that the negative is sufficiently opaque in the high lights to give a satisfactory picture. In

order to obtain sufficient contrast the opacity must be increased. This is done either by darkening the colour of the silver deposit with mercury, gold, platinum, palladium, sulphur, or other substances; or by pouring a fresh developer upon the plate mixed with a little fresh solution of nitrate of silver. The nitrate is decomposed, and deposits metallic silver; but the silver in separating is attracted to the silver which is already on the plate, and is deposited in thickness precisely proportionate to the thickness of the silver already deposited in various portions of the plate. The amount of contrast in the resulting picture, and therefore most of its beauty, depends entirely on the length of time for which this operation, known as 'intensifying,' is continued; and no part of the whole process puts the photographer's judgment and experience to so severe a test. It is a resource of his art of the greatest value, when used temperately; but in the employment of it, as of other indulgences, abstinence appears to be easier than temperance. After the intensification, and sometimes before it, the negative is 'fixed:' that is to say, all the salts of silver which have not been reduced by the developer are dissolved and carried away by a wash of hyposulphite of soda, leaving bare glass in the place of the dark shadows. These operations complete the negative.

Happily for the art, the other portions of the process necessary for the production of a picture are not so beset with trouble. Printing is a comparatively easy matter: it is photography in its oldest and simplest form. Wedgwood and Davy, and others who experimented upon the photographic properties of the salts of silver at the beginning of the present century, did not, so far as is certainly known, attempt anything but printing. They saturated a piece of paper with nitrate of silver and then exposed it to the sun, interposing the opaque body whose image they wished to trace upon the paper. The more modern printing is in principle the same. The negative taken in the camera, and developed and fixed, consists of a deposit of silver upon glass, some portions of which are opaque, and others in a greater or less degree translucent; while other parts, untouched by the sun, and freed by the fixing solution from all the silver salts, are mere bare glass. The process by which a picture is made upon paper with this negative is more like stencilling than any other pictorial operation. The negative is exposed to the sun with a piece of paper, sensitized with chloride of silver, fastened under it. The sun, streaming through the bare glass of the negative, paints in reduced silver the shadows of the picture upon the paper beneath. Acting with less force through the translucent parts of the silver deposit on the negative, he fills in the half-tone of the picture; and

and leaving untouched those parts which lie under the opaque portions of the negative, he leaves the natural colour of the paper to supply the high lights. When the deposit of metallic silver is complete, the unaltered chloride is removed by hyposulphite of soda, as in the production of the negative. So far the operation is very plain, and the chemical reactions are very simple. But the process, in this crude form, leaves the picture of a very disagreeable colour,—much that kind of tawny-red which, when it makes its appearance in mustachioes or beards, is popularly known as ‘ginger-colour.’ How far taste in the selection of colour for a monochrome is a matter of habit and convention may be left to theorists to discuss. As a matter of fact, a ginger-coloured photograph would find neither admirers nor purchasers. Photographers, therefore, have been compelled to interrogate chemistry for some new device for making the pictures so wonderfully produced more pleasing to the eye, and the process which the science has supplied to them for that purpose is the most curious and instructive of all. A solution of an unstable salt of gold is taken—the chloride—and it is made more unstable, or rather its decomposition is actually though very slowly commenced, by the addition of a weak alkali. Taken at this point of half-disturbed equilibrium, a very minute additional impulse is sufficient to produce immediate and complete reduction. This impulse is supplied by the attraction which the metallic silver in the print appears to exercise for metallic gold. The print is put into the alkaline solution of chloride of gold. After a few minutes it begins to darken visibly and to alter its colour, and it passes through all the shades of brown and purple successively until, if it is allowed to remain long enough in the solution, it turns inky black. The colouring matter is the gold, which, attracted by the silver in the print, has disengaged itself from the chlorine with which it was combined, and has fastened itself to the silver so firmly that no amount of rubbing can detach it. As the colour of comminuted gold is a purplish black, this tone is consequently given to the print. There are two specially noteworthy points in this remarkable operation. One is, that the gold is attracted to the silver deposit in precisely the proportions in which that deposit is distributed upon the paper; so that the harmony of the picture, all the balance of light and shade and half-tone, are faultlessly preserved. The other is, that the gold is not merely attracted to the silver, but actually turns some of it out and takes its place. A number of prints analysed before and after toning are found not only to acquire gold in the operation, but to lose silver. The phenomenon is not easy to explain; but it has been well ascertained, and it

must be accepted as another of those illustrations of mysterious chemical laws, hitherto little if at all known, which photography has furnished in so many instances.

The process of Photographic Printing—or stencilling, as it should rather be called—is beautiful and simple, exquisite in result, and not difficult in manipulation; but it has one fatal defect. The prints which are produced have no guarantee of permanence. A few of those that were made when the process of printing was first discovered, some twenty years ago, have survived uninjured to the present day; but the vast majority, even of those that were printed ten or twelve years back, have lamentably deteriorated and, in some instances, utterly disappeared. The chemical cause is simple enough—so simple as to be quite irremediable. The print is made of silver, and there is silver even in the whites. Wherever silver comes in contact with sulphur or sulphurous acid, sulphide of silver is formed—as under-butlers, who have to keep plate from tarnish in a London atmosphere, know too well. The owner of a valuable photograph may watch the formation of the sulphide of silver when he sees a yellow tinge, like the tint of very ancient wine, creeping over his picture, and confounding first its tones and at last its outlines in a pale dirty yellow fog. It is hardly possible for the print to escape this fatal contact. The hyposulphite of soda, which is used to fix the picture, is expelled from the print only by the most laborious and protracted washing, and even then with the most doubtful success; and the sulphur which it contains is ultimately set free by decomposition to destroy the beauties it helped to form. The white of egg, which is the basis of the print, contains sulphur; and unless the freshness of the eggs can be guaranteed, the sulphur will be anything but inactive. But even if the silver should escape from the dangers lurking in the print itself, there is the sulphur in the air, which is always present where coal or gas is burned, and under many other circumstances besides. It is not surprising that, with all these dangers surrounding them, photographs should be generally credited with a very brief probability of life. Among scientific photographers, opinions are much divided upon the subject; but there have not been wanting high authorities who have declared that the destruction of every silver print is only a question of a few years. In this state of things great anxiety has been naturally felt to produce, if possible, photographic prints in the same material as that of which other prints are composed. Engravings will keep indefinitely, and, in fact, have kept ever since the invention of the art. If photographs could be printed, like engravings, in lamp-black,

black, it is probable they would last as long. Until the last two or three years, the hope of ever discovering such a method was generally regarded as a chimera. Two or three inventors, however—M. Fargier, Mr. Pouncy, and Mr. Swan—have recently succeeded in producing beautiful lampblack prints; and though their processes have hardly as yet achieved the simplicity necessary to drive silver-printing out of the field, they have shown that permanent photographs are a possibility within the reach of any one who chooses to have them. These lampblack, or carbon processes, as they are called, are interesting because of the totally different photographic field which they open. Photography, as we have hitherto spoken of it, turns exclusively upon the sensitiveness to light of certain salts of silver; but silver is not the only substance in creation which is sensitive to light. Among others, some of the compounds of the metal chromium have a similar property. They are partially decomposed by light under certain conditions. If the bichromate of potash or of ammonia be mixed with gelatine, or albumen, or gum, or honey, and then the compound be exposed to light, the bichromate will part with an atom of oxygen to the organic matter with which it is mixed; and the effect of that oxidization will be to make the organic matter insoluble in water. This curious reaction has been applied to the purposes of photographic printing. If a plate or paper be coated with gelatine that has been mixed with a bichromate and with lampblack, and be exposed to light under a negative, the gelatine that lies under the transparent shadows of the negative will become insoluble; that which lies under the half-tones will be partially insoluble; and that which lies under the opaque high lights will remain soluble as before. Plunge the plate, after exposure, into hot water, and the black gelatine will be left insoluble upon the shadows, and partially so upon the half-tones, while the high lights will be washed entirely away, and will be represented upon the picture by the bare paper. Bitumen of Judea possesses the singular property of becoming insoluble in essential oils, if it has been exposed to the light; and, of course, this peculiarity has been utilized in a similar way. It is but very recently that certain difficulties of manipulation have been sufficiently overcome to enable photographers to take carbon prints with a certainty of success. But for some years past the action of the bichromates upon gelatine and gum in the presence of light has furnished Sir Henry James with the foundation of the ingenious process of Photozincography, with the results of which the English public have been for some time past familiar. After exposure, the bichromated surface is covered with lithographic ink; and on the application of hot

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water, all the portions of the print on which the light has not acted are washed away, and thus a design sketched in lithographic ink is left behind. The print so obtained is transferred to stone or zinc in the ordinary way. This process is too coarse to reproduce any design in which half-tone is required; but it answers admirably for the copying of maps or documents in which the design that is to be impressed upon the paper consists of nothing but one uniform black. The method has been used by Sir Henry James in the production of the Ordnance maps with great success, and it has lately been applied to the reproduction of 'Domesday Book' with equal effect. A new process of photographic printing, in which collodion and some salt of uranium are employed, has been announced with much preliminary panegyric. Its results are said to be very beautiful, but its capacity of conferring permanence is at present a matter of mere theory.

We have glanced thus hastily at the principle of some of the chief photographic processes, because, without a superficial knowledge of the nature of its operations, it is difficult for any one to understand either what the art is likely to become, or what is the position it may claim to hold. It has now been a sufficiently long time before the world to justify us in attempting to form some conclusions not only as to its present capacity, but also as to its probable development. Undoubtedly its most obvious merit is its mere mechanical power of reproduction. Its artistic value is open to controversy, and has been very hotly contested; but concerning its mechanical utility there can be no dispute. In judicial inquiries, not less than in scientific experiments or investigations, its incorruptible and infallible accuracy gives to its productions a value to which no work of human pen or pencil can even distantly approach. Governments have not failed to make use of it for purposes of criminal police. In some countries every person convicted of any crime is photographed, and the record of his features, duly multiplied, becomes part of the archives of every prison. Of course a hardened criminal, knowing the purpose for which his likeness is being taken, is not a very manageable sitter. But no choice is given to him: the room in which he is brought before the chief authority of the prison is so arranged, that he is obliged to stand in a place where a good light falls upon him; and while he is being professedly examined, the concealed photographer does his work. The system has been introduced to some extent into England, but only very partially. It is to be regretted that the adoption of it has not been more general. The cost is quite trivial; and there is no other plan, approaching to it in efficiency, for drawing that clear  
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and certain line between new and old offenders, which is absolutely essential to a sound criminal system. If every prison were armed with its photographic album, containing a pleasing collection of all the physiognomies which had ever been shorn of their flowing locks in any gaol in the country, a ruffian out upon his third ticket-of-leave would not be able, as now, by the simple expedient of changing the field of his operations after every fresh conviction, to persuade the magistrates that he was an innocent, accidentally led away by drink. The plan has received the sanction of the Committee of the House of Lords upon Prison Discipline, which was presided over by Lord Caernarvon; and under the auspices of the same noble Lord has been introduced into Winchester Gaol. It can never attain to its full utility until it has been universally adopted; and therefore it is to be hoped that the magistrates of those counties which have not yet adopted it may be induced to do so by the recommendations of the Committee of the House of Lords.

But this is not the only service which photography is capable of rendering to the law. If Müller had never in an evil hour entered a photographer's studio, the link would have been wanting which so immediately connected him with the foreigner who entered Mr. Death's shop—pursuit might possibly have been delayed until it was too late—and he might have been by this time distinguishing himself as a rising Federal officer under the command of General Butler. An amusing instance of a similar kind, though in connexion with a less atrocious crime, occurred the other day. A thief be-thought himself that it would be a good speculation in his way of business to steal one of a photographer's lenses, a kind of booty which would pay as well as a couple of dozen spoons. Accordingly he went in to have his portrait taken, duly sat for it, and when the photographer retired to develop the plate, he walked off with his plunder in his pocket. Unluckily he had not reflected upon the consequences of the few seconds he had spent in front of the lens he coveted. The photographer had obtained a good likeness of him, and the means of identifying him were, of course, speedily placed in the hands of the police. An incident of the same kind plays an important part in the drama of the 'Octaroon,' which was so popular in London two or three years ago. The author, however, shows the popular ignorance upon the details of photographic manipulation. The culprit is detected in consequence of his accidentally committing his crime in front of a camera and lens, which a photographer had accidentally left there. The author apparently entertained the view that in all places and under all circumstances a camera and lens would take  
a picture

a picture of what passed before them, without the intervention of any sort of human agency.

It is to science, however, that photography, the child of science, renders, and will unceasingly render, the most valuable aid. There is scarcely one in the whole list of sciences which is not largely indebted to it. Astronomy and microscopic observations have benefited singularly from the increased accuracy that has been secured. It is a boon of enormous value to be able in any instance to eliminate that fruitful source of error, the fallibility of the observer. Photography is never imaginative, and is never in any danger of arranging its records by the light of a pre-conceived theory. An instance of its utility in this respect was afforded by the great eclipse which took place some years ago. Much doubt existed as to the exact form of the curious protuberances which seem to shoot out from the sun's edge during the progress of an eclipse; and some controversy had even taken place as to whether they were not optical delusions. Such difficulties were easily adjusted by the production of an image of the protuberances in question upon a sensitive plate. In this case the use of photography is merely to correct the hasty inference which astronomers on the spot might form from an observation necessarily rapid, and taken under exciting circumstances. Its utility is still more conspicuous in the far more numerous cases where the observer and the scientific reasoner are different persons. Hitherto the man of science, in many departments, has been at the mercy of the unscientific traveller. The ethnologist, the historian, the antiquarian, and often the geologist, have to form their theories upon data which have been gathered by a gleaner whose appreciation of the value of minute accuracy may be inadequate. It is seldom that the qualifications necessary for the successful traveller and the successful student combine in the same person. From time to time such a man as Alexander von Humboldt arises; but he is a phenomenon to be wondered at, not to be counted on. Usually the enterprising traveller is too eager, too self-confident, and too little qualified by intellectual labour, to extract the best results from the observations he collects. His drawings are passed on to some scientific man at home, who makes out of them what results he can. But the traveller is pretty certain to have a theory of his own, and that theory haunts him through all his observations. It guides him in the selection of subjects which he will undertake the labour of designing; and it perches on the end of his pencil when he is at work. If a man believes that the leaves of the sacred tree in Thibet do bear alphabetical characters, his drawing will not fail to convey that belief to his distant readers somewhat more emphatically

tically than the original. If he has a view of his own upon the connexion between Buddhist temples and Druidical remains, the conviction will make itself felt in the drawing. In matters of such delicate rendering as Egyptian hieroglyphics, Sinaitic carvings, Cuneiform inscriptions, the question whether this or that mark upon the weather-worn stone shall be recorded as the remains of a line or a dot, or shall be overlooked as a defect produced by age, will be decided, in the work even of the most conscientious draughtsman, by the interpretation which he places upon the symbols he is recording. Such inaccuracy in the observer generates a corresponding inaccuracy in the student who generalizes from his observations. The student knows how the observations are taken, and justly looks upon them as all more or less arbitrary and conjectural. He is ready enough, therefore, whenever he is hopelessly at a loss, to evade the difficulty by audacious emendation. After all, the error may have been only the copyist's doing, and the true original may be in favour of his view. The pictures of the sun are subject to no such damaging suspicions. The scholar studying in the British Museum may have before him in a photograph the hieroglyphics from Carnac, or the inscriptions from Persepolis, or the outlines of a Buddhist temple in Ceylon, not as they may appear after they have been filtered through the brains of an imaginative artist and his engraver, but as they actually are, traced by the hand of the same unerring natural law as would have painted them on his own retina had he been there.

This, the noblest function of photography, to remove from the paths of science in some degree the impediments of space and of time, and to bring the intellects of civilized lands to bear upon the phenomena of the vast portion of the earth whose civilization has either not begun, or is passing away, is coming every year more widely into operation. It is to be regretted that its application for this purpose has not been even more general. Considering the mass of objects, curious and instructive, which come under the observation of every traveller who deviates from the most hackneyed routes, and of which he can give but a faint idea by pen or pencil, it is a pity that the sun's infallible record is not more extensively used. For the purposes of science, an explorer and a photographer should be convertible terms. That such is not the case is assuredly not due to any want of energy on the part of modern explorers, but to the extreme cumbrousness of a photographer's inevitable luggage. This is, perhaps, the direction in which the prospects of improvement are most clear and most inviting. Great efforts have been made to devise a process which shall enable a traveller to carry about his photo-

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graphic apparatus with little more trouble than his sextant or his barometer: and though the goal has not yet been reached, the yearly progress is very perceptible, and leaves very little doubt of ultimate success. The difficulty chiefly lies in that very delicate balance in the chemicals, which is the quality that makes them available for recording the impress of light. The normal process of photography—that which is used in all portraiture, and in the larger part of landscape work—is that which is called the wet collodion process. Now the essence of the ‘wet process’ is that the plate shall be still wet with the solution of nitrate of silver in which it has been made sensitive, at the time it is exposed and developed. In this condition it gives the most rapid, the best, and the most certain results. But it has the misfortune of requiring that nearly the whole process of taking a negative shall be done upon the spot; and consequently that any one who attempts to practise it at a distance from home is compelled to take with him a most unconscionable quantity of luggage. In the first place, he must take all his stock of collodion with him,—for a long excursion and large pictures, amounting to several pints. Now collodion unfortunately is very prone to change, especially in hot countries. It is largely composed of ether, which is both very unstable and very volatile. If the ether decomposes, which it may possibly do, the collodion is spoiled. If it evaporates, which it is almost certain to some extent to do, its place can only be supplied by fresh ether; and fresh ether is a sort of thing which a traveller encamped before the ruins of Palmyra, or taking views of the Great Wall of China, may ask for if he thinks fit, but is not very likely to obtain. Then he has to carry with him his nitrate bath. We have already described the caprices of this composition, which a travelling photographer comes to look upon rather in the light of a cross friend or a whimsical mistress, than as an inanimate liquid. We need not describe all that it would have to go through in a journey on the backs of mules or camels. Suffice it to say that nothing puts its temper out more than heat and jolting. Again, as the plate has to be immersed in the bath immediately before exposure, and developed immediately after it, and as both these operations must be conducted in the dark, the wet process necessitates a portable dark room. This necessity of course adds to the photographer’s baggage an extra tent, which is in itself a cumbersome companion, and on account of the necessity of keeping it absolutely light-tight, is very liable to fatal mishaps. We have not concluded the catalogue: but it is needless to multiply the details of difficulty. Practically they have been sufficient to deter photographers generally from carrying the wet process into distant

distant fields. Occasionally an opportunity occurs when it can be done with comparative facility. Mr. Bedford, for instance, followed the Prince of Wales to the Holy Land, and produced a number of pictures upon wet collodion of the scenes through which he passed. The specimens that were shown in London leave no doubt that he was perfectly successful in conquering the difficulties with which he had to contend. The American photographers following in the rear of the Federal troops have also, it is said, been very successful in out of the way places. But, unless he has a chance of acting as part of the equipage of a prince or an army, the wet photographer must in general confine his travels to the beaten highways of the world.

The desire of escaping from the trammels of the wet collodion process has naturally occurred at an early period to many inventive minds. Was it not possible to devise a dry sensitive surface which might be prepared at home, and after exposure, developed at home? so that the photographer should have to carry with him nothing but his plates, his camera, and his lens; and might leave the susceptible collodion, and the wayward nitrate bath, in his dark room at home. It was quickly ascertained that simply drying the wet-plate would not answer. Even when every precaution had been taken to prevent the plate from becoming stained by keeping, it was found that as a rule, dried collodion would not take pictures without the addition of some other substance which would either keep its pores open, or stimulate the sensibility of the silver salts it contains. All kinds of substances have been suggested. Albumen, gelatine, gum, dextrine, sugar, tannin, gallic acid, metagelatine, honey, malt, raspberry syrup, morphine, resin, arsenic, catechu, have all been tried with more or less success in the manufacture of dry-plates. But the defect which attaches to them all is, that they do not approach to the wet process in rapidity, and that none of them can be depended upon with absolute certainty. Those which are least uncertain, and therefore least likely to cause disappointment, are also the slowest. If any dry-plates deserve a modified exemption from this estimate of their qualities, it must be accorded to the dry-plates manufactured by Dr. Hill Norris of Birmingham; but these unfortunately are made by a secret process, and, as a natural consequence, are very costly. Of all the published processes, that which has secured the largest amount of favour and gives the greatest promise of ultimate perfection, is that of Major Russell. He employs bromide of silver alone, discarding the iodide, uses tannin as a preservative, and develops with an alkaline solution of pyrogallie acid. If once the desideratum could be attained of constructing plates which could be furnished

furnished to the traveller with the certainty that they would succeed, there can be little doubt that the use of photography among explorers would be very largely extended. But so long as the chances are about even that the plates which they bring home will present under the developer a beautiful picture, or a dirty representation of chaos, it is not to be expected that travellers will burden themselves with so costly and troublesome a chance of adding to the vexations of travel.

It is dangerous to venture on predictions, or to hazard beforehand a guess upon the course which will be taken by a science whose growth has been hitherto so marvellous. But it is difficult to avoid, at all events, hoping that the efforts of experimentalists will not be confined to the capabilities of the silver salts. We have already described the printing processes with the salts of chromium. Combined with gelatine, they will give a picture in *the direct light* of the sun, equal to any silver print, and three or four times as rapidly. The advantage which the silver salts still retain is that for them developers have been discovered which supplement the action of light, and produce a picture in one three-thousandth part of the time which the direct rays of the sun would need. No such discovery has yet been made for the salts of chromium. It would be presuming too much on analogy to predict confidently that any such discovery will be made. But there is no reason for despair. The light acts upon the salts of silver by decomposing them; and the same property is possessed by the developers which are employed to aid it. The light acts upon the salts of chromium by releasing from them an atom of oxygen which combines with the gelatine, and renders it insoluble in hot water. There is no reason for believing that other agents may not exist possessing a similar power, and capable of supplementing the action of the sun, where that has been prematurely cut short. It is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the value which such a process would present to the traveller. Bichromate of potassium is a very portable salt, not liable in its action to the caprices which afflict the nitrate bath. Gelatine is not bulky; and albumen is to be had wherever civilisation has reached as far as the knowledge of the domestic hen. There is no photographer but would hail with delight a discovery that should free him for ever from the bondage to collodion and nitrate bath under which he at present labours.

There is one other application of photography to the purposes of science which is impeded by no difficulties of this kind, and the neglect of which, therefore, is capable of no similar defence. Students in all those branches of learning which depend upon

manuscript

manuscript records—the philologist, the historian, and, above all, the theologian, have reason to complain that it has not been more largely employed to secure from the risks of time the stores from whence they draw their knowledge. It is notorious that, for the scholar's purposes, a printed book is no substitute for the MSS. on which it is nominally founded. Very few editions even profess to reproduce with rigid accuracy any particular MS. The editor uses his judgment in making this or that departure from the ordinary text, and in recording it, if he does so. And even where an exact copy is professedly given, it is subject to all the ordinary fallibility of human work. Each new collator who consults an ancient MS. finds a fresh harvest of corrections to be applied to his predecessor's labours. And, beyond this, there is much in every MS., in its arrangement, and in the character in which it is written, which no printed book can, without enormous cost, bring fully before the scholar's eye. The MSS., therefore, from which our knowledge of ancient literature is drawn, are still an inestimable possession, in spite of all the printed editions that have been drawn from them. It is a possession, it is needless to say, resting upon the frailest tenure, which war, or revolution, or accidental fire, or careless exposure to damp, may at any time terminate. It is strange that when science offers a guarantee against such accidents, the learned bodies or the governments of Europe have in so few cases made any effort to secure it. Both Sir Henry James and Mr. Osborne, of Melbourne, have shown that by the bichromate process any document can be unerringly and cheaply reproduced upon zinc or stone; and so reproduced, any number of absolute fac-similes might easily be printed off. Or, to make the security of accuracy more perfect, they might be printed direct from the negative by the carbon process. Such a multiplication would have the double advantage, that it would place copies, indisputably accurate, of all important MSS. in every great European library; and it would make any risk that the originals might run, in this troublous age of the world, a matter of secondary account.

No one disputes the scientific value of photography; but when we come to its claims and position as one of the fine arts, we enter upon rather less peaceful territory. This is no matter for surprise, whatever the merits of the case may be. The ground is fully occupied. Any who claim a place in it must do so to the detriment of some who are already there. New comers are seldom popular with those whose room they occupy. And the feeling appears to be peculiarly bitter in cases where the old-established

established favourite has to give way to some new-fangled device, which has been introduced in the natural course of things, as the world advances. It is not surprising that bad artists should have lavished upon photography a good deal of the contempt which some thirty years ago coach proprietors used to expend upon the dangerous and inconvenient system of travelling by railway. The penalty of being thought *parvenu* and illegitimate by those whom it supplants, is a penalty which every new discovery must pay for its novelty, and which, perhaps, is a salutary ordeal to distinguish genuine improvement from wanton innovation. However, this standing jealousy of new favourites, which is always entertained by the old, is not wholly adequate to account for the zeal with which the claim of this upstart science to rank among the ancient order of the fine Arts, has been combated. There are many causes in operation peculiar to the case of photography. Among them must in justice be admitted the shortcomings of many of its professors—which, in other words, means the shortcomings of the multitude whom it is their function to satisfy. Whatever our merits as a nation may be, we are not distinguished as worshippers of the beautiful; and any art which appeals to the eye in England will by no means become more elevated in proportion as it becomes more popular. An art which is fortunate or unfortunate enough to attract but a scanty circle of educated admirers, may maintain the loftiness of its standard unimpaired. But an art which lives by the patronage of the million will adapt itself to the million's tastes. In theatrical phrase, it will 'play to the galleries.' The enormous demand which has sprung up for photographs has produced a vast amount of detestable photography. The skill required for the production of a bad portrait is not beyond the reach of an ordinary artisan; and the small capital with which it is necessary to begin produces a rich and rapid return. The result of course is, that numbers are induced to take it up, and make a good livelihood by it, who work it in the spirit of simple mechanics. They practise it that they may live by it, and they ask from it no other result than that it should pay. Abundance of customers is the only ideal they pursue. That the works which such practitioners turn off should claim to be works of art, is, no doubt, enough to raise the bile of any fastidious artist. But photography is not the only profession which includes both a high and low range of merit; and it is not the only one that would suffer in estimation if it were judged by the misdeeds of its hacks and drudges. It would be as sensible to condemn poetry because of Grubb Street, or to cashier Thalia and Euterpe from the rank

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of Muses on account of the musical and dramatic doings of the 'Surrey side.' The art must, in fairness, be judged by its ornaments, and not by its disgraces.

But there is a deeper cause yet which impedes the recognition of photography by the select few who know themselves as 'persons of taste,' and which must continue to do so for many years to come. Admiration is, to a great extent, a matter of education. In the case of far the larger number of people the eye admires only that which it has been habituated to admire. Want of practice will prevent the mind from dwelling on, and, therefore, for all practical purposes, from seeing the beauties for which it has not been taught to look. It is not merely that rude and civilized nations will admire opposite qualities, and that the European and Chinese systems of painting are respectively unendurable to the people who have not been brought up to like them. But among the same race, and within the limits of no long period of time, the prevalent estimate of true beauty will veer almost from pole to pole. The vigour of the Pre-Raphaelite and the Gothic movements, and the horror which both inspire in gentlemen above a certain age, sufficiently attest how violently taste has fluctuated even within the domain of the two staid and conservative arts of architecture and painting. It must often, therefore, of necessity happen, that some development of art is disparaged even by the highest artistic authority, not because it does not possess capabilities of giving æsthetic pleasure, but because, by reason of novelty or of chance fashion, it meets with no eyes that have been educated to receive it.

It is not in the least degree likely that photography will ever dethrone painting from its present pre-eminence. The good painter's resources are so much larger, his power of interpretation so much freer, that he will always command more admirers than the best photographer. But it is likely that the admirers of photography will increase in number in proportion as the results of the art become more familiar. Its beauties are special to itself, and hardly come into competition with the true beauties of painting. The ground it occupies is limited; but on that ground it is unapproachable. But its excellence depends on shades of difference, which will seem large or trivial according to the familiarity of the observer. To an art-connoisseur of the present day, the differences between good and bad photography appear inappreciably minute, for the same reason that the ease with which a huntsman recognises his hounds apart, or a shepherd his sheep, seems inexplicable to an observer who has never had much to do with either. The magnitude of the intervals in a scale of merit is a purely subjective question. It depends entirely on

on the power of discernment which the observer's own mental experience, and the current habits of thought of the world around him, have given to him. Now painting has all the advantage in this respect which complete familiarity can give. It has been before the modern world for some five centuries. The merits which attach to pictorial representations of natural objects—putting aside the question of the ideal for the moment—have been familiar to fifteen or sixteen generations of admirers. The sensations of pleasure which are produced by effective composition and harmonious colouring have been felt by numberless minds, and have been so closely studied and analysed, that the gradations of merit are easily recognised, and the minds of artists have become very sensitive to excellence. An ordinary connoisseur of the present day can detect defects and can feel beauties which would have produced but a dull impression on the mind of a contemporary of Cimabue. An art has not had a fair trial until it has had an opportunity of appealing from the neglect of one generation to the verdict of the next. It must educate, not only those who are to practise it, but also those who are to enjoy it.

Time will do this service to photography. It is obvious that the want of colour will always be a great drawback. But it has much to offer instead, which, though not a full compensation, deserves to be rated higher than it is by many at the present day. The gradations of light and shade, and the exact form of the objects it depicts, are rendered with a delicacy and a fidelity which the painter cannot even approach. It is natural that these beauties should not be fully recognised by the mass of the art-critics of our day. They have not been wont to look for these things. The art with which they are familiar has not them to offer. The brush or the pencil are instruments far too rough to reproduce with truthfulness the beauties of form, and light, and shadow, which Nature lavishes on every side, and those who have learnt all their canons of admiration from the works of the brush and pencil naturally pass such merits by in ignorance or contempt. The balance of light and shade, the exact adjustment of the prominence due to each portion of the picture, is a peculiar beauty of the art, which seems to attain to greater and greater excellence with each succeeding year. Those who talk of photography as something purely mechanical would be surprised to know how much the attainment of this excellence depends upon natural gift, adroit manipulation, long experience, and careful study of nature. As these qualifications are brought to bear on it more and more, it may be expected that finer results still will be obtained. Such results are as much the work

work of the artist who produces them, as the results that are produced on canvas. They depend quite as much upon individual skill and perception of beauty. The only difference between the two cases is that one artist works with brush and pigment; the other by timing his exposure, and by judgment in compounding and applying his developers and intensifiers. And the pleasure given is the same in kind. It appeals to the same sense of beauty. No reasonable person anticipates that the time can ever come when even the most exquisite transparency in monochrome will give as much pleasure as a first-class painting. But when the power which photography confers of dealing with light and shade has received the recognition which greater familiarity will procure for it, no one will deny its title to be ranked as a fine art.

Its exact rendering of natural form is more generally acknowledged. But it is a curious illustration of the extent to which the art of painting has had the opportunity of moulding public taste to its own necessities, that this exactness which the paintbrush and the pencil cannot attain, has actually been made a reproach to the photographer. Some persons appear to entertain the idea that the superiority of a fine landscape painting over a fine landscape photograph is due not entirely to its colour, but to the fact that the indistinct and faltering outlines do not distract the eye or turn it from the nicety of the entire design to the contemplation of minute detail; and, quite consistently, they treat the inevitable imperfection of the lines of a chalk or pencil drawing as a positive beauty. So far has this view been carried in a few cases, that some photographers have been found to prefer an old process called the wax-paper process, in which the negative was taken upon waxed paper, instead of upon glass, and in which consequently the positive print was disfigured by all the uncertainty of outline due to the confused texture of paper through which it is printed. To that extent it was necessarily rather more like an artist's drawing. In other words it resembled an artist's drawing in its defects. But the word 'artistic' has a magic power; and there were many people at one time who were quite satisfied that they had settled the question, when they had decided that wax-paper was the more artistic of the two. Another curious mental confusion of the same kind in reference to portraiture still prevails occasionally under the influence of the same potent word. There are some photographers, and more photographic critics, who are of opinion that a photograph cleanly taken, and properly focussed, is 'inartistic;' and if asked why they pass upon it this terrible condemnation, they will reply, taking refuge behind another word of power, that it is 'realistic.' The complaint is too vague to be liable to criticism

cism. But the remedies are very curious, and betray how blind and unreasoning much of our connoisseurship is. One critic recommends that the sitter should move slightly while the portrait is being taken. That critic can never have stood behind a camera. The result of the nostrum would undoubtedly be to banish the realistic, but whether the effect would be artistic may be questioned. The simple consequence of the remedy would be that the sitter would be presented to the world with an elongated mouth, two noses, or one nose the size of two, and eyes squinting outwards. Another more popular remedy for this supposed defect is to throw the focus of the lens not upon the sitter, but to a point behind him. This device, no doubt, effectually disposes of all undue exactness of outline. The lineaments of the unlucky sitter are invested with a blurred, hazy margin, which is presumably 'artistic,' but which makes him look much as a man looks who is standing a few feet off in a thick white fog. But this is not the whole of the metamorphosis which he has to undergo in order that he may be rescued from realism. All points which fall short of that to which the lens is focussed are not only blurred in outline, but exaggerated in dimensions, and that in proportion as they come nearer to the lens. The consequence, therefore, of throwing the focus behind the sitter is that all that part of him which is nearer to the lens is violently exaggerated. If he is standing full face, or nearly so, the tip of his nose widens out, and becomes a respectable 'bottle' at the tip, his stomach swells to an ungraceful convexity, and his shoes give unmistakeable evidences of gout. If he be standing sideways, it is his hand that swells, and his fingers become elongated to the proportions of a well-grown gorilla. It is an insult to art to call this kind of manipulation artistic. The Madonna del San Sisto is supposed generally to have been the work of a fine artist, and probably is instinct with as much of the ideal as the genius of man will ever convey to canvas. But Raffaele did not find it necessary to put the child into a white fog, or to enlarge the end of the Madonna's nose. The indistinctness of artists' outlines, which is found chiefly in the work of chalk or pencil, is simply due to the coarseness of the materials and instruments that are used. It cannot be imitated in photography by any screwing of the lens. If it could, it would much resemble the imitation by which George I. cultivated the tastes of his youth, when he ordered the English natives to be kept for a fortnight, that they might equal in pungency and flavour the oysters in which his soul had been wont to delight at Hanover.

There is one department of art into which at first sight it would

would seem that photography never can intrude. Its function is apparently restricted to the representation of scenes or persons that have actually existed. No one would imagine that its powers could possibly be extended to the ideal, or that it could ever serve to give form and body to the conceptions of the brain. Yet even this, the painter's special domain, has been invaded. A few photographers, of whom Mr. H. P. Robinson of Leamington is the most active worker, have made an effort to possess themselves of the pencil of the Sun, and force him to work out their own imaginations. They have tried, and to a great extent they have been able, to use the lens for the purpose of expressing pictorially their own feelings or ideas. The simplest and most limited form in which photography can be made to interpret an artist's thoughts is, of course, by selecting a subject in accordance with the idea to be illustrated, and collecting the appropriate accessories, and distributing them so as to produce the best effect. The most obvious instance of this mode of proceeding is the practice pursued by almost every portraitist of surrounding his sitters, by the help of the scene painter, with accessories befitting their known occupations. In a more legitimate manner the same plan is adopted by most photographers who pay any attention to the æsthetic value of their compositions. But Mr. Robinson has carried the idea much further than this. In his finished picture he contrives to put together objects which are not together before the lens. Each individual object in the picture is delineated from nature by the sun; but the collocation is purely arbitrary. This result is attained by a plan of printing called double printing. It is done in this manner:—Supposing that the picture which the artist has designed in his head is to contain six figures, a cottage, and a bit of a landscape, and supposing that he cannot get any of these objects together before his camera, he solves the difficulty by taking them all separately upon eight different negatives; the figures of course being posed so as to suit the plan of his composition. Then he paints out with a black varnish every part of each negative except that which is to enter into his picture. Then he exposes his sensitive paper under each negative in succession; each of course being carefully fitted so as to leave its portions of the composition in their proper place upon the paper. When the paper has been exposed under all the eight, the print, thus, as it were, compounded, is toned and fixed like every other print.

There is no doubt that Mr. Robinson has produced some very beautiful pictures by this ingenious and laborious process; but his success has not prevented an energetic controversy both as to the legitimacy of the plan, and as to its artistic value. Its legiti-

macy hardly seems to us to need much discussion; for it is in fact no more than what is done by almost every artist, who, when he sees any object or figure whose beauty strikes him, sketches it in his sketch-book, for future use when occasion offers. With regard to its artistic value a more qualified admission must be used. So far as the beauty of a picture, or its meaning, or its poetical power, depends upon composition—upon the selection and arrangement of inanimate objects, or the attitudes of living beings—so far there is nothing within the reach of the artist's pencil which is not equally within the reach of photography by double printing. For it would be hazardous to maintain that beautiful objects cannot be obtained as effectually by selection as by invention. Such a position would involve the doctrine that as much beauty cannot be found in actual nature as can be evolved out of an artist's brain. And the beautiful objects once found, the photographer can arrange them as freely to his own taste as the artist. But the great instrument by which the painter expresses thought and feeling, and awakens human sympathy or reverence, is not brought nearer to the photographer's grasp by these contrivances. The varying expressions of the human countenance are at the painter's disposal. Through them there is no thought or feeling to which he cannot give utterance; no chord of emotion which he cannot strike. From this, the loftiest region of the domain of art, the photographer is shut out. No industry in searching, no taste in selecting, can find for him the speaking features which a painter can create, or mould them as the painter can to express the conceptions of his own mind. Where such an attempt is made by the photographer, and is even distantly successful, the success is due not to his poetic genius, but to the dramatic power of his model.

It is not, however, to representations of the ideal, that the adverse judgments to which photography is exposed are pointed. Photographers do not claim to represent it, and if they did, comparatively few artists of our generation would be in a condition to throw the first stone at them for the offence of making the attempt without success. Portraiture is the form in which photography is most familiar to the world; and it is to portraits that most criticisms apply. So far as these criticisms are addressed to the art itself, and do not turn upon the demerits of the artist, they really are, under one guise or another, nothing but the objection that the sun is not flattering enough for the feelings of sitters or their friends. But it must be admitted that a large proportion of the complaints that are made are directed against the shortcomings of photographers, and are often richly deserved. Photography is only mechanically accurate in the form of outline that it gives;  
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it is not necessarily accurate in the distribution of light and shade. And even its mechanical exactness cannot be depended upon if the simple manipulations of the camera are not properly performed. The worst class of photographers, popularly known as 'touters,' partly owing to ignorance, and still more to inferior apparatus, do not always perform even this part of the operation with success. Their figures, or parts of them, are not unfrequently either blurred or distorted by the faultiness or the mismanagement of their lens—results similar to those which, as we have seen, are produced by the perverse photographers who put their lenses out of focus purposely in pursuit of the ideal. One of the commonest sources of this kind of distortion is a neglect to adapt the depth of focus of the lens and the pose of the sitter to each other. The photographic lens at ordinary distances is only in focus—that is to say, only gives a true picture—for objects that are at a particular distance from its surface; but the word distance is to be taken roughly, and includes a certain depth of distance, varying according to the structure of the lens. Some lenses are accordingly said to have a deeper focus than others—that is to say, there is a larger depth of distance within which objects are in focus to them. A lens may be, and portrait lenses usually are, of so shallow a focus that if the eyes are in focus the nose will be slightly blurred, and any parts of the body which are nearer still to the lens will be perceptibly enlarged. This defect can be remedied by reducing the aperture of the lens, or as it is technically termed 'stopping it down,' by which the depth of focus is increased. But as this reduction of aperture necessarily reduces the amount of light that can enter through the lens, it makes a longer exposure necessary: and long exposures are very inconvenient. Either the sitter moves, which entirely destroys the picture, or he assumes an aspect of unutterable gloom, which makes the picture very unpleasing. A nose of too ample proportions will occasionally, even in the works of good artists, leave an ungraceful record of the operator's reluctance to stop his lens down sufficiently for fear of wearying his sitter. Far more formidable illustrations of the evil consequences of being out of focus occur when sufficient care has not been taken to pose the sitter so that all parts of his body are, as far as possible, at an equal distance from the surface of the lens. In those which fall short of the focus, the exaggeration is violent enough to strike even the most unpractised eye. But this defect, which is the result of sheer negligence, is now rare even in the lowest walks of the art.

There is another form of distortion, scarcely found except in the works of the cheap photographers, which produces a still

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more painful caricature. Every lens is constructed to throw one image, or 'cover a plate,' of a certain size; and up to that size, if the lens be a good one, and it is properly stopped, it will throw it with accuracy. But if a plate of a larger size be put behind it, the part of the plate which is outside the calculated size will probably be covered by an image of some kind; but it will be an image that will have more resemblance to the picture that may be seen on the inside of a spoon than to any object in the natural world. Photographers of the economical class are rather in the habit of using lenses for taking cartes de visite which are not made to cover easily quite the whole of the plate they employ. The result is, that the feet of the standing figure are apt to be involved in the margin of hazy distortion that marks the limit at which the clearness of the lens begins to fail. It may be thought that the difference in cost between lenses of nearly equal size can hardly bear a sufficiently large proportion to the sum-total of his expenses to make it worth the cheap photographer's while to injure his reputation for the sake of it. But there is a much stronger temptation. As the lens increases in size a larger space is needed between it and the sitter; and therefore a longer glass-room or studio is implied by using a lens which covers a larger-sized glass-plate. It is not always in the photographer's power to make a longer glass-room at the top of the house he occupies; and therefore the employment of a more suitable lens may really mean the taking of a more expensive house.

These disfigurements, incidental to cheap photography, would hardly be worth dwelling on if they had not been made a reproach to the whole art by hostile critics. The error which more commonly mars the beauty of a photograph—the faulty distribution of light and shade—is not necessarily confined to any class of artist. Success in this point is, in fact, the touchstone of photographic excellence; and it is a point upon which the artist's own taste is sometimes inevitably overborne by the counsels of commercial prudence. The portrait-photographer has three implements with which he can manipulate his light and shade. He has his glass-house, with its apparatus of blinds, by which he can at will make the light fall upon his sitter's face, from this side or from that, from above or from the front. He can regulate the exposure, which, if short, will make his picture hard, with strong contrasts, and, if lengthened, will make it soft, with little contrast. And, finally, he has his developers and intensifiers, which will increase the opacity of the high lights upon his negative, and consequently the general contrast of the picture, to any extent he pleases. It is by the skilful or unskilful

use of these implements that a photograph can be made either a beautiful likeness or a very disagreeable caricature. If you take a dark-browed man, with eyes deeply sunk, and a prominent cheek-bone, and photograph him under a vertical light, you will produce upon paper the figure of a scowling and hungry murderer. The heavy shadows under the eyes lend a savage ferocity to the countenance; and the almost equally heavy shadow under the cheek-bone suggests the lantern jaws of extreme emaciation. On the other hand, if you take a young lady with her eyes à *fleur de visage*, and photograph her with a low front light, you will quite as effectually produce a face from which all traces of expression and of intellect are banished. These are extreme cases; but every cast of countenance has its peculiar beauty or defect, which the photographer by judicious lighting can either heighten or diminish. The exposure in the camera is not much relied upon for the purpose of adjusting the light and shadow. Sufficient exposure is generally given to bring out every detail; and it is left to the intensifier to add whatever necessary contrast the lighting may have failed to secure. If the best artists were left to themselves, they would probably use the intensifier very sparingly. But the public is very imperious upon this point. It does not care much for flesh tints; but it will have a white face. And if, in that obliteration of half tones, which is the result of liberal intensifying, a wrinkle or two should disappear, the public does not very much object. To those who bear in mind that the human face is rarely all of one shade, and that it still seldomer emulates shirt-fronts or collars in whiteness, the lavishness with which many even of the leading photographers whiten the faces of their sitters appears almost offensive. But they have no choice. Neither men nor women like to be credited with darker skins than need be. And there is some excuse for them, in this case, in the defects of the art itself. Photography behaves very well to youth. The white skins and purple bloom of youth fare well enough upon the sensitive plate. But when disordered livers and hot rooms have communicated a tint of yellow to the brow, and have transmuted the bloom of youth into a patch of brickdust, the silver salts are ungallant enough not only to record but to exaggerate the fact. Yellow and red are the 'non-actinic' colours, and therefore are represented by a dark shade upon the finished picture. But violet is the most actinic colour of all; and therefore the darkness of the crimson class of reds is a good deal modified. It must be acknowledged that the distinction between visual and actinic colours, however convenient in manipulation, is an important defect in photographic art, and in portraiture especially creates numerous difficulties.

Light

Light yellow hair, of the kind that has no gloss on it, comes out black in the picture, and the victim is unrecognisable by his dearest friends. One or two well-known photographers are in the habit of dabbing refractory red or yellow hair with white powder. The device, however, is not entirely successful. The process is quite delicate enough to record the peculiar texture of hair-powder, and the unfortunate red-haired sitter is paraded before his family under the guise of a footman in his master's clothes. The photographers in question even carry the idea so far as to powder the cheeks of their lady sitters, in order to obliterate unmanageable reds or yellows. Strange to say, many of the fair victims are not pleased with this unceremonious manipulation. Assuredly it is better to obtain the required degree of whiteness, if so it must be, by plying the intensifier than to resort to meretricious devices of this kind.

It must be conceded that there are other objections which from a more purely artistic point of view may be taken to photographic portraiture, as it is now practised. The *carte de visite* form of portrait enjoys a universal popularity; but except that it gives you a kind of panoramic view of your friend, and gives a prominence to his best coat and trousers, which cast his features into the shade, it is difficult to find any reason for commending it. It does not give you what you habitually see, nor what you wish to remember. In any average *carte* the legs occupy as large a portion of the foreground as any other individual member or pair of members. But in your mental conception and recollection of your friend the legs do not occupy the most prominent place. When you are talking to him, or walking with him, or dining with him, you do not concentrate much of your attention upon his legs. It is his face, his eyes, his mouth, which interpret his mind to yours, and live in your memory. A *carte de visite* represents him as you might descry him at the end of a street, if you had a good glass. The essential vice of it is that it brings the whole figure under your eye at a single glance—a thing which never could happen in nature, unless the person was at too great a distance for his features to be minutely visible. The vignette heads are far more beautiful in themselves, and preserve a far truer record of that which you wish not to forget. They represent him as you know him, and as, if he were gone, you would wish to recall him. But the *carte*, faulty in its original idea, is still more injured by the curious plan of composition upon which it is made up. The backgrounds which some photographers employ are a perfect marvel for the elaborate bad taste with which they are arranged. We should be inclined to demur to the 'properties' altogether.

Sham

Sham stiles, 'practicable' rocks, precipices in flatted oils, and the 'multum in parvo solid European accessory,' which is sixteen articles in one, and becomes a fireplace, Gothic bookcase, piano-forte, or Italian lake, and a dozen other things besides, according as you adjust it—these are wretched tricks for what claims to be, and is, a noble art. The mode in which these theatrical beauties are sometimes applied is wonderfully grotesque. We have before us a carte by one of the first photographers in London. The background is a magnificent view from the terrace of an Italian garden. Upon the said terrace is a Kidderminster carpet; upon the carpet is a cane-bottomed chair; and upon the chair is a widow lady, sitting bolt upright, without her bonnet, and with her back to the view. Another artist has a fancy for portraying the distinguished men of the day; and one of his favourite conceptions of the scenes in which statesmen may reasonably be looked for, is the base of a cliff upon an iron-bound coast, where they may be seen balancing themselves upon the apex of a jagged rock without their hats. In fact, if a foreigner were to draw his conclusions concerning England and the English from a collection of cartes de visite, he would infer it to be a country abounding in terraces, gardens, lakes, and wild sea-shores, in which the inhabitants might generally be seen sitting in the open air uncovered, looking away from the view, or playing hide-and-seek (at the manifest risk of their lives) behind curtains attached to pillars which, for some unexplained reason, were generally erected upon the brinks of tremendous precipices. If the abolition of the carte de visite were desirable for no other reason, it would be to get rid of this deplorable partnership between the photographer and the scene-painter.

Many of these faults, no doubt, go for something in the contempt with which photographic portraiture is regarded by a certain portion of the artist world. But there is another objection more powerful and more deeply rooted which involves the whole question of the object and final cause of portraiture. The subject of reproach is not the deficiencies of the photographer, but his excellence. It is objected that he is too truthful in representing the countenance placed before his lens, and that something beyond this is asked of the portraitist. What that something else is, is not very easy to discover. In practice there is no doubt about the actual interpretation of their duties which most portrait painters adopt, and always have adopted. It is their business to exaggerate every beauty, and suppress every defect, and in fact to make things as pleasant as possible, being careful at the same time to retain some trace of a likeness, so that the picture may  
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not lose all connexion with its model. It is alleged that unless an artist did this, he would not be true to his own aspirations after the ideal. It is certain that he would not consult the self-complacency of his sitters. But whether his artistic feeling, or their exacting vanity, be the motive power in operation, the result is that egregious flattery is a very general characteristic of painted portraits. In the case of artists of the first rank, the result is to give the sitter something really much more beautiful than himself—Nature's stern reality sublimated in the operator's fervent imagination; and those who know both artist and sitter, will generally be able to trace in the expression of the pictured face a strange combination of the most conspicuous mental qualities of both. With inferior artists the effort to flatter is not so successful; but it is so vigorous, that even those who know the sitter intimately, will often not recognise his likeness until they are helped to it by the catalogue.

It is not to be denied that a great improvement in this respect has taken place in recent years, and that portraits are annually becoming less imaginative. Many causes have been in operation to encourage this reform; but the prevalence of photography, and the opportunity given to every one to compare the lens's estimate of a likeness with the painter's, have been among the most influential. It is not to be expected, however, that some of those who have been brought up to admire portraits upon the old principle, should see anything but demerit in the exactness of photography. They do not actually advance so far as to lay down that, for the purposes of the portrait, they prefer the figment of the artist's brain to a faithful copy of nature. They rather take refuge behind the idea, that the normal likeness of a man is a kind of essence distilled from all the various expressions he may wear at different times; and that what ignorant people look upon as a sheer invention of the artist's, is in reality this quintessential extract of all his expressions. The theory is rather a desperate one, for the metaphor breaks down. The mixture of two different things does not produce a third thing that is at once like both of them. You can no more find out a man's true expression by compounding together all his expressions, than you can get at the true colour of the Pope's costume by mixing together the dyes of all the various vestments which he may wear at different seasons. But the theory is worth noticing as indicating the true direction in which photographic portraiture is capable of improvement, and in which, as the science upon which it is based advances, it will no doubt progress. The photographer at present obtains the sitter's true expression as it

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is at the moment of exposure; but that is by no means his best expression. The expression by which a man is remembered is that which he wears when he is animated by conversation, or by interest in some habitual occupation. That which he wears in a photographer's hot glass-house, after some minutes of despairing effort to pose himself to the satisfaction of the photographer, and under the influence of the latter's strict injunction to 'sit quite still, and put just a little expression into his countenance,' is not usually remarkable either for vivacity or ease. The consequence is that the most satisfactory portraits are usually those of oldish, hard-worked men, whose habitual cast of countenance is grave and sedate; and the greatest failures are with young people of either sex. This difficulty is no fault of the photographer's. As long as he is obliged by the requirements of his chemicals to bring his sitters up into a glass room, to enforce stillness on them, though only for two or three seconds, and in short to subject them to all the depressing influences which are involved in sitting for their pictures, so long he will have difficulty in securing their best expression. But if the rapidity of his processes goes on increasing as rapidly as it has done, there can be little doubt that these hindrances to perfect photographic portraiture will be rapidly removed. The necessity for letting the sitter know the exact moment of exposure is involved in that of making him sit still for two or three seconds. If the picture could be taken instantaneously, and upon a dry plate, which would enable the artist to wait, if need be, for a favourable expression, likenesses would be freed from the half-suffering, half self-conscious look, which steals over sitters who have been formally posed. And an instantaneous dry process is a discovery which the experience of the last few years fully justifies photographers in anticipating. The new magnesium light promises to solve the other difficulty—to dispense with the necessity of a glass studio with all its discomfort for the sitter, and all the temptation to meretricious decoration which it appears to hold out to the photographer. The metal magnesium, the oxide and carbonate of which is a familiar medicine, is itself rare. It will burn like a candle, and it emits a light peculiar for its wonderful richness in chemical rays; but until recently the cost of isolating it has been so great, that its capabilities have never advanced beyond the rank of a chemical curiosity. Recent discoveries have, however, facilitated its manufacture, and it has come into partial use among photographers. A negative of Sir Charles Lyell was taken with it at the recent meeting of the British Association. A slight further reduction in cost will enable photographers to use it for the purpose of taking

taking likenesses in the houses of their sitters ; and the sitter's gain in personal comfort will be duly registered in the improved expression of the picture.

These are the improvements in the art, the possibility of which is in immediate prospect. They consist merely in carrying farther what has been done before, and developing principles which are known. There is one discovery for which every lover of photography has long been looking, but the chance of which unhappily does not seem to draw nearer. No one can look upon the beautiful outline and exquisite gradation of a photograph without feeling the one great want which keeps the art still far back from perfection as an instrument for bringing past or distant scenes before the mind. The absence of colour is a drawback, which no excellence in other respects can even approximately replace. All that can be said with regard to our hopes of a chromatic photography is that the possibility has been indicated, and nothing more. Various experimentalists have met with traces of the natural colours upon their negatives ; but no one has detected the determining cause of their appearance with sufficient certainty to be able to reproduce them at will. M. Niepce de St. Victor, who bears a name well known in connexion with photographic discovery, has proceeded in his experiments more systematically ; and he has succeeded in producing results which, though for the present they are of no practical value, still furnish encouragement for further efforts. He has employed a heated plate of silver, with the surface chloridized, and covered with a varnish of chloride of lead. The latter salt has the property of causing chloride of silver to turn white under the influence of white light, instead of assuming the ordinary violet hue. Plates thus prepared have reproduced colours corresponding to those of the objects before which they were exposed, and have retained those colours in daylight for several hours. But these colours can hardly be described as adequate representations of natural colours ; and no attempt to make them permanent has hitherto succeeded. If ever the possibility indicated by these experiments should become a reality, there may be ground for the apprehension attributed to Sir William Beechey, when Boulton's early experiments were brought to his knowledge, that the new art would 'shut up the painters' shops.' There can be little doubt that in such a case the camera would have undisputed possession of all actual scenes and existing objects, and the easel and canvas would be restricted exclusively to imaginative painting. Till that day arrives, photographers must be content with a secondary rank. They will probably, as their art grows in recognition every year,  
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do the good service of exterminating bad painters, of aiding good ones, and of forcing upon their somewhat jealous rivals a more worthy appreciation of the value of truthfulness. But so long as the vast interval that separates colour from monochrome distinguishes the two arts, there is no danger that one will encroach upon the province of the other.

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ART. VIII.—‘*The Times*,’ Saturday, September 24th, 1864 :  
*Address of the Right Honourable Sir J. P. Wilde, Chairman of the Jurisprudence Department of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, delivered September 23rd, 1864.*

SINCE the great oration of Mr. Brougham in 1828 stirred up the English nation to reform their laws, incessant efforts have been made to improve our legal procedure, and the administration of the Law has unquestionably been rendered simpler and more expeditious. But little—we do not say, nothing—has yet been done for the Law itself. Two things are desirable for the substantive Law of any country,—that is to say, for the rules which determine rights, and which are enforced, when necessary, by what we call Procedure. The doctrines of the substantive Law should be reasonable in themselves, and they should exist in an accessible and intelligible form. Under the first of these heads England has much to do : for she allows many doctrines to prevail in her Courts which are not advantageous to society and are condemned by her most enlightened lawyers, and she suffers many points to remain undetermined which might be settled at once by legislation. But the *form* in which the English Law exists is indeed terrible to the laity and wearisome to the initiated. So far as the Law has been formally enacted by the Legislature, attempts have been made and are still in progress to harmonise and arrange it. But the greater part, by far, of our legal system has never been reduced into the form of an enactment. It constitutes an unwritten custom of the nation, supposed to be known to the Judges, who deduce it as they best may from the decisions of their predecessors, and, failing these, from their own notions of justice. Our Laws have never undergone any general revision. With the exception of the Statute of Frauds, the Statute of Limitations, and a few Acts directed to very limited purposes, the Legislature has laid no hand on the body of the Common Law. It has been left to the tribunals themselves so to mould old principles into new forms as to make them subserve modern uses. Thus the Law has grown : professedly,

fessedly, indeed, drawing its decisions from its own inexhaustible stores, but in reality framing, adapting, creating, as it went along. It falls into shape as each new subject becomes familiar. One consequence of this system is that each year now calls into being a number of decided cases so large that no study can enable a man to keep up with them. This vast agglomeration breeds not only confusion in those who are to be bound by the Law, but inconsistency in those who administer it. But the worst feature attending a law purely traditional is its incapacity to obliterate. Tradition is the expression of permanence: if it preserves truth, it also perpetuates error. There is no power practically available for expelling from our legal system erroneous doctrine which has once become 'settled law.' Is this system to last for ever? Or is it prescribed by some inevitable necessity that England should be satisfied with a law whose principles wander at large through the pages of many hundred volumes? Are those principles capable of no exposition?

Nearly to this effect spoke Sir James Wilde, the Judge of the Court of Probate and Divorce, in his eloquent address at York; and few indeed can they be who will not cordially agree with him in wishing that our Law may be rendered more simple and compendious in form, and that means may be found to counteract the tendency of our present legal machinery to perpetuate erroneous or inconvenient doctrines.

Now for the remedy. His suggestions are as follows:—

'The law as already settled, and to the extent to which it has already been actually applied, might surely be bound together and epitomised for the practical use of mankind. Is not this what in fact and in practice every well-read lawyer more or less does for himself? When a case presents itself to his mind for legal solution, does he instantly recur to some specific case forming a precedent, or does he not rather fall back upon the general legal principles with which his mind is imbued? Now, I cannot resist the belief that within the bounds of reasonable labour and time the general principles and broad bases on which our common law reposes, and which tacitly guide the decisions of our Courts, might be brought to the surface, grouped together, subordinated in their several relations, and contrasted in their differences. An attempt of the kind, and not without great success, was made by the late Mr. Smith in his *Leading Cases*. And those who have studied the notes of that book will not fail to perceive how easily and with what success large groups of cases treated and handled together have been made to yield up short and succinct propositions of law. What I desire to see is a similar attempt made with authority, and on a much larger scale, to be finally confirmed by Act of Parliament; but I do not conceal from myself that the first judicial minds of the country are alone adequate to the task; at least, in its ultimate stages, and

and that it is far beyond the reach of the unpaid services of occupied men. If such a result could be obtained, the benefits are not doubtful : to the student and the general public the vast area covered by the law would present a district set out in order, in place of a tangled thicket. The true bearing of each abstract proposition would stand out plainly, because side by side with others of a similar nature. Here, too, another great advantage would be reaped. As the decisions which have radiated from some central case came to be classed together, and their common principles with its qualifications and limitations extracted, all those of a questionable soundness would come to be suppressed. That our books abound with such cannot be denied ; and their expurgation by authority is an end of great importance. For, once entangled in them, the Courts are either led astray or only escape to the doing of justice by some refined distinction, which, in its turn, becomes a snare for the future. It is thus that error once committed under our present system is perpetuated. And decisions whose soundness is doubted for years continue for years to be the rule of judgment and the source of endless distinctions and refinements, until at last they are either trampled out by the reiterated dicta of the tribunals, or reversed in regular form by the Courts of Appeal. Many, too, are the instances of discordant decisions on identically the same subject, and it is not an uncommon remark " That all the cases upon this subject cannot be reconciled." Any classification by authority must decide between them, and thus remove, *pro tanto*, one of the worst evils of the law—uncertainty. But the great gain that would accrue to the law would be the reduction of its bulk. We possess in our legal records accumulated instances of exact justice, in individual cases, series after series of social duties and relative rights, set forth in every variety and combination and pursued into the minutest details, and to all of which, each in their turn, the law has been applied and adjusted with a precision and laborious rectitude such as the legal annals of no other country can, I believe, produce. But they exist in a scattered, inconvenient, and unmanageable form. Instances in place of precepts, examples in the place of rules, our recorded decisions stand thick together like a fair field of grain—full of wealth and worth, but waiting the hand that shall gather it into sheaves and store it to the use of man. And here I would observe that the method I propose is properly a digest, and not a code ; and a digest has this advantage—that it permits of gradual formation. Unlike a code, which is the offspring of large and comprehensive views—and should deal with all subjects as a whole—a digest, with narrower aim, may properly be worked out piecemeal. In past times the " Digest of Comyn " and the " Abridgment of Bacon " did much in this direction, though they owned no authority but that of their intrinsic merit. And in modern times the law would be almost unapproachable but for the text-books, some of them executed with admirable talent,\* with which the labours

\* There is no recent work of this class to which this compliment can with so much propriety be applied as Mr. Vaughan Hawkins's Treatise on the Construction of Wills (London, 1863).

of the Bar have enriched us. If there be those who fear to handle a body of laws which, on the whole, work so well, I would observe to them that I propose to displace nothing. I would not that the authority of the cases should necessarily be extinguished by the authority of the digest. Unless expressly set aside, and inconsistent with other decisions better approved, I would have all decisions remain of authority, content to await the time when the life shall have passed into their offspring, and they fall away of themselves, and pass into a sure decay.'

It appears, then, that text-books have been produced, and are constantly coming into existence, in which the cases are examined, arranged, and discriminated; and that Digests owning no authority save that of their intrinsic merit, are received with favour, and prove very useful. The only thing wanting is an authority to decide between doctrines that cannot be reconciled, and to reject unsound cases; and the only difference between the Digest and a well-written text-book would be, that such decision and rejection would be authoritatively pronounced in the Digest, and could only be indicated and supported by argument in a text-book. It would certainly be a great advantage to the country to have such an authoritative decision and rejection; but could not the task be performed equally well without engaging our highest judicial mind in the composition of a text-book? Then, although the Digest might overrule some cases, and record them as overruled, yet in a great proportion of cases there is more than one point involved, so that a case might be overruled as to one point, and not as to others, and so it would still be necessary to refer to it. And as to cases *not* overruled, that is, as to the whole of the cases on which the Digest is to be founded, Sir James Wilde proposes not to extinguish their authority. It would, therefore, be requisite for the judge still to be acquainted with them, still to listen to the arguments by which counsel would contend that the case he advocates differs in circumstances, and therefore is not ruled by the case sanctioned by the Digest. Or his argument might be the converse of this. In either case the ore must still be dug up and smelted, in order to see whether a grain of metal can be extracted from it. Thus the highest legal talent of the country would be engaged in a work that would (except in respect of the settlement of doubtful points, which might be done separately) be no more than 'an epitomising and binding together of the Law as already settled, and to the extent to which it has been already applied;' for the very notion of a Digest, or arrangement, excludes the idea of any act of legislation, unless the deciding between irreconcilable cases be so called.

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But Sir James Wilde does intend his Digest to be in some way confirmed by Act of Parliament. Let us consider how the confirmation would be effected. The Act would declare certain propositions to be settled Law, or would enact them as Law, and it would declare them to be supported by the authority of certain cases, which would still retain their own independent authority. The first part of this process differs in nothing from codification. But Sir James Wilde does not want to codify. What would be the precise operation of the Act of Confirmation upon the cases annexed to the propositions, we are unable to see.

It appears to us that the objects of the learned Judge would be far more certainly attained in the following manner. Let a bold and authoritative revision and amendment of the Law, or of so much of the Law as it is thought expedient to deal with, be undertaken,—let its rules be expressed in language as perspicuous, as precise, as little technical as possible, and let them be illustrated by examples. Then the whole process of examination and classification of cases, so well described in the extract given above, may be gone through, the true principle extracted; all cases which are manifestly likely to recur can be stated in the form of illustrations; to these can be added the cases which suggest themselves as likely to occur, and thus the whole benefit of a Digest can be obtained without its imperfections.

Sir James Wilde, understanding by the word 'code' a set of abstract rules upon every possible head of Law, systematically combined, and promulgated in one mass, contrasts such a composition with the present English system of relying entirely on the Courts for law:—

'The attractions of the code are obvious, and its faults not so apparent. The object of both is alike to form a permanent frame for the action of justice. The chief point of contrast lies here—the framers of a code propound their principles in accord with justice, and, casting about in their minds to imagine the possible cases falling within them, adjust them accordingly, giving them expression in elaborated rules. The English system frames no rule in advance; looks backwards in place of forward, and substitutes the actual experiences of the past for the possibilities of the future. True, the future is not provided for in the latter, except so far as principles are gradually evolved, which make solution not difficult or unexpected when the case arises, whereas the former professes to make such provision. But is this provision ever made with success? Does any code really offer a text, which, when applied to the circumstances of an individual case, at once, and without reasonable doubt, decides it? Let the innumerable decisions on some of the most celebrated codes answer the question. Take the *Ordonnance de la Marine* of Louis XIV. How

simple and brief, and apparently plain the text! Yet who ever read the ingenious commentaries of Valin or Boulay-Paty on any and every article of it without owning that the text was only plain because the difficulties of particular cases were not present to view, and only simple because their complications were excluded? The same thing is true of the codes of the French Empire and of all others which the world ever saw. The truth is that the intricacies and complexity of possible combinations of fact are beyond the range of human conception, and any attempt to foresee and provide for them all beforehand, and dispense a ready-made justice with success, will give little reward to the labour it wastes. But a code resting on no detailed decisions or elaborated instances to expound it has an especial evil of its own. There is no more fruitful source of doubt and litigation than the meaning of language. The careless use of language does much, but the inadequacy of language as the vehicle of precise thought does perhaps even more. What treaty, or code, or statute, was ever so framed that its meaning in all possible contingencies was free from reasonable controversy? Now, the especial evil of all codes and statutes is that over and above the difficulty of framing adequate principles the ambiguities of construction are introduced. Expressed in certain definite language, its force depends upon the interpretation which ingenuity may give or deny it. And here the system of case law contrasts favourably, for its principles, enforced in every variety of language and under every turn of thought, shine out in their application rather than in their expression, and are further removed from the cavil of words. The most ardent lover of uniformity and symmetry would hardly be prepared, then, to surrender the treasures of our common law for the inevitable litigation of a code.'

Now it appears to us that not one of these objections applies to the plan which we have suggested. A good code should no doubt be the offspring of large and comprehensive views, and it should deal with all subjects as parts of a whole, and its principles ought to be propounded in accordance with justice. But these views and principles are not to spring at once from the heads of the composers of the code; their rules are to be deduced—just as they would be for the purposes of a Digest—from the ordinary sources of legal doctrine, except where it is deemed expedient to amend the present law. They are to be expressed in the plainest language, and to be tested, while in course of formation, by that series of reported discussions and decisions upon which Sir James Wilde justly relies as an inexhaustible mine of legal reasoning; and although it may be difficult to foresee and provide for every possible case, yet if the rule be in the end so expressed as to embrace the principle governing the cases already decided, and be illustrated by an A. B. statement of those cases themselves, as well as of all

all cases which suggest themselves to the framers of the code, the probability is that a rule will have been furnished adequate to the solution of the majority of the questions which are likely to occur. The difficulty of construing aright those abstract definitions and propositions which must be found in every systematic statement of legal principles, would be greatly diminished if each of these definitions and propositions were followed by a collection of cases falling under it, and of cases which, though at first sight they appear to fall under it, do not really fall under it. The definition or proposition and the reason which led to the adoption of it would then be readily understood. Thus the code would be at once a statute-book and a collection of cases decided by the legislature itself, and not to be called in question. The illustrations would, in the view of the legislature, exhibit the law in full action; they would determine nothing otherwise than what, without them, would have been determined by a right application of the rules to which they were annexed. But as judicial decisions are said to *make* law by determining questions respecting the application of written rules of law, so law might be said to be made by the illustrations, in the numerous cases in which they would determine points about which, without their guidance, there would be room for difference of opinion. Should a state of circumstances arise not provided for by the code, the Court must decide it as they best may by the light of reason and justice, exactly as cases 'of the first impression' are now decided.

But when the code has been framed and promulgated, how can the Law be prevented from being overlaid with an accumulating mass of comments and decisions—an evil which no mode of framing the Law itself can entirely exclude? The answer is, that the Law should undergo periodical revision and re-enactment; that on the occasion of each revision all valuable decisions which had been pronounced in the interval should be taken advantage of, and the text and illustrations amended so as to provide as far as possible for the rise of new interests and new circumstances in the progress of society. After each enactment, no judicial decision of earlier date should be permitted to have any binding authority upon the judges.\*

So much for the form to which the canon of the English Law might, we think, be advantageously reduced. We cannot but

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\* This plan is not new. It was propounded and acted on a quarter of a century back by the Indian Law Commission, which framed, under the Presidency of Lord Macaulay, that Penal Code which, after undergoing during a series of years the scrutiny of many able lawyers, now forms the law of British India. A similar method has been pursued in other branches of Indian legislation. But the circumstances of England are so different from those of India, that the merits of the system must be considered with reference to England alone.

think that, besides all its obvious conveniences, it would greatly facilitate legal reform.

Of course, neither our Law-makers nor our Law will ever be perfect. Still we might have a body of Law which should always represent the wisdom of the nation in its latest phase,—its newest and nearest effort at that perfection of common sense which the Law ought, if possible, to embody. We cannot hope ever to attain entire wisdom in regard to the subjects which are known to us, nor to anticipate the new subjects which social progress may evolve. The principle of combination, for instance, now in the ascendant, has produced and must yet produce much new law. The code, like the society which it is to regulate, must be progressive. But it may contain a clear statement of the rules of Law as understood at the time of its enactment.

Sir James Wilde seems to think that partial codification is impossible; but it is in truth a familiar process. 'Lord Langdale's Act,' as it is called, codified a good deal of the Testamentary Law, and very beneficially upon the whole, though it was not by any means a perfect piece of legislation. So the recent 'Mercantile Law Amendment Act' was a piece of codification so far as it went. Legislation was confined in each of these cases to a few points only, simply because it was desired to settle or to amend the law upon those points. The question is, whether we might not now with advantage reduce to this form not only all that is settled law, but all that with our present lights we think *ought* to be settled law, while we assign to proper authority the task of periodical revision.

Take an illustration drawn from Sir James Wilde's own particular department—the Law of Husband and Wife. The Common Law says that all the wife's personal property shall belong to the husband—common sense rejects this as an absolute rule, and common sense has always had a great deal of influence in the administration of our Law. The result has been that, after perhaps hundreds of decisions, the Law of Husband and Wife has been put on a satisfactory footing. These decisions are scattered through a vast number of volumes; but an experienced lawyer, by aid of practice and text-books, can pick his way among them, like a bog-trotter turning and winding through a morass. Now it would not be very difficult, by some process, however designated, to put the Law, as now actually in practice, into a set of clear propositions. There would be no change, there would be nothing new, nothing to learn or unlearn. There would be some half-dozen pages instead of some thousand or more, and all would go on as before. If, in the course of putting the propositions into shape, it appeared that some alterations

tions or modifications of the existing Law might profitably be made, they would of course be introduced; but this is a matter of detail not affecting our present argument.

From husbands and wives it is natural that we should go to children. By the Law of England, as it exists on paper, and as it might be enforced if people could be found learned enough and silly enough to put it into operation, there are nearly a dozen kinds of guardians of infants. For all practical purposes there are only two—those appointed by Will, and those appointed by the Court of Chancery. Surely it would be a mischievous labour-in-vain to have a ‘Digest’ of all this obsolete rubbish about guardians. It would be much better by a few strokes of the legislative pen to abolish, instead of digesting what ought to be abolished.

There is no head of English Law which is not capable of being plainly stated, if but patient labour be applied to it. The Law of Personal Succession, both testate and intestate, for instance, might be so stated and at the same time corrected. How many intricate and contradictory cases would this at once consign to oblivion! Nor would the value of such a Law be greatly impaired if it were found necessary to wait much longer for a Law of Succession to real property. And so of every other head of Law. Each might be regulated by itself throughout; the framers keeping it in remembrance, of course, that all must in the end be gathered up, reconciled by such amendments as may be found needful, and enacted as a whole.

If people will but lay aside the word ‘Code,’ and conceive a series of well-drawn Acts of Parliament framed on the principles stated above, each devoted to some one considerable head of Law, and enacted when it is completed, and each in harmony with its predecessor, and with a general plan,—they cannot fail to see that, so far as such legislation extends, it will be an unmixed benefit. If, after all, there should be any subject which the framers of the code found it impossible to treat in this way, the Courts would have the same powers to deal with them that they have at present, and would lose nothing, even for this limited purpose, by the circumstance that the rest of the Law had been adapted to the existing wants of society and provided with machinery for adjusting itself to those wants which may arise in future; and we earnestly trust that if any effort is to be made for the improvement of the Law, it will aim at no lower object than that which we have endeavoured to indicate.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Apologia pro Vita sua*. By John Henry Newman, D.D.  
 2. *A Correspondence on the Question whether Dr. Newman teaches that Truth is no Virtue*.  
 3. *The Crown in Council*. By H. E. Manning, D.D.  
 4. *The Convocation and the Crown in Council*. By H. E. Manning, D.D.  
 5. *But Isn't Kingsley Right after all?* By the Rev. F. Meyrick.  
 6. *The Union Review*, No. IX.

FEW books have been published of late years which combine more distinct elements of interest than the 'Apologia' of Dr. Newman. As an autobiography, in the highest sense of that word, as the portraiture, that is, and record of what the man was, irrespective of those common accidents of humanity which too often load the biographer's pages, it is eminently dramatic. To produce such a portrait was the end which the writer proposed to himself, and which he has achieved with a rare fidelity and completeness. Hardly do the 'Confessions of St. Augustine' more vividly reproduce the old African Bishop before successive generations in all the greatness and struggles of his life than do these pages the very inner being of this remarkable man—'the living intelligence,' as he describes it, 'by which I write, and argue, and act' (p. 47). No wonder that when he first fully recognised what he had to do, he

'shrank from both the task and the exposure which it would entail. I must, I said, give the true key to my whole life; I must show what I am, that it may be seen what I am not, and that the phantom may be extinguished which gibbers instead of me. I wish to be known as a living man, and not as a scarecrow which is dressed up in my clothes. . . . I will draw out, as far as may be, the history of my mind; I will state the point at which I began, in what external suggestion or accident each opinion had its rise, how far and how they were developed from within, how they grew, were modified, were combined, were in collision with each other, and were changed. Again, how, I conducted myself towards them; and how, and how far, and for how long a time, I thought I could hold them consistently with the ecclesiastical engagements which I had made, and with the position which I filled. . . . It is not at all pleasant for me to be egotistical, nor to be criticised for being so. It is not pleasant to reveal to high and low, young and old, what has gone on within me from my early years. It is not pleasant to be giving to every shallow or flippant disputant the advantage over me of knowing my most private thoughts, I might even say the intercourse between myself and my Maker.'—Pp. 47-51.

Here is the task he set himself, and the task which he has performed.

formed. There is in these pages an absolute revealing of the hidden life in its acting, and its processes, which at times is almost startling, which is everywhere of the deepest interest. For the life thus revealed is well worthy of the pen by which it is portrayed. Of all those who, in these late years, have quitted the Church of England for the Roman communion—esteemed, honoured, and beloved, as were many of them—no one, save Dr. Newman, appears to us to possess the rare gift of undoubted genius.

That life, moreover, which anywhere and at any time must have marked its own character on his fellows, was cast precisely at the time and place most favourable for stamping upon others the impress of itself. The plate was ready to receive and to retain every line of the image which was thrown so vividly upon it. The history, therefore, of this life in its shifting scenes of thought, feeling, and purpose, becomes in fact the history of a school, a party, and a sect. From its effect on us, who, from without, judge of it with critical calmness, we can form some idea of what must be its power on those who were within the charmed ring; who were actually under the wand of the enchanter, for whom there was music in that voice, fascination in that eye, and habitual command in that spare but lustrous countenance; and who can trace again in this retrospect the colours and shadows which in those years which fixed their destiny, passed, though in less distinct hues, into their own lives, and made them what they are.

Again, in another aspect, the '*Apologia*' will have a special interest for most of our readers. Almost every page of it will throw some light upon the great controversy which has been maintained for these three hundred years, and which now spreads itself throughout the world, between the Anglican Church and her oldest and greatest antagonist, the Papal See.

As to the immediate contest between Professor Kingsley and Dr. Newman, we scarcely deem it necessary to speak. The only abiding significance, we may venture to affirm, of that disagreement will be its having given cause for the production of Dr. Newman's volume. The controversial portion, indeed, of these publications can give no pleasure to the friends of either disputant. Professor Kingsley has added nothing here to his literary reputation. Indeed his pamphlet can only hope to live as the embedded fly in the clear amber of his antagonist's *Apology*. He was undoubtedly rash and uncharitable in his imputations; and, like the burglar, who touches unaware the alarm-spring, has awoke around himself a crashing peal which it is quite clear he heartily wishes he had left to slumber in its former repose; whilst,

whilst, especially in the earlier numbers, the calm dignity of Dr. Newman is painfully ruffled by the angry gusts of personal invective and defence.

There is another branch of this controversy, partly personal, partly of far wider application, on which, though we cannot pass it wholly over, we shall not dwell at any length—we mean Professor Kingsley's charges of want of strict veracity as attaching personally to Dr. Newman, and generally to the Roman Catholic system, and Dr. Newman's laboured argument in defence far more of the system than of himself. Easy and simple in action as are the common moral instincts of a well-constituted mind upon the matter of truth and falsehood, few subjects are more difficult to settle by the laws of casuistic science than the exact limits which part off the one from the other. Dr. Newman has shown that the difficulty is by no means confined to the school of Roman casuistry; but that, not to name Paley, whose reputation for strictness of principle as a moral philosopher has never stood high amongst his countrymen, the same difficulties are to be found in the rules laid down by Bishop Taylor, Milton, and even by so severe a moralist as Samuel Johnson. No one who has thought much upon the matter can doubt that questions can easily be raised as to the duty of telling all the truth—to the murderer, for instance, who is pursuing his victim; to an enemy in war, and the like;—which it is exceedingly difficult to answer so as to fix any principles which shall agree at once with the laws of charity, of necessity, and of truth. But this seems to prove that it is a subject as to which it is safer to form the practical temper of a community rather upon the acting of a high-toned moral instinct than upon the most exact laws of casuistry; and the meaning of the charge against Rome generally, and preeminently against that influential portion of it which bears a name almost equivalent to English ears with dishonesty, seems to us to be that the Jesuits especially, and Roman Catholic divines generally, have taught their disciples to act rather on the principles of casuistry than on the dictates of conscience. Dr. Newman fully admits the existence of this double rule. He reminds us that a man 'in his own person is guided by his own conscience; but in drawing out a system of rules he is obliged to go by logic' (p. 421); and he most distinctly states his own rule to be the absolute rule of a sensitive conscience: nay, he ventures so far as to say that 'in this department of morality, much as I admire the high points of the Italian character, I like the English character better' (p. 417).

Still in his treatment of this subject there are two distinct points on which we think Dr. Newman does not rebut the real gist

gist of Professor Kingsley's strictures. The first of these concerns an expression of his in a formerly published volume, which, instead of giving up as untenable, he defends by what seems to us an utterly indefensible argument. He speaks thus:—'The writer has said that I was demented if I believed, and unprincipled if I did not believe, in my statement that a lazy, ragged, filthy, story-telling beggar woman, if chaste, sober, cheerful, and religious, had a prospect of Heaven, which was absolutely closed to an accomplished statesman, a lawyer, or noble, be he ever so just, upright, generous, honourable, and conscientious, unless he had also some portion of the divine Christian grace; yet I should have thought myself defended from criticism by the words which our Lord used to the chief priests: "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you"' (p. 386). The very wording of the statement is absolutely appalling. 'A lazy, *story-telling* beggar, if *religious*.' How, we ask, can she be religious if she is 'story-telling'? or what can be her 'prospect of Heaven' whilst living in such a habit, if it be true as we have been taught that 'no liars shall enter into it'? And again the defensive argument is not less astonishing. Because our Lord taught the Scribes and Pharisees who rejected Him, that their rejection of Him excluded them from the kingdom of Heaven, into which publicans like Zacchæus and St. Matthew, and harlots like the Magdalen, who left their sins and followed Him, entered; is it to be endured that we should be told by such an authority as Dr. Newman, that on the strength of that text 'story-telling beggar women' have a better prospect of Heaven than men who are 'just, upright, generous, honourable, and conscientious'—for how can they without grace be conscientious? Surely such statements as these tend to subvert all the principles of morality, and to turn into encouragements to sin the very words of Christ.

Moreover, the case is, in our judgment, made even worse, if we refer to the original words of Dr. Newman rather than to his later version of them. For, as he originally \* wrote the passage, his beggar-woman was described not by the ambiguous epithet of 'storytelling,' but by the simple character of 'not over-scrupulous of truth.' Moreover, in the second clause, instead of speaking of her as 'religious,' which suggested a hope, though possibly a faint one, that he contemplated one who had repented and become indeed 'religious,' here no such softer rendering is possible. The 'lazy, filthy' woman, 'not over-scrupulous of truth,' 'goes to her religious duties;' and this 'going to her religious duties' is what covers the want of veracity and gives her the 'prospect

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\* 'Anglican Difficulties,' Lect. VIII., p. 197.

of Heaven,' which does not gladden the eye of the just and conscientious man. Surely it would have been wiser in Dr. Newman to have abandoned, rather than to seek by any casuistry to vindicate, this passage.

The other point in Dr. Newman's *Apologia* to which we allude is his treatment of the supposed slur cast on Roman Catholic truthfulness by the solemn official approbation given to the works of St. Alfonso Liguori. To St. Alfonso's teaching, indeed, Dr. Newman demurs in language so decided, that its employment is accompanied by the expression of a pious trust that he shall not by using it 'lose the intercession of the Saint'! (p. 418). 'I plainly and positively state, and without any reserve, that I do not at all follow this holy and charitable man in this portion of his teaching' (p. 424). In this surrender of the Saint we altogether agree with Dr. Newman; but we cannot follow him in his attempt to free the Roman Church from all complicity in his errors. 'It is supposed,' Dr. Newman argues, 'by Protestants that because St. Alfonso's writings have had such high commendation bestowed upon them by authority, therefore they have been invested with a quasi infallibility. This has arisen in good measure from Protestants not knowing the force of theological terms' (p. 80, App.). He then proceeds to argue that the terms employed are legal terms, and to be interpreted legally—that the approbation of the writings was 'ad effectum canonizationis'—that their true 'end and scope' reached no further than to declare 'the doctrine free from *theological censure*'—that it is not 'approval, but the absence of disapproval.' Further, that 'not erroneous' only means not '*immediately* opposed to a revealed proposition' (pp. 81, 82, App.). Now all this seems, we confess to us, to savour grievously of special pleading when we remember such facts as Mr. Meyrick so appositely states in his brief and unanswerable pamphlet.\*

It was in 1803 that the Sacred Congregation of Rites decreed that in all the writings of Alfonso di Liguori, published and not published, there was not a word that could be justly found fault with; that Pius VII. ratified the decree; that it was officially declared 'that the examination of Liguori's work had been conducted with particular severity; that his system of morality had been more than twenty times discussed by the Sacred Congregation, and that all had agreed *voce concordi, unanimi consensu, unâ voce, unâ mente*.' Further, that on doubts concerning his teaching being referred, in 1831, to the Sacred Penitentiary, so entirely satisfactory was the decision, that the Cardinal Arch-

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\* 'But Isn't Kingsley Right after all?' A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Newman from the Rev. F. Meyrick. Rivingtons, 1864.

bishop of Besançon wrote to his clergy requiring 'that the judgment of Rome should be fully adhered to, and that the opinions of the Blessed Alfonso di Liguori should be followed and reduced to practice, all doubt whatever being thrown aside.' The Pope Gregory XVI. confirmed the decree within a few weeks.\*

Nor is all this confined to the latitude of Italy, for which Dr. Newman himself thinks these rules better suited than for that of England. Archbishop Wiseman has stated 'that there is not a confessional in England which is not more or less under the influence of the Saint's mild theology.'† The Brethren of the Oratory, to which body Dr. Newman himself we believe belongs, have published in London a Life of St. Alfonso, and in it, under Cardinal Wiseman's authority, appears the following sentence:—'The works of St. Alfonso not only do not contain any proposition whatever which can be called schismatical or scandalous' (almost the highest limits to which Dr. Newman would extend the Papal commendation), 'but also none which are either pronounced erroneous or rash; the morals therefore of this saintly Bishop cannot be censured without setting up as a censor of authority itself—without, in fine, censuring the decision of the Holy See.'‡ After this it seems to us impossible to maintain the attempts of Dr. Newman to disavow the very lax rule as to truth laid down in the 'mild theology' of this Saint. In truth there is against him here that consensus of living authority to which in matters ecclesiastical Dr. Newman attributes so indisputable a power. It would be too difficult a task even for his eloquence to convince the world that Jesuitry is synonymous with honesty; and it must never be forgotten that the Jesuit body is the very central life of Romanism, impregnating with its own temper the vast receptive mass around it. We have no doubt that Mr. Ffoulkes's judgment of the relative excellence of his old and new communions is so far correct when he says, 'I think . . . that truthfulness and intelligence distinguish Anglicans.'§

We turn gladly away from this aspect of the subject to the far more interesting revelations of this remarkable volume; and first to some of the dramatis personæ who appear in its pages.

The first names to which it introduces us indicate the widely-differing influences under which was formed that party within our Church which has acted so powerfully and in such various directions upon its life and teaching. They are those of Mr.—afterwards Archbishop—Whately and Dr. Hawkins, afterwards and still the Provost of Oriel College. To intercourse with both of whom Dr. Newman attributes great results in the forma-

\* Meyrick's Letter, 9. † 'Tablet,' Aug. 11, 1855. ‡ Meyrick's Letter, 10.  
§ 'Union Review,' p. 283.

tion of his own character: the first emphatically opening his mind and teaching him to use his reason, whilst in religious opinion he taught him the existence of a church, and fixed in him Anti-Erastian views of Church polity; the second being a man of most exact mind, who through a course of severe snubbing taught him to weigh his words and be cautious in his statements.

To an almost unknown degree, Oriel had at that time monopolised the active speculative intellect of Oxford. Her fellowships being open, whilst those of other Colleges were closed, drew to her the ablest men of the University: whilst the nature of the examination for her fellowships, which took no note of ordinary University honours, and stretched boldly out beyond inquiries as to classical and mathematical attainments into everything which could test the dormant powers of the candidates, had already impressed upon the Society a distinctive character of intellectual excellence. The late Lord Grenville used at this time to term an Oriel Fellowship the Blue Ribbon of the University; and, undoubtedly, the results of those examinations have been marvellously confirmed by the event, if we think to what an extent the mind, and opinions, and thoughts of England have been moulded by the men who form the list of those 'Orielenes,' of whom it was said in an academic squib of the time, with some truth, flavoured perhaps with a spice of envy, that they were wont to enter the academic circle 'under a flourish of trumpets.' Such a 'flourish' certainly has often preceded the entry of far lesser men than E. Coplestone, E. Hawkins, J. Davison, J. Keble, R. Whately, T. Arnold, E. B. Pusey, J. H. Newman, H. Froude, R. J. Wilberforce, S. Wilberforce, G. A. Denison, &c. &c.

Into a Society leavened with such intellectual influences as these, Dr. Newman, soon after taking his degree, was ushered. It could at this time have borne no distinctively devout character in its religious aspect. Rather must it have been marked by the opposite of this. Whately, whose powerful and somewhat rude intellect must almost have overawed the common room when the might of Davison had been taken from it, was, with all his varied excellences, never by any means an eminently devout, scarcely perhaps an orthodox man. All his earlier writings bristle with paradoxes, which affronted the instincts of simpler and more believing minds. Whately, accordingly, appears in these pages as 'generous and warm-hearted—particularly loyal to his friends,' (p. 68); as teaching his pupil 'to see with my own eyes and to walk with my own feet;' yet as exercising an influence over him (p. 69) which, 'in a higher respect than intellectual advance,

advance, had not been satisfactory,' under which he 'was beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral, was drifting in the direction of liberalism;' a 'dream' out of which he was 'rudely awakened at the end of 1827, by two great blows—illness and bereavement.' (P. 72.)

Though this change in his views is traced by Dr. Newman to the action of these strictly personal causes of illness and bereavement, yet other influences, we suspect, were working strongly in the same direction. It is plain that, so far as regards early permanent impression on the character of his religious opinions, the influence of Whately was calculated rather to stir up reaction than to win a convert. 'Whately's mind,' he says himself (p. 68), 'was too different from mine for us to remain long on one line.' The course of events round him impelled him in the same direction, and furnished him with new comrades, on whom henceforth he was to act, and who were to react most powerfully on him. The torrent of reform was beginning its full rush through the land; and its turbulent waters threatened not only to drown the old political landmarks of the Constitution, but also to sweep away the Church of the nation. Abhorrence of these so-called liberal opinions was the electric current which bound together the several minds which speedily appeared as instituting and directing the great Oxford Church movement. Not that it was in any sense the offspring of the old cry of 'the Church in danger.' The meaning of that alarm was the apprehension of danger to the emoluments or position of the Church as the established religion in the land. From the very first the Oxford movement pointed more to the maintenance of the Church as a spiritual society, divinely incorporated to teach certain doctrines, and do certain acts which none other could do, than to the preservation of those temporal advantages which had been conferred by the State. From the first there was a tendency to undervalue these external aids, which made the movement an object of suspicion to thorough Church-and-State men. This suspicion was repaid by the members of the new school with a return of contempt. They believed that in struggling for the temporal advantages of the Establishment, men had forgotten the essential characteristics of the Church, and had been led to barter their divine birthright for the mess of pottage which Acts of Parliament secured them. Thus we find Dr. Newman remembering his early Oxford dislike of 'the bigoted two-bottle orthodox.' He records (p. 73) the characteristic mode in which on the appearance of the first symptoms of his 'leaving the clientela' of Dr. Whately he was punished by that rough humorist. 'Whately was considerably annoyed at me; and he took a humorous revenge, of which he had

had given me due notice beforehand. . . . He asked a set of the least intellectual men in Oxford to dinner, and men most fond of port ; he made me one of the party ; placed me between Provost this and Principal that, and then asked me if I was proud of my friends' (p. 73). It is easy to conceive how he liked them. He had, indeed, though formerly a supporter of Catholic Emancipation, 'acted with them in opposing Mr. Peel's re-election in 1829, on "simple academical grounds," because he thought that a great University ought not to be bullied even by a great Duke of Wellington' (p. 172); but he soon parted with his friends of 'two-bottle orthodoxy,' and joined the gathering knot of men of an utterly different temper, who 'disliked the Duke's change of policy as dictated by liberalism' (p. 72).

This whole company shared the feelings which even yet, after so many years and in such altered circumstances, break forth from Mr. Newman like the rumblings and smoke of a long extinct volcano, in such utterances as this : 'The new Bill for the suppression of the Irish Sees was in prospect, and had filled my mind. I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals. It was the success of the Liberal cause which fretted me inwardly. I became fierce against its instruments and its manifestations. A French vessel was at Algiers ; I would not even look at the tricolor' (97). This was the temper of the whole band. Most of these men appear in Dr. Newman's pages ; and from their common earnestness and various endowments a mighty band they were ; and now that some have finished their course, and others have been carried by the drifting of the waters they helped themselves to call out of their secret sources, so wide of the scope towards which their faces were then set, it may be interesting to note the name and action of a few of them.

The two first named in the '*Apologia*' are both at rest. 'I was,' says Dr. Newman, 'in particular intimate and affectionate with two of our probationer Fellows, Robert J. Wilberforce (afterwards Archdeacon) and Rich. Hurrell Froude. Whately, then an acute man, perhaps saw around me the signs of an incipient party of which I was not conscious myself. And thus we discern the first elements of that movement afterwards called Tractarian' (p. 75). Of the first named of these little more is said in the pages of the '*Apologia*.' But in the theological literature of our Church his name can never be forgotten ; nor of all who left us was there one who took with him a truer, purer, more loving, or more humble spirit. It has indeed always seemed to us without, as if that very humility had led to his yielding up his post to the imperious pressure of minds of far lower quality than his own.

The course of Hurrell Froude was very brief; and bright as it was, was scarcely marked beyond the immediate private circle of his personal friends until after the publication of his *Remains*. Even from them, full as they are of marks of genius, we should scarcely have received so high an impression of his powers as Dr. Newman's estimate conveys. Probably he was one of those who required the stimulus of personal presence to call out all his powers, and, like the dazzling lights which modern science has discovered, required the stream of conversation to be poured upon him to wake up the fulness of his brilliant coruscations. Newman seems to have found in him, more than in any other, equal gifts of genius answering to his own; and though Froude was the younger man, and in some sort the pupil, it seems to us in these pages as if he had acquired almost a mastery over the mind of his master which was shared by none of his other associates. This is Dr. Newman's character of him:—

‘Hurrell Froude was a pupil of Keble's, formed by him, and in turn reacting upon him. I knew him first in 1826, and was in the closest and most affectionate friendship with him from about 1829 till his death in 1836. He was a man of the highest gifts, so truly many-sided, that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him, except under those aspects in which he came before me. Nor have I here to speak of the gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient winning considerateness in discussion which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart; for I am all along engaged upon matters of belief and opinion, and am introducing others into my narrative, not for their own sakes, or because I love and have loved them, so much as because, and so far as, they have influenced my theological views. In this respect then I speak of Hurrell Froude—in his intellectual aspects—as a man of high genius, brimfull and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original, which were too many and too strong even for his bodily strength, and which crowded and jostled against each other in their effort after distinct shape and expression; and he had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. Dying prematurely, as he did, and in the conflict and transition-state of opinion, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion, by the very reason of their multitude and depth. His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. He delighted in the notion of full ecclesiastical liberty. He felt scorn of the maxim, “The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants;” and he gloried in accepting tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. He had a high severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of virginity, and he considered the Blessed Virgin its great pattern. He delighted in thinking of the Saints; he had a keen appreciation of the idea of sanctity,

sanctity, its possibilities and its heights; and he was more than inclined to believe a large amount of miraculous interference as occurring in the early and middle ages. He embraced the principle of penance and mortification. He had a deep devotion to the Real Presence, in which he had a firm faith. He was powerfully drawn to the Medieval Church, but not to the Primitive. He had a keen insight into abstract truth; but he was an Englishman to the backbone, in his severe adherence to the real and the concrete. He had a most classical taste, and a genius for philosophy and art; and he was fond of historical enquiry, and the politics of religion. He had no turn for theology as such. He had no appreciation of the writings of the Fathers, of the details or development of doctrine, of the definite traditions of the Church viewed in their matter, of the teaching of the Ecumenical Councils, or of the controversies out of which they arose. He took an eager, courageous view of things on the whole. I should say that his power of entering into the minds of others did not equal his other gifts; he could not believe, for instance, that I really held the Roman Church to be Antichristian. On many points he would not believe but that I agreed with him, when I did not. He seemed not to understand my difficulties. His were of a different kind—the contrariety between theory and fact. He was a high Tory, of the Cavalier stamp, and was disgusted with the Toryism of the opponents of the Reform Bill. He was smitten with the love of the Theocratic Church; he went abroad and was shocked by the degeneracy which he thought he saw in the Catholics of Italy. It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He made me look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin; and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.'

This is a thoroughly Rembrandt portrait. How distinctly does the image of the man stand out before us on the canvas—with his high aspirations, his great gifts, and his intrinsic nobleness; and, on the other, with the grievous evil of his undisciplined character, with the great weakness of his scorn of others, and, not least, with his hatred of 'Liberals' on the very highest principle of 'Liberalism,' a supreme self-trusting contempt for the system under which he lived!

But there are other and very different figures in the group; his especially, who is still spared to the English Church, though to her reproach still undecorated with any other honours than the wreath of poetry and the crown of saintliness, whom Dr. Newman describes as

'The true and primary author of the movement, who, however, as is usual with great motive-powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honours of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for

for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble?'—P. 75.

It is indeed delightful to see how Dr. Newman's reverent affection for this great and good man has survived the differences and separation of all the anxious years which, for them, have intervened between 1823 and 1864. When elected a Fellow of Oriel, he had, he tells us, 'to hasten to the Tower to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows: I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground.'—P. 76.

Next to him stands, in Dr. Newman's pages, another, who, like the last mentioned, stood firm to the Church of his baptism amidst the defection of many with whom he had thought and acted throughout the whole course of the Oxford movement. It is a remarkable instance of the discerning instinct which resides in the strong common sense of the aggregate of Englishmen, that the name of Dr. Pusey rather than that of Newman should have furnished the abiding nickname of the party. Not even Bishop Blomfield's characteristic jest, 'that the whole movement was nothing but a Newmania,' could for a moment reverse the prevailing nomenclature. This does not seem attributable to what is probably greatly over-estimated by Dr. Newman, the immediate weight added by Dr. Pusey's position at Oxford, as a Canon of Christ Church, to the party he espoused. It was, we believe, the perception that though Newman was the intellectual, Pusey was the religious chieftain of the new following. Whilst Newman was pouring forth with exuberant fertility controversial tracts and essays, and travelling through the land on the curious mission he describes in his '*Apologia*,' for winning distant rectors and deans to the academical movement, Dr. Pusey was reaching far more profoundly, by the devotional tone of all that he put forth, the inner religious heart of the Church. It is curious, and it is not a little pleasant, whilst the acerbities of some '*Letters to an Anglican Friend*' are sounding harshly enough in our ears, to note the tone of hearty and respectful affection with which Dr. Newman speaks of his old friend and brother chieftain now that the stern necessities of religious strife and the sword of conscience, which cuts through the closest family ties, have ranged them upon opposite sides in the great encounter.

'It was under these circumstances that Dr. Pusey joined us. I had known him well since 1827-8, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. I used to call him *ὁ μέγας*. His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholarlike mind, his simple devotion to the

cause of religion, overcame me; and great of course was my joy, when in the last days of 1833 he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. His tract on Fasting appeared as one of the series with the date of December 21. He was not, however, I think, fully associated in the movement till 1835 and 1836, when he published his tract on Baptism, and started the "Library of the Fathers." He at once gave to us a position and a name. Without him we should have had no chance, especially at the early date of 1834, of making any serious resistance to the Liberal aggression. But Dr. Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christchurch; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his Professorship, his family connexions, and his easy relations with University authorities. He was to the movement all that Mr. Rose might have been, with that indispensable addition, which was wanting to Mr. Rose, the intimate friendship and the familiar daily society of the persons who had commenced it. And he had that special claim on their attachment, which lies in the living presence of a faithful and loyal affectionateness. There was henceforth a man who could be the head and centre of the zealous people in every part of the country who were adopting the new opinion; and not only so, but there was one who furnished the movement with a front to the world, and gained for it a recognition from other parties in the University. In 1829 Mr. Froude, or Mr. R. Wilberforce, or Mr. Newman, were but individuals; and, when they ranged themselves in the contest of that year on the side of Sir Robert Inglis, men on either side only asked with surprise how they got there, and attached no significance to the fact; but Dr. Pusey was, to use the common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob; and when various parties had to meet together in order to resist the liberal acts of the Government, we of the movement took our place by right among them.

'Such was the benefit he conferred on the movement externally; nor was the internal advantage at all inferior to it. He was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities. People are apt to say that he was once nearer to the Catholic Church than he is now; I pray God that he may be one day far nearer to the Catholic Church than he was then; for I believe that, in his reason and judgment, all the time that I knew him, he never was near to it at all. When I became a Catholic, I was often asked, "What of Dr. Pusey?" when I said that I did not see symptoms of his doing as I had done, I was sometimes thought uncharitable. If confidence in his position is (as it is) a first essential in the leader of a party, Dr. Pusey had it. The most remarkable instance of this, was his statement, in one of his subsequent defences of the movement, when too it had advanced a considerable way in the direction of Rome, that among its hopeful peculiarities was its "stationariness." He made it in good faith; it was his subjective view of it.

'Dr. Pusey's influence was felt at once. He saw that there ought

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to be more sobriety, more gravity, more careful pains, more sense of responsibility in the Tracts and in the whole movement. It was through him that the character of the Tracts was changed. When he gave to us his Tract on Fasting, he put his initials to it. In 1835 he published his elaborate Treatise on Baptism, which was followed by other Tracts from different authors, if not of equal learning, yet of equal power and appositeness. The Catenas of Anglican divines which occur in the series, though projected, I think, by me, were executed with a like aim at greater accuracy and method. In 1836 he advertised his great project for a Translation of the Fathers; but I must return to myself. I am not writing the history either of Dr. Pusey or of the movement; but it is a pleasure to me to have been able to introduce here reminiscences of the place which he held in it, which have so direct a bearing on myself that they are no digression from my narrative.—Pp. 136-9.

Besides these the pages of the 'Apologia' record a few other names, but none on which we need linger. Either they were, like that of the late Hugh James Rose, those of men rather incidentally connected with the Oxford movement than of it, or they were the mere rank and file, the *fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*, on whom not even Dr. Newman's catalogue can confer any greatness.

Here then was the band which have accomplished so much; which have failed in so much; which have added a new party-name to our vocabulary; which have furnished materials for every scribbling or declaiming political Protestant, from the writer of the Durham Letter down to Mr. Whalley and Mr. Harper; which aided so greatly in reawakening the dormant energies of the English Church; which carried over to the ranks of her most deadly opponent some of the ablest and most devoted of her sons. The language of these pages has never varied concerning this movement. We have always admitted its many excellences—we have always lamented its evils. As long ago as in 1839, whilst we protested openly and fully against what we termed at the time the 'strange and lamentable' publication of Mr. Froude's 'Remains,'\* we declared our hope that 'the publication of the Oxford Tracts was a very seasonable and valuable contribution to the cause both of the Church and the State.' And in 1846, even after so many of our hopes had faded away, we yet spoke in the same tone of 'this religious movement in our Church,' as one 'from which, however clouded be the present aspect, we doubt not that great blessings have resulted and will result, unless we forfeit them by neglect or wilful abuse.' †

\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxiii., p. 551.

† Ibid., vol. lxxviii., p. 24.

The history of the progress of the movement lies scattered through these pages. All that we can collect concerning its first intention confirms absolutely Mr. Perceval's *Statements*, 1843, that it was begun for two leading objects: 'first, the firm and practical maintenance of the doctrine of the apostolical succession . . . secondly, the preservation in its integrity of the Christian doctrine in our Prayerbooks.'\* Its unity of action was shaken by the first entrance of doubts into its leader's mind. His retirement from it tended directly to break it up as an actual party. But it would be a monstrous error to suppose that the influence of this movement was extinguished when its conductors were dispersed as a party. So far from it, the system of the Church of England took in all the more freely the elements of truth which it had all along been diffusing, because they were no longer scattered abroad by the direct action of an organised party under ostensible chiefs. Where, we may ask, is not at this moment the effect of that movement perfectly appreciable within our body? Look at the new-built and restored churches of the land; look at the multiplication of schools; the greater exactness of ritual observance; the higher standard of clerical life, service, and devotion; the more frequent celebrations; the cathedrals open; the loving sisterhoods labouring, under episcopal sanction, with the meek, active saintliness of the Church's purest time; look—above all, perhaps—at the raised tone of devotion and doctrine amongst us, and see in all these that the movement did not die, but rather flourished with a new vigour when the party of the movement was so greatly broken up. It is surely one of the strangest objections which can be urged against a living spiritual body, that the loss of many of its foremost sons still left its vital strength unimpaired. Yet this was Dr. Newman's objection, and his witness, fourteen years ago, when he complained of the Church of England, that though it had given 'a hundred educated men to the Catholic Church, yet the huge creature from which they went forth showed no consciousness of its loss, but shook itself, and went about its work as of old time.'†

As the unity of the party was broken up, the fire which had burned hitherto in but a single beacon was scattered upon a thousand hills. Nevertheless, the first breaking up of the party was eminently disheartening to its living members. But it was not by external violence that it was broken, but by the development within itself of a distinctive Romeward bias. Dr. Newman lays his hand upon a particular epoch in its progress,

\* 'Collection of Papers connected with the Theological Movement of 1833.' By the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Perceval. 1843. Second Edition.

† Lectures on Anglican Difficulties, p. 9.

at which, he says, it was crossed by a new set of men, who imparted to it that leaning to Romanism which ever after perceptibly beset it. 'A new school of thought was rising, as is usual in such movements, and was sweeping the original party of the movement aside, and was taking its place' (p. 277). This is a curious instance of self-delusion. He was, as we maintain, throughout, the Romanising element in the whole movement. But for him it might have continued, as its other great chiefs still continue, the ornament and strength of the English Church. These younger men, to whom he attributes the change, were, in fact, the minds whom he had consciously or unconsciously fashioned and biassed. Some of them, as is ever the case, had outrun their leader. Some of them were now, in their sensitive spiritual organism, catching the varying outline of the great leader whom they almost worshipped, and beginning at once to give back his own altering image. Instead of seeing in their changing minds this reflection of himself, he dwelt upon it as an original element, and read in its presence an indication of its being the will of God that the stream should turn its flow towards the gulf to which he himself had unawares, it may be, directed its waters. Those who remember how at this time he was followed will know how easily such a result might follow his own incipient change. Those who can still remember how many often involuntarily caught his peculiar intonation—so distinctively singular, and therefore so attractive in himself and so repulsive in his copyists—will understand how the altering fashion of the leader's thoughts was appropriated with the same unconscious fidelity.

One other cause acted powerfully on him and on them to give this bias to the movement, and that was the bitterness and invectives of the Liberal party. Dr. Newman repeatedly reminds us that it was the Liberals who drove him from Oxford. The four tutors—the after course of one of whom, at least, was destined to display so remarkable a Nemesis—and the pack who followed them turned by their ceaseless baying the noble hart who led the rest towards this evil covert. He and they heard incessantly that they were Papists in disguise: men dishonoured by professing one thing and holding another; until they began to doubt their own fidelity, and in that doubt was death. Nor was this all. The Liberals ever (as is their wont), most illiberal to those who differ from them, began to use direct academic persecution; until, in self-distrust and very weariness, the great soul began to abandon the warfare it had waged inwardly against its own inclinations and the fascinations of its enemy, and to yield the  
first

first defences to the foe. It will remain written, as Dr. Newman's deliberate judgment, that it was the Liberals who forced him from Oxford. How far, if he had not taken that step, he might have again shaken off the errors which were growing on him—how far therefore in driving him from Oxford they drove him finally to Rome—man can never know.

In the new light thrown upon it from the pages of the 'Apologia,' we see with more distinctness than was ever shown before, how greatly this tendency to Rome, which at last led astray so many of the masters of the party, was infused into it by the single influence of Dr. Newman himself. We do not believe that, in spite of his startling speeches, the bias towards Rome was at all as strong even in H. Froude himself. Let his last letter witness for him:—'If,' he says, 'I was to assign my reasons for belonging to the Church of England in preference to any other religious community, it would be simply this, that she has retained an apostolical clergy, and enacts no sinful terms of communion; whereas, on the other hand, the Romanists, though retaining an apostolical clergy, do exact sinful terms of communion.'\* This was the tone of the movement until it was changed in Dr. Newman. We believe that in tracing this out we shall be using these pages entirely as their author intended them to be used. They were meant to exhibit to his countrymen the whole secret of his moral and spiritual anatomy; they were intended to prove that he was altogether free from that foul and disgraceful taint of innate dishonesty, the unspoken suspicion of which in so many quarters had so long troubled him; the open utterance of which, from the lips of a popular and respectable writer, was so absolutely intolerable to him. From that imputation it is but bare justice to say he does thoroughly clear himself. The post-mortem examination of his life is complete; the hand which guided the dissecting-knife has trembled nowhere, nor shrunk from any incision. All lies perfectly open, and the foul taint is nowhere. And yet, looking back with the writer on the changes which this strange narrative records, from his subscribing, in 1828, towards the first start of the 'Record' newspaper to his receiving on the 9th of October, 1845, at Littlemore, the 'remarkable-looking man, evidently a foreigner, shabbily dressed in black,'† who received him into the Papal Communion, we see abundant reason, even without the action of that prevalent suspicion of secret dishonesty somewhere, which

\* 'Collection of Papers,' &c., p. 16.

† 'Historical Notes of the Tractarian Movement,' by Canon Oakley. Dublin Review, No. v. p. 190.

in English minds inevitably connects itself with the spread of Popery, for the widely-diffused impression of that being true which it is so pleasant to find unfounded.

From first to last these pages exhibit the habit of Dr. Newman's mind as eminently subjective. It might almost be described as the exact opposite of that of S. Athanasius: with a like all-engrossing love for truth; with ecclesiastical habits often strangely similar; with cognate gifts of the imperishable inheritance of genius, the contradiction here is almost absolute. The abstract proposition, the rightly-balanced proposition, is everything to the Eastern, it is well-nigh nothing to the English Divine. When led by circumstances to embark in the close examination of Dogma, as in his 'History of the Arians,' his Nazarite locks of strength appear to have been shorn, and the giant, at whose might we have been marvelling, becomes as any other man. The dogmatic portion of this work is poor and tame; it is only when the writer escapes from dogma into the dramatic representation of the actors in the strife that his powers reappear. For abstract truth it is clear to us that he has no engrossing affection: his strength lay in his own apprehension of it, in his power of defending it when once it had been so apprehended and had become engrafted into him; and it is to this as made one with himself, and to his own inward life as fed and nourished by it, that he perpetually reverts.

All this is the more remarkable because he conceives himself to have been, even from early youth, peculiarly devoted to dogma in the abstract; he returns continually to this idea, confounding, as we venture to conceive, his estimate of the effect of truth when he received it, on himself, with truth as it exists in the abstract. And as this affected him in regard to dogma, so it reached to his relations to every part of the Church around him. It led him to gather up in a dangerous degree, into the person of his 'own Bishop,' the deference due to the whole order. 'I did not care much for the Bench of Bishops, nor should I have cared much for a Provincial Council. . . . All these matters seemed to me to be *jure ecclesiastico*; but what to me was *jure divino* was the voice of my Bishop in his own person. My own Bishop was my Pope.'—(p. 123.) His intense individuality had substituted the personal bond to the individual for the general bond to the collective holders of the office: and so when the strain became violent it snapped at once. This doubtless natural disposition seems to have been developed, and perhaps permanently fixed, as the law of his intellectual and spiritual being, by the peculiarities of his early religious training. Educated in what is called the 'Evangelical' school, early and consciously converted,

verted, and deriving his first religious tone, in great measure, from the vehement but misled Calvinism, of which Thomas Scott, of Aston Sandford, was one of the ablest and most robust specimens, he was early taught to appreciate, and even to judge of, all external truth mainly in its ascertainable bearings on his own religious experience. In many a man the effect of this teaching is to fix him for life in a hard, narrow, and exclusive school of religious thought and feeling, in which he lives and dies profoundly satisfied with himself and his co-religionists, and quite hopeless of salvation for any beyond the immediate pale in which his own Shibboleth is pronounced with the exactest nicety of articulation. But Dr. Newman's mind was framed upon a wholly different idea, and the results were proportionally dissimilar. With the introvertive tendency which we have ascribed to him, was joined a most subtle and speculative intellect, and an ambitious temper. The '*Apologia*' is the history of the practical working out of those various conditions. His hold upon any truth external to and separate from himself, was so feeble when placed in comparison with his perception of what was passing within himself, that the external truth was always liable to corrections which would make its essential elements harmonize with what was occurring within his own intellectual or spiritual being. We think that we can distinctly trace in these pages a twofold consequence from all this: first, an inexhaustible mutability in his views on all subjects; and secondly, a continually recurring temptation to entire scepticism as to everything external to himself. Every page gives illustrations of the first of these. He votes for what was called Catholic Emancipation, and is drifting into the ranks of liberalism. But the external idea of liberty is very soon metamorphosed, in his view, from the figure of an angel of light into that of a spirit of darkness; first, by his academical feeling that a great University ought not to be bullied even by a great Duke, and then by the altered temper of his own feelings, as they are played upon by the alternate vibrations of the gibes of 'Hurrell Froude,' and the deep tones of Mr. Keble's minstrelsy.

The history of his religious alternations is in exact keeping with all this. At every separate stage of his course, he constructs for himself a tabernacle in which for a while he rests. This process he repeats with an incessant simplicity of renewed commencements, which is almost like the blind acting of instinct leading the insect, which is conscious of its coming change, to spin afresh and afresh its ever-broken cocoon. He is at one time an Anglo-Catholic, and sees Antichrist in Rome; he falls back upon the *Via Media*—that breaks down, and left him, he says (p. 211), 'very nearly

nearly a pure Protestant ;' and again he has a 'new theory made expressly for the occasion, and is pleased with his new view' (p. 269); he then rests in 'Samaria' before he finds his way over to Rome. For the time every one of these transient tabernacles seems to accomplish its purpose. He finds certain repose for his spirit. Whilst sheltered by it, all the great unutterable phenomena of the external world are viewed by him in relation to himself and to his home of present rest. The gourd has grown up in a night, and shelters him by its short-lived shadow from the tyrannous rays of the sunshine. But some sudden irresistible change in his own inward perceptions alters everything. The idea shoots across his mind that the English Church is in the position of the Monophysite heretics of the fifth century (p. 209). At once all his views of truth are changed. He moves on to a new position; pitches anew his tent; builds himself up a new theory; and finds the altitudes of the stars above him, and the very forms of the heavenly constellations, change with the change of his earthly habitation.

The second consequence which we discern in his pages seems to us inseparable from the first. He is haunted by an ever-recurring tendency to scepticism. The great lights of heaven have been so often altered in his comprehension of them, that he is tempted to doubt whether they have any real fixed existence separable from their impression on the eye which dwells on their lustre; and though as to the highest of all forms of Being external to himself, he vigorously casts off the suspicion, yet as to all truth below that highest truth, it is evident that he obtains but a doubtful mastery over the spirit of universal doubt. Here are a few passages of the character we have described:—

'In my school-days I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world.'—*Apol.* p. 56.

'When I was fourteen I read Paine's Tracts against the Old Testament, and found pleasure in thinking of the objections which were contained in them.'

Later on, in his youth, he says:—

'A work of Romaine's had some influence in confirming me in my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two, and two only, supreme and luminously self-evident beings—myself and my Creator.'—*Apol.*, p. 59.

Nor does he abandon this theory in later life. He even finds in Butler's 'Analogy'—

'An ultimate resolution of the theory to which I was inclined as a boy, namely, the unreality of material phenomena.'—*Apol.*, p. 67.

Origen

Origen and Clement tend to strengthen these impressions :—

‘Some portion of their teaching (that of Clement and Origen) carried me away. . . . They came like music to my inward ear, as of the response to ideas which, with little external to encourage them, I had cherished so long. . . . I understood them to mean that the exterior world, physical and historical, was but the outward manifestation of realities greater than itself. Nature was a parable : Scripture was an allegory.’—*Apol.*, pp. 88, 89.

And all this tended at last, even perceptibly to himself, to drive him into Romanism as an escape from speculation.

‘I came to the conclusion that there was no medium, in true philosophy, between Atheism and Catholicity, and that a perfectly consistent mind, under those circumstances in which it finds itself here below, must embrace either the one or the other. And I hold this still : I am a Catholic by virtue of my believing in a God ; and if I am asked why I believe in a God, I answer that it is because I believe in myself, for I feel it impossible to believe in my own existence (and of that I am quite sure) without believing also in the existence of Him who lives as a Personal, All-seeing, All-judging Being in my conscience.’—*Apol.*, pp. 322, 323.

It is not a little instructive to set beside such words as these an utterance from a quarter which seems at first to belong to the school of religious opinion most diverse from Dr. Newman's views, and yet which speaks almost his own thoughts. ‘Thus we get two clear facts amid all the confusion and contradiction of modern thought—the growth of disbelief and the growth of Romanism ; the growth of the party which trusts in Reason and the growth of the party which trusts in Authority.’ Intermediate standpoints are getting less and less liked, less and less tenable. The age seems to say to every thinking man, ‘take which you like, Reason or Authority ; but, having made your choice, manfully adhere to it.’\* The unconscious harmony of these utterances speaks their common origin—an inability to rest in a reasonable religion ; a deep scepticism of nature hurrying the one writer into the whirlpool of Atheism, and the other into the intellectual stagnation of Popery.

One other strangely distorting influence was at work even during all these vicissitudes and permutations of feeling and belief. He was practically the head of an active, aspiring, advancing party. He denies that he had presented to himself the idea of forming, still more of heading, a party ; and we accept without a particle of suspicion the declaration. But it is impossible not to see that the temper, not of a low and personal, but

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\* ‘Westminster Review,’ No. li. p. 150.

of a noble and mounting ambition, was struggling within him. He had great aims, and he exerted all his powers to achieve them. Their existence shows itself in such passages as the following:—

‘It was at Rome that we began the *Lyra Apostolica*. . . . The motto shows the feeling both of Froude and myself at the time; we borrowed from M. Bunsen a Homer, and Froude chose the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, “You shall know the difference now that I am back again.”

‘Especially when I was left by myself, the thought came upon me that deliverance is wrought not by the many but by the few, not by bodies but by persons. Now it was, I think, that I repeated to myself the words which had ever been dear to me from my schooldays, “*Exonare aliquis*.” . . . I began to think that I had a mission. . . . When we took leave of Monsignore Wiseman . . ., I said, with great gravity, “We have a work to do in England.” I went down at once to Sicily, and the presentiment grew stronger.’—*Apol.* p. 99.

After his illness there, he answered his nurse, who observed him sobbing bitterly, ‘I have a work to do in England.’

There is no mistaking these utterances. They are in the true note of the chieftain settling his own high purposes before he gathers up his closest retainers to do battle with detested and overmastering powers; and, as soon as he began to act, his objects grew definite, and his scope widened on every side. He contemplated altering the whole tone of the English Church, and he spared neither labour nor sacrifice to effect his purpose. From the pulpit of St. Mary's he reached the heart of young Oxford. Man after man in whom was the receptive faculty received the living fire of his words, and reproduced, so far as he was able, the master's spirit in himself. Had his purpose remained one and single, his power over the party which was forming around him would have been immense; but the deviations of his own path produced strange effects upon those who followed it. To the more ardent amongst them the master's smallest change argued some deep foregone conclusion of mutation which had not as yet revealed itself in completeness to the directing mind. He read it first in the pupil to whom he had unawares suggested it, and who, as is the wont with youth, had carried it further than he had himself contemplated. He gazed on this, and read a confirmation of his own doubts, and an argument for further alterations in what he looked at as an independent witness to the truth of his own dawning suspicion, whilst it was, indeed, only the troubled image of his own uncertainty, magnified by the mists which caught and returned its outlines. In this state of his own mind and of his party, the loud clamour woke up that he was treacherously

treacherously using the influence which his position in the Church of England gave him, to lead her sons into rebellion against her. This charge he knew was false, and, though it evidently fretted his spirit, it seems to have produced no alteration in his course. But there was another judgment formed of him and spoken to him at this time which moved him far more deeply. It was the loving suggestions of those who saw but too plainly where his course would lead him, which pressed upon him that the dawning tendency to Rome was really to be traced to his own direct personal influence. This charge he could not so easily dispose of to his own entire satisfaction. It seems to us to have been exactly true. Of course the revival of the Church's Sacramental system, the lifting up before the eyes of men who had never seen the like, the grand idea of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, must have had a great tendency to lead them to desire the reunion of Christendom, and so to crave after visible communion with that large branch of it which lies so near to us. But this general longing desire after unity would never have hurried them on to forget the unanswerable arguments which decide the case against the claims of Rome, if the hand which had roused the tide of Catholic feeling had been firm to direct its swelling waters; to point out the evils of Rome, the claims of their Mother Church, and the loss and danger of seeking, by personal eccentricity of action, an ultimate catholicity through an immediate schism.

These two leading conditions of mind which we have traced in himself tended strongly to give him a Romeward bias. The habit of perpetual change might have driven him, as it has so many others, into the barrenness of entire unbelief. But for this his own religious convictions were far too intense. Rome was for such a mind almost the only alternative—Rome, with her claim to infallibility, and with that most sagaciously compounded system which enables her to promise spiritual security as the result of subjection to her teaching, upon the general principle of the necessity of submitting, even though the reason rebels hopelessly against each individual part of that which it receives, as an act of obedience, in the whole. Towards Rome, therefore, he was being drawn as by the inexorable laws of spiritual gravitation. His natural tendency to ever-recurring scepticism acted on him in the same direction. For his was not a mind which could trifle with doubt and invite its presence; on the contrary, he was always warring against it. He wanted to be convinced; he longed for certainty: yet when he pushed any inquiry to the end, it only landed him in a new and subtler doubt. Everything around him resolved itself into an emanation of his own self-consciousness, which

which had put on the deceitful garb of a real and visible creation around him. His cloud-islands, gorgeous as they were, melted beneath his touch. What must he do? He needed a religious system which should, for his soul's rest, substitute, for reasonable satisfaction, the simply acting on a rule, without caring for the unreality in which the searchings of his spirit ended. This he could not find in the English Church. There he had to render, at least to himself, 'a reason for the hope which was in him.'

Rome, in her substitution of obedience for satisfaction in full, undertook his salvation on his own terms. It seems to us to have been these deeper drawings of a spirit yearning for a satisfaction it could not find, which always led him on along his advancing path. The mere gorgeousness of ritual, the beauty of antiquarian associations, even the visions of universality and power with which she seduces feeble spirits, would have failed to lead astray his affectionate truth-loving nature; but for him too in this inward weakness of his spiritual constitution she had this inevitable attraction of Rest. The immediate history of the transition appears to us one of the most pathetic utterances which have ever come from a human heart. It will hardly bear extract or compression; but, scattered as it is up and down many pages, written with the parenthetical diffuseness of a set of pamphlets, rather than with the order and concentration of a single work, we may, by putting a few passages together, give our readers some little impression of its pathos.

The first great difficulty as to his position seems to have dawned upon Dr. Newman in 1839: and it came upon him through that exceeding subjectiveness which, as we have said above, so marked his mind. One of his strongest grounds against the claims of Rome had been what, with every learned member of our Church, has stood in the very foremost ground—the novelty of all that is distinctively Roman, and the antiquity of all which Anglicanism distinctly asserts against her great rival. It is against that usurpation of supremacy which by necessary consequence destroys the Apostolical episcopate; against the substitution of the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope, for the primitive interpretation of the promise that the Universal Church should never lose the revealed deposit of the Faith; against the novel notion that visible communion with the chair of St. Peter is the condition of being within the Church of Christ, and against the novel developments of doctrine immediately connected with these great innovations, which have encrusted with a blinding superstition the Ancient Faith of Christendom,

that the great divines of the English Church have always protested; and in that protest their appeal has been to the undisputed witness of Christian antiquity.

It was thus that this argument from antiquity was shaken in the mind of Dr. Newman:—

‘About the middle of June I began to study and master the history of the Monophysites. I was absorbed in the doctrinal question. It was during this course of reading that for the first time a doubt came upon me of the tenableness of Anglicanism. . . . By the end of August I was seriously alarmed. . . . My stronghold was antiquity: now, here in the middle of the fifth century, I found, as it seemed to me, the Christendom of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries reflected. I saw my face in that mirror, and I was a Monophysite.’

Reviewing in 1850 this period of 1844, Dr. Newman gave the following remarkable account of this passage of his mental history:—

‘It was difficult to make out how the Eutychians, or Monophysites, were heretics, unless Protestants and Anglicans were heretics also; difficult to find arguments against the Tridentine Fathers which did not tell against the Fathers of Chalcedon; difficult to condemn the Popes of the sixteenth century without condemning the Popes of the fifth. The drama of religion and the combat of truth and error were ever one and the same. The principles and proceedings of the Church now were those of the Church then; the principles and proceedings of heretics then were those of Protestants now. I found it so—almost fearfully; there was an awful similitude, more awful because so silent and unimpassioned, between the dead records of the past and the feverish chronicle of the present. The shadow of the fifth century was on the sixteenth. It was like a spirit rising from the troubled waters of the old world, with the shape and lineaments of the new. The Church then, as now, might be called peremptory and stern, resolute, overbearing, and relentless; and heretics were shifting, changeable, reserved, and deceitful, ever courting civil power, and never agreeing together except by its aid; and the civil power was ever aiming at comprehensions, trying to put the invisible out of view, and substituting expediency for faith. What was the use of continuing the controversy, or defending my position, if, after all, I was forging arguments for Arius or Eutyches, and turning devil's advocate against the much-enduring Athanasius and the majestic Leo? Be my soul with the Saints, and shall I lift up my hand against them? Sooner may my right hand forget her cunning, and wither outright, as his who once stretched it out against a prophet of God! anathema to a whole tribe of Cranmers, Ridleys, Latimers, and Jewels! perish the names of Bramhall, Ussher, Taylor, Stillingfleet, and Barrow from the face of the earth, ere I should do aught but fall at their feet in love and in worship, whose image was continually before my eyes, and  
whose

whose musical words were ever in my ears and on my tongue !'—*Apol.* pp. 207-211.

To our judgment it is scarcely possible to conceive a more extraordinary instance of the subordination of the highest decisions of the judgment to mere personal impressions than is contained in this remarkable and eminently beautiful passage. Nor does it stand alone in any one of these particulars. But a page further on we read that:—

'A friend, an anxiously religious man, now and then very dear to me, a Protestant still, pointed out the palmary words of St. Augustine contained in one of the extracts of a review—"Securus judicat orbis terrarum." He repeated these words again and again, and when he was gone they kept ringing in my ears. . . . They decided ecclesiastical questions on a simpler rule than that of antiquity. . . . *Who can account for the impressions which are made on him ?* [the italics are ours]—by those great words of the ancient Father the theory of the *Via Media* was absolutely pulverized.'—p. 212. 'I became excited at the view thus opened upon me. . . . After a while I got calm, and at length the *vivid impression upon my imagination* faded away. . . . Meanwhile so much as this was certain, I had seen the shadow of a hand upon the wall. He who has seen a ghost cannot be as if he had never seen it. The heavens had opened and closed again. The thought for the moment had been "the Church of Rome will be found right after all," and there it had vanished; my old convictions remained as before.'—P. 213.

Meanwhile, in the great question which had now been formally presented to his mind, he resolutely 'determined to be guided not by his imagination, but by his reason.' Yet a little later he estimates but too truly his power of acting on this resolution, when he says:—

'The argument which I have published against Romanism seems to myself as cogent as ever, but men go by their sympathies, not by argument.'

And accordingly, in pursuing his translation of St. Athanasius, he was struck with another parallelism:—

'The ghost had come a second time. I saw clearly that in the history of Arianism the pure Arians were the Protestants, the semi-Arians were the Anglicans, and that Rome now was what it was.'—P. 243.

As these disturbing thoughts were bred of his own intense individuality, so was their immediate force to a great degree counteracted by the same habit exerting its powers in an opposite direction. He was mainly kept from following these impressions up to their natural termination by a strong personal reaction against certain leading Romanists, such as

Mr. O'Connell and his abettors, and certain leading Roman controversialists:—

'Break off, I would say, with Mr. O'Connell in Ireland, and the Liberal party in England, or come not to us with overtures for mutual prayer and religious sympathy. . . . And here came in another feeling of a personal nature. . . . I was very stern upon any interference in our Oxford matters on the part of charitable Catholics, and on any attempt to do me good personally. There was nobody, indeed, more likely at the time to throw me back. Why do you meddle? Why cannot you let me alone?'

'This is the account I have to give of some savage and ungrateful words in the British "Critic" of 1840 against the controversialists of Rome, "By their fruits ye shall know them." . . . We see it attempting to gain converts among us by unreal representations of its doctrines, plausible statements, bold assertions, appeals to the weakness of human nature, to our fancies, our eccentricities, our fears, our frivolities, our false philosophies. We see its agents smiling, and nodding, and seeking to attract attention as gipsies make up to truant boys, holding out tales for the nursery, and pretty pelties, and gilt gingerbread and sugar-plums for good children.'—P. 227.

Thus the personal leaning Romeward was counterbalanced by an equally strong personal leaning inclining him in the opposite direction. It was not that argument was weighed against argument: there was argument nowhere. The leaning to Rome was from the bias of his own mind, not from the strength of her cause; that bias was counteracted only by personal inclination, which a change in the atmosphere around him might at any moment reverse. Still for the time he was kept in equilibrium and rest.

Up to this time, in spite of the passing jar from the thought suggested suddenly to his mind by the Monophysite struggle, he had been at peace, and had enjoyed the triumph of the leader of a winning cause:—

'It was in a human point of view the happiest time of my life. I was truly at home. I had in one of my volumes appropriated to myself the words of Bramhall, "Bees by the instinct of Nature do love their hives, and birds their nests." I did not suppose that such sunshine would last, though I knew not what would be its termination.'—P. 155.

The termination was drawing very near: that passing quietness was like the unruffled spread of the river's bosom immediately before the rush and roar of the waterfall. The publication of the 90th 'Tract for the Times' hurried on the conclusion. However untenable may be the argument of that Tract as it is set forth by its author, it is plain to see in Dr. Newman's pages how groundless in fact was the almost universal

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cry of conscious dishonesty which was awoke by its appearance. But the cry did its work on that sensitive, ill-understood soul against which it was aimed. In obedience to his own Bishop the further issue of the 'Tracts' was stopped. Bishop after Bishop charged against him and against his works. He felt it necessary for the sake of the movement openly to withdraw himself from its conduct. He retired into comparative seclusion. His heart, in the lack of all the old vents for his feelings, began to eat itself. Then followed the establishment of the Jerusalem Bishopric, which he in common with so many more considered as an act of the most uncatholic character; and his mind grew darker and darker towards the Church he had so long defended. Still his onward path was hidden from him: though he gradually came to believe that the Anglican communion was external to the Catholic Church and the depository of only extraordinary gifts of grace, yet he still shrinks from Rome from the strong instincts of his own personal feelings. Distresses of every kind followed. The consciousness of being watched, suspected, intruded on, haunted by spies in his going out and coming in, embittered his soul:—

'There was another source of the perplexity with which at this time I was encompassed, and of the reserve and mysteriousness of which it gave me the credit. After Tract 90 the Protestant world would not let me alone; they pursued me in the public journals to Littlemore. Reports of all kinds were circulated about me. "Imprimis, why did I go up to Littlemore at all? For no good purpose certainly; I dared not tell why." Why, to be sure, it was hard that I should be obliged to say to the editors of newspapers that I went up there to say my prayers; it was hard to have to tell the world in confidence, that I had a certain doubt about the Anglican system, and could not at that moment resolve it, or say what would come of it; it was hard to have to confess that I had thought of giving up my living a year or two before, and that this was a first step to it. It was hard to have to plead, that, for what I knew, my doubts would vanish if the newspapers would be so good as to give me time and let me alone. Who would ever dream of making the world his confidant? Yet I was considered insidious, sly, dishonest, if I would not open my heart to the tender mercies of the world. But they persisted: "What was I doing at Littlemore?" Doing there? Have I not retreated from you? have I not given up my position and my place? am I, alone of Englishmen, not to have the privilege to go where I will, no questions asked? Am I alone to be followed about by jealous prying eyes, who note down whether I go in at a back door or at the front, and who the men are who happen to call on me in the afternoon? Cowards! if I advanced one step, you would run away; it is not you that I fear: "Di me terrent et Jupiter hostis." It is because the Bishops still go on charging against me, though I have quite given up: it is that secret

misgiving of the heart which tells me that they do well, for I have neither lot nor part with them : this it is which weighs me down. I cannot walk into or out of my house, but curious eyes are upon me. Why will you not let me die in peace? Wounded brutes creep into some hole to die in, and no one grudges it them. Let me alone: I shall not trouble you long. This was the keen, heavy feeling which pierced me, and I think these are the very words I used to myself. I asked, in the words of a great motto, "Ubi lapsus? quid feci?" One day when I entered my house, I found a flight of Under-graduates inside. Heads of Houses, as mounted patrols, walked their horses round these poor cottages. Doctors of Divinity dived into the hidden recesses of that private tenement uninvited, and drew domestic conclusions from what they saw there.'—P. 289.

As the end approached other and deeper griefs mingled with these waters of bitterness. He felt keenly the danger to which he should expose many who had trusted to him almost the keeping of their souls :—

'The most oppressive thought, in the whole process of my change of opinion, was the clear anticipation verified by the event, that it would issue in the triumph of Liberalism. Against the anti-dogmatic principle I had thrown my whole mind; yet now I was doing more than any one else could do to promote it. I was one of those who had kept it at bay in Oxford for so many years; and thus my very retirement was its triumph. The men who had driven me from Oxford were distinctly the Liberals; it was they who had opened the attack upon Tract 90, and it was they who would gain a second benefit, if I went on to retire from the Anglican Church. But this was not all. As I have already said, there are but two alternatives,—the way to Rome, and the way to Atheism: Anglicanism is the half-way house on the one side, and Liberalism is the half-way house on the other. How many men were there, as I knew full well, who would not follow me now in my advance from Anglicanism to Rome, but would at once leave Anglicanism and me for the Liberal camp! It is not at all easy (humanly speaking) to wind up an Englishman to a dogmatic level. I had done so in a good measure in the case both of young men and laymen, the Anglican *Via Media* being the representative of dogma. The dogmatic and the Anglican principle were one, as I had taught them; but I was breaking the *Via Media* to pieces, and would not dogmatic faith altogether be broken up, in the minds of a great number, by the demolition of the *Via Media*? Oh! how unhappy this made me!—Pp. 290-330.

Then too the embarrassment his lingering course caused to others who loved him dearly and waited for a sign from him to guide their own course sorely tried him :—

'But this brought upon me a great trouble. In the newspapers there were continual reports about my intentions; I did not answer them; presently strangers or friends wrote, begging to be allowed to

answer them; and, if I still kept to my resolution and said nothing, then I was thought to be mysterious, and a prejudice was excited against me. But, what was far worse, there were a number of tender, eager hearts, of whom I knew nothing at all, who were watching me, wishing to think as I thought, and to do as I did, if they could but find it out; who in consequence were distressed that, in so solemn a matter, they could not see what was coming, and who heard reports about me this way or that, on a first day and on a second; and felt the weariness of waiting, and the sickness of delayed hope, and did not understand that I was as perplexed as themselves, and, being of more sensitive complexion of mind than myself, were made ill by the suspense. And they too of course for the time thought me mysterious and inexplicable.'—Pp. 347, 348.

But closest, most oppressive of all, was the entire uncertainty of his own mind whether he should or should not take the final step. With the marvellous individuality which marks the whole narrative, he waits for some sign to indicate to his spirit the Will of God. He expected it to come with the last utterances of a dying friend, but it was withheld:—

'He died in September that year. I had expected that his last illness would have brought light to my mind as to what I ought to do. It brought none. I made a note which runs thus: "I sobbed bitterly over his coffin, to think that he left me still in the dark as to what the way of truth was, and what I ought to do in order to please God and fulfil His will."—P. 359.

Even in January, 1845, so little is he satisfied with the prospect of belonging to his new communion, that he writes:—

'The state of the Roman Catholics is at present so unsatisfactory. This I am sure of, that nothing but a simple, direct call of duty is a warrant for any one leaving our Church; no preference of another Church, no delight in its services, no hope of greater religious advancement in it, no indignation, no disgust, at the persons and things among which we may find ourselves in the Church of England. The simple question is, can I (it is personal, not whether another, but can I) be saved in the English Church? Am I in safety, were I to die to-night? Is it mortal sin in me, not joining another communion?'—P. 363.

Yet the end was hastening on. In April, 1845, he writes to a friend:—

'In the early part of this year, if not before, there was an idea afloat that my retirement from the Anglican Church was owing to the feeling that I had so been thrust aside, without any one's taking my part. Various measures were, I believe, talked of in consequence of this surmise. Coincidentally with it was an exceedingly kind article about me in a Quarterly, in its April number. The writer praised me in beautiful and feeling language far above my deserts. In the course

of his remarks, he said, speaking of me as Vicar of St. Mary's: "He had the future race of clergy hearing him. Did he value or feel tender about, and cling to his position? . . . Not at all. . . . No sacrifice to him perhaps, he did not care about such things."

'This was the occasion of my writing to a very intimate friend the following letter:—

'April 3, 1845.

' . . . . Accept this apology, my dear C., and forgive me. As I say so tears come into my eyes,—that arises from the accident of this time, when I am giving up so much I love. Just now I have been overset by A. B.'s article in the C. D.; yet really, my dear C., I have never for an instant had even the temptation of repenting my leaving Oxford. The feeling of repentance has not even come into my mind. How could it? How could I remain at St. Mary's a hypocrite? How could I be answerable for souls (and life so uncertain), with the convictions, or at least persuasions, which I had upon me? It is indeed a responsibility to act as I am doing, and I feel His hand heavy on me without intermission, who is all Wisdom and Love, so that my heart and mind are tired out, just as the limbs might be from a load on one's back. That sort of dull aching pain is mine; but my responsibility really is nothing to what it would be, to be answerable for souls, for confiding loving souls, in the English Church, with my convictions.'—Pp. 365, 366.

In October the final step is taken, and in the succeeding January the mournful history is closed in the following most touching words:—

'Jan. 20, 1846.—You may think how lonely I am. *Obliviscere populum tuum et domum patris tui*, has been in my ears for the last twelve hours. I realize more that we are leaving Littlemore, and it is like going on the open sea.

'I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23, 1846. On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my house at Littlemore simply by myself, as I had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson's, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me—Mr. Copeland, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Lewis. Dr. Pusey, too, came up to take leave of me; and I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private tutor when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first College, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who have been kind to me, both when I was a boy and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my University.

'On the morning of the 23rd I left the Observatory. I have never  
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seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway.'

What an exceeding sadness is gathered up into these words! And yet the impress of this time left upon some of Dr. Newman's writings seems, like the ruin which records what was the violence of the throes of the long-passed earthquake, even still more indicative of the terrible character of the struggle through which at this time he passed. We have seen how keenly he felt the suspicious intrusions upon his privacy which haunted his last years in the Church of England. But in 'Loss and Gain' there is a yet more expressive exhibition of the extremity of that suffering. He denies as 'utterly untrue' the common belief that he 'introduced friends or partisans into the tale;' and of course he is to be implicitly believed. And yet ONE there is whom no one who reads the pages can for a moment doubt is there, and that is Dr. Newman himself. The weary, unresting, hunted condition of the leading figure in the tale, with all its accompaniment of keen, flashing wit, always seemed to us the history of those days when a well-meant but impertinent series of religious intrusions was well-nigh driving the wise man mad.

We have followed out these steps thus in detail, not only because of their intense interest as an autobiography, but also because the narrative itself seems to throw the strongest possible light on the mainly-important question how far this defection of one of her greatest sons does really tend to weaken the argumentative position of the English Church in her strife with Rome. What has been said already will suffice to prove that in our opinion no such consequence can justly follow from it. We acknowledge freely the greatness of the individual loss. But the causes of that defection are, we think, clearly shown to have been the peculiarities of the individual, not the weakness of the side which he abandoned. His steps mark no path to any other. He sprang clear over the guarding walls of the sheepfold, and opened no way through them for other wanderers. Men may have left the Church of England because their leader left it; but they could not leave it as he left it, or because of his reasons for leaving it. In truth, he appears never to have occupied a thoroughly real Church-of-England position. He was at first, by education and private judgment, a Calvinistic Puritan; he became dissatisfied with the coldness and barrenness of this theory, and set about finding a new position for himself, and in so doing he skipped over true, sound English Churchmanship into a course of feeling and thought allied with and leading on to Rome. Even the hindrances which so long held him back can scarcely be said to have been indeed the logical force of the unanswerable

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credentials of the English Church. On the contrary they were rather personal impressions, feelings, and difficulties. His faithful, loving nature made him cling desperately to early hopes, friendships, and affections. Even to the end Thomas Scott never loses his hold upon him. His narrative is not the history of the normal progress of a mind from England to Rome; it is so thoroughly exceptional that it does not seem calculated to seduce to Rome men governed in such high matters by argument and reason rather than by impulse and feeling. We do not therefore think that the mere fact of this secession tells with any force against that communion whose claims satisfied to their dying day such men as Hooker and Andrewes, and Ussher and Hammond, and Bramhall and Butler.

But, beyond this, his present view of the English Church appears to be incompatible with that fierce and internecine hostility to the claim upon the loyalty of her children which is really essential to clear the act of perverting others from her ranks from the plainest guilt of schism. It is not merely that the nobleness and tenderness of his nature make his tone so unlike that of many of those who have taken the same step with himself. It is not that every provocation—and how many they have been!—every misunderstanding—and they have been all but universal; every unworthy charge or insinuation—down to those of Professor Kingsley,—have failed to embitter his feelings against the communion he has deserted and the friends whom he has left. It is not this to which we refer, for this is personal to himself, and the fruit of his own generosity and true greatness of soul. But we refer to his calm, deliberate estimate of the forsaken Church. He says, indeed, that since his change he has ‘had no changes to record, no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment. I never had one doubt’ (p. 373). But, as we have seen already, this was always the temporary condition in which every new phase of opinion landed him. He was always able to build up these tabernacles of rest. The difference between this and those former resting-places is clear. In those he was still a searcher after truth: he needed and required conviction, and a new conviction might shake the old comfort. But his present resting-place is built upon the denial of all further enquiry. ‘I have,’ he says (p. 374), ‘no further history of religious opinions to narrate:’ and some following words show how entirely it is this abandonment of the idea of the actual conviction of truth for the blind admission of the dictates of a despotic external authority on which he rests. He is speaking of his reception of the dogma of Transubstantiation, in which he found no difficulty through the use of a formulary which it  
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is easy to see is full of comfort for a mind endowed by nature with so sceptical a tendency that, under the guard of a tender conscience, it can find peace only in ceasing to inquire. His words are these—

‘I cannot tell *how* it is; but I say, “Why should it not be? What’s to hinder it? What do I know of substance or matter? Just as much as the greatest philosopher, and that’s nothing at all.” So much is this the case that there is a rising school of philosophers now which considers phenomena to constitute the whole of our knowledge of physics. The Catholic doctrine leaves phenomena alone. . . . It deals with what no one on earth knows anything about—the material substances themselves.’—P. 375.

The contrast, therefore, between the entire rest of his present position in comparison with what preceded it, is in him no condemnation of the Church he has left; he is but continuing his old habit of finding peace in a formulary which has lasted longer than the former only because it forbids the continuance of that inquiry which in him is synonymous with change. But that to which we refer is his own direct estimate of the Church he has left. That he should admit it formally to be the Catholic Church was of course impossible. For, if it was, he could not separate from it without the sin of wilful schism; and how far he is able, from the inexhaustible plasticity of his wonderful mind, to put himself with perfect truthfulness by the action of his will into the exact state of thinking and feeling which his position requires may be gathered from the language of his retraction in 1843, of ‘all the hard things he had said against the Church of Rome.’ In making this retraction he says that his justification of his words at the time he used them was:—

‘I am not speaking my own words; I am but following almost a consensus of the Divines of my own Church. They have ever used the strongest language against Rome. . . . I wish to throw myself into their system. While I say what they say, I am safe. Such views, too, are necessary to our position.’—p. 326.

Precisely the same justification will cover his now declaring that, ‘after joining Rome there came on him an extreme astonishment that he had ever imagined the Church of England to be a portion of the Catholic Church,’ &c.—P. 24, Appendix.

Such language is now as ‘necessary for his position’ as was his old condemnation of Rome when he was an Anglican. It is not then by such utterances as these that we would judge what is his real estimate of the Church of England, but by the qualifying admissions which accompany this declaration; for these reach very far:—

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'The Church of England,' he says, 'has been the instrument of Providence in conferring great benefits on me: had I been born in Dissent, perhaps I should never have been baptized, &c. . . . Can I have the heart, or rather the want of charity, considering that it does for so many others what it has done for me, to wish to see it overthrown? I have no such, whilst it is what it is, and while we are so small a body.'—Pp. 26-27, *App*.

Such language would be pure Pelagianism unless he believed her to be a channel of grace. And that Grace may be given in her we are seasonably reminded by another who has left our Church's ministry for Rome. He, as a good Romanist, is not only free, but is even bound to believe thus much. 'For the very Bull Unigenitus,' says Mr. Ffoulkes, 'of Clement XI., condemns as the 29th heretical proposition—*Extra ecclesiam nulla conceditur gratia*.'

'If,' he continues, 'it be heresy for us to assert this in any sense, it cannot be orthodoxy for us to assert the other in every sense; and even if it were not so, the Christian lives of men in the Church of England would be one of these inexorable facts which logic cannot set aside.'—*Union Rev.*, No. xx. p. 304.

It is in entire accordance with such a belief concerning the English Church that he disavows all active efforts at proselyting from her, and limits his action, in this respect, to the extreme case of an 'Anglican who should come to him after careful thought and prayer and with deliberate purpose, and say, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and that yours alone is it"' (p. 28, *App*). This is refreshing language; and though not, alas! common, especially in the mouth of those who have set the example of apostacy, yet it is not altogether confined to Dr. Newman. In the remarkable article from which we have quoted above, Mr. Ffoulkes speaks in the same tone:—'I repeat,' he says, in summing up his views upon this point as one of those who have not become priests,

'that the years which I have spent as a Roman Catholic have been amongst the most useless and unedifying of my life; and therefore it is that I feel it to be my duty to speak out to others lacking the same experience. Let nobody quit the Church of England for the Roman Catholic Church on any other ground than of a distinct call from God to do so. . . . So long as a man can go on honestly and undoubtingly before God in the Church of England, let him be thankful for his lot, and do his best to serve Christ in it, and not be moved by any taunts or arguments of his fellow men.'—*Union Rev.*, No. ix. p. 304.

One other consideration too seems to us to add force to such words as these from the mouth of Dr. Newman: they come to us with the weight of his most deliberate thoughts, for they differ widely

widely from what he said seven years ago in his lectures on the difficulties felt by Anglicans in submitting to the Catholic Church.

We rather dwell on all this because Dr. Newman tells us repeatedly that he is not intending in the *Apologia* to enter upon controversy. He means to confine himself to his own personal vindication, to the history of his own mind and opinions; and we are therefore bound, in estimating the power of this narrative against the position of the Church of England, to give pre-eminent weight to whatever concerns his own personal concern in the great strife. In the tone of his own personal opinions we find some solution of the enigma why so great a convert has been treated with such comparative neglect. The bitter sarcasms of Dr. Manning, his wholesale adoption of every superstition, and his devoted maintenance of the court as well as the cause of Rome, must be far more to the taste of ordinary Roman controversialists than the tone of one who can speak thus of the Church of England; who can give such small support, as we have above seen him do, to the jesuitry of the casuists to whom he is now formally committed, and who can say of the 'devotional manifestations in honour of Our Lady,' which are so markedly the characteristic of modern Romanists,—'they have been my great crux. . . . I say frankly, I do not fully enter into them now; I trust I do not love her the less because I cannot enter into them.' (Apol. 318.) Natural as is the neglect of such a man in the present temper of Roman Catholics, it is a fact to be deeply noted in this aspect of the controversy. The great convert continues buried in obscurity; whilst the more brawling enthusiasm of younger adherents clothes them with the purple of a Monsignore, and even holds out before their eyes the glittering prospect of the cap of a cardinal. No doubt there are meditative men in his new communion who profoundly note such acts as these. One of them, at least, has spoken out—

'Has,' asks Mr. Ffoulkes, 'the Roman Catholic hierarchy been the means of unmaking, as far as in them lay, one of still greater name than the saintly Faber or not less devoted Hutchinson? Is it the system that has sapped his excellence? or if he is the same that he was formerly . . . why is he, the most highly gifted intellect of the day, combined with rare piety, the most popular party leader within memory, now in dishonoured retirement—the victim of circumstances or of intrigue, if report says true?'

Rome, we suspect, with her strong instincts of craft and timidity, has appreciated the truth that Dr. Newman learned amongst us too much Catholicism to be ever a thorough Papist.

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\* 'Union Review,' ix., 302.

But though to so great a degree the real value of this book, in the great Anglican argument, hangs upon the personal history of its hero, yet it contains also some heads of controversy which we must not pass wholly over. It is true that Dr. Newman earnestly deprecates its being considered as a controversial work, and points us to three other volumes in which such matter may be found. But never is he more a controversialist than when he avoids controversy. There is more force in the burning words he drops, impregnated with the fire of his own inner life, than in the closest of his studied arguments. Some of these passages have met us already; there are two others which ought to be noticed.

The first is that which describes the doubt which first shot with such festering power into his own mind in his study of the Monophysite controversy. Up to this time his own position had been that which all the great divines of the English Church have always occupied. He maintained for it, that it was a true branch of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church; that it possessed all the essential notes of such a membership; that it had an apostolic descent for its threefold ministry, and therefore undoubted validity in its Sacraments and means of grace; that it had a true inheritance of uncorrupted primitive doctrine, and was a living witness for the faith once delivered to the saints; that it had gifts of living grace which were made visible in a manifest and abundant sanctity; a sanctity which it would be the rankness of Pelagianism to attribute to any other source than the indwelling and work of that Holy Spirit which is the gift of its ascended Head to the Church of Christ. These undoubted notes of the true Church he set against the primary argument against its Catholicity, which might be drawn from its visible separation from so large a portion of Christendom. That isolation was its misfortune; the result of the sins of the whole Church, and especially of Rome; not the choice of a schismatic spirit. That separation he would urge was, when closely scrutinised, more complete in appearance than in fact, since we have always acknowledged the Creed, the Orders, the Sacraments, and the Scriptures of the other branches of the Church Catholic, with which absolute visible communion was for the time withholden from us. It was, too, only by an assumption of that which it was intended to prove, that it could be called a separation in any way peculiar to ourselves from the whole Catholic Church; for it was shared with us by the whole of the vast Eastern communion. When plied with arguments drawn from the condemnation of the Donatists on the sole ground of their isolation from the Catholic body, the answer was easy, that theirs was a self-chosen, and therefore

fore sinful separation; whilst it was now Rome, and not England, which, by making communion with herself the condition of Catholicity, came under the censures which, from Catholic mouths, had anathematised the Donatist body. Thus the answer to the favourite invective of Rome against ourselves, drawn from our unhappy separation, was twofold: first, that the separation was not of our choice; was not our solitary position; was shared with us by the vast and venerable East; was a part of the common punishment of Christendom; was that of which the arrogant Donatism of Rome made her chiefly guilty; was what we prayed and desired, as God enabled us, to strive against. The second answer was that, if Rome quoted against us apparent Catholicity, we pleaded against Rome unquestionable antiquity; that if she seemed to possess more than we did, the '*quod ab omnibus*' (though even this balance in her favour was daily diminishing with the vast extension of our communion), yet that, granting this, we undoubtedly could claim above her the '*quod semper*' of the well-known formulary of St. Vincent of Lerins. We pleaded against Rome that we kept the primitive deposit of the Faith in the unaltered shrine of primitive discipline; and had not by development and addition corrupted the virgin gift of the primary revelation.

From this fastness Dr. Newman was driven by St. Leo's language in the Monophysite controversy. How, we ask, or why? We can afford to grant to Dr. Newman to a degree we could easily dispute, that in the controversy the special appeal of St. Leo is to the argument of Catholicity. It was the readiest, the shortest, the most convincing. A Rationalizing sect introduced a novel point of heresy, to be grappled with in argument only by such a subtlety of intellect that the reality of the most complete victory would scarcely be apparent to the common apprehension of Christendom. The fine edge which these weapons required made them unfit for the handling of an ordinary follower; therefore Leo refuted them on the easily-appreciable ground that the doctrine was contrary to the universal sense of Christendom. In like manner, Bishop Wiseman's article in the 'Dublin Review' leads Dr. Newman to see that St. Augustin decided, in the Donatist strife, '*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*' This rule threw back its light on the Monophysite struggle. It 'decided ecclesiastical questions on a simpler rule than that of antiquity' (p. 212): that is, argues Dr. Newman, St. Augustin and St. Leo throw over antiquity, and rest only on universality, so destroying our plea. If I urge any longer the plea of antiquity against the plea of Catholicity, I catch in the glass a view of my features, and I am a Monophysite: not, indeed, by sharing their

their heresy, but by occupying their ground. The same ghost reappears to him afterwards in the midst of the dust and toil of the Arian strife. 'The pure Arians were the Protestants, the semi-Arians were the Anglicans. Rome now was what it was' (p. 243.)

But what is this argument really worth? We say fearlessly, Nothing whatever. For when St. Leo appealed to Catholicity against the Monophysites, he appealed to it as embodying antiquity—as being the simplest and easiest mode of applying that witness. Just as some tests in nature are of so delicate a kind that it is scarcely possible to apply them except in combination with some ruder matter which assists their exhibition, so he could more easily show that antiquity condemned the Monophysite by applying to his error the test of the condemnation of that Catholic world which had inherited the Catholic tradition, than by the subtlety of arguments to be drawn from formularies compounded before this particular heresy was broached. St. Leo, therefore, and St. Augustin, and St. Athanasius, all used the argument of Catholicity, because in their day it embodied and most easily applied the argument of antiquity; not because it could be set against it as an instrument of greater force. The whole objection, then, to the English standing-ground is swept away. From the first the 'quod semper' has stood before the 'quod ab omnibus.' It must do so; for the Catholic Church is one and indivisible. Time reaches not to it. As she existed in her Divine Head at the beginning, so she exists throughout the ages. Her truth is His truth—one, unalterable, infallible. The safety of every faithful heart, even in its weakness, is evermore, 'Though all men should deny THEE, yet will not I.' The seeming universality of error at any particular moment is corrected by the unbroken unity of truth. The faithful may be minished from the earth; but they are somewhere. The stream may be hemmed in by rocks, or drunk in by sands, till it flows at any moment but a silver thread; yet is it *the* stream, not by reason of its breadth, though it should cover the land—for that may be because the rivers of Damascus have flowed into the stream of Judah—but because it is that which welled forth from its own sacred fountain head in the mountain of God. The evidence which supports this view is abundantly clear to any careful student of the History of the time. Eutyches had been a zealous opponent of Nestorius; and, just as Apollinaris had done before him in the Arian controversy, he had, in the heat of his zeal for truth, passed over its border and fallen into error on the other side. To make good Dr. Newman's view, the appeal of St. Leo and the Council of Chalcedon should have been simply to the united voice of the con-

temporary

temporary Church. For this is what the Roman Catholics define to be the Church's living voice. But to what do the venerable Fathers, in fact, appeal? At the conclusion of the reading of St. Leo's letter in the Council of Chalcedon, by which Eutyches was condemned, the Fathers exclaimed, 'It is the faith of the Apostles! Our Creed is the same! Anathema to them that gainsay! St. Peter hath spoken by Leo!'<sup>\*</sup> Here certainly the appeal to antiquity was as distinct as language can make it. Nor is St. Leo's own reference in any measure made to any other tribunal. In his celebrated letter he refers especially to the words of Holy Scripture, and complains especially of these depravers of the faith as 'seeking not to the letters of the Apostles, nor to the authority of the Evangelists, but to themselves.' From this he appeals to the words of the Creed, the especial record of the judgment of antiquity. 'What erudition,' he asks, 'hath Eutyches acquired from the sacred pages of the New and Old Testament, who understandeth not even the principles of the Creed itself? That which is uttered throughout the whole world by the mouths of all catechumens is not yet received in the heart of this aged man.'

He takes here, we maintain, as exactly as is possible the position of the English Church in her struggle with Rome; for she too appeals first to Holy Scripture, and then to the Creeds of the Universal Church, as fixing the concurrent voice of antiquity; and so handing down the true interpretation of the Sacred Volume, as she delivers it in creeds and catechisms to the humblest of her children. Surely it needed all the intense individualism and all the imagination of Dr. Newman to draw from this celebrated letter his argument against antiquity?

Dr. Newman's second main argument is couched in a defensive form. It is contained in his reply to the objection that the doctrine of infallibility implies that 'as a Catholic, he believes in the existence of a power on earth, which at its own will imposes upon men any new set of credenda when it pleases,' &c. (*Apol.* p. 283). This he answers first by arguing with great force that the fallen condition of man renders it necessary that there should be lodged somewhere upon earth a fixed deposit of truth which should be able, as a book cannot, to make a stand against the wild living intellect of man—a stand which, instead of really enslaving, does really perfect 'the human intellect which doth from opposition grow, and thrives and is joyous with a tough elastic strength under the terrible blows of the divinely-fashioned instrument' (*Apol.* p. 390).

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<sup>\*</sup> Neale's 'History of the Holy Eastern Church,' vol. i. p. 302.

Now so far all the most learned divines of the Church of England who have ever written upon the subject go heartily with him and his argument : this therefore is no argument against England and in favour of Rome. The Church, our own Articles declare, is the keeper and witness of Holy Scripture. It is of the utmost importance carefully to note this; for it is one of the most favourite of all the stock arguments of the day against our Church. So Dr. Manning argues in his second letter : 'The professed foundation of Anglicanism is Holy Scripture; but the real foundation is the critical reason.' \*

And the assumed ground for this charge is that 'it appeals from the living voice of the Church, and rejects its divine and infallible authority' (p. 14); that it therefore makes the individual the sole judge of the contents of Holy Scripture, which is essential Rationalism; that it professes to have purified the doctrine of the Church; that it does not venture itself to profess a Divine guidance, but formally and dogmatically denies it to every Church on earth; that as by its theory the several parts of the Church are now divided and therefore fallible, it denies that there is any collective Church at this time (*Ib.* pp. 15, 16, 17) through which the Divine voice speaks to us with infallible certainty of truth; that the Universal Church, therefore, no longer exists as the ultimate witness for truth; that therefore the highest and last certainty for the faith of Jesus Christ is only human (*Ib.* p. 18). Now, here the same fallacy is everywhere present, and much more plainly visible because more distinctly embodied in a set of positive assertions. But what, after all, is the argument really worth? We do not scruple to say that from first to last what is here attributed to her is an absolute contradiction of what the Church of England always has held upon the matter.

She maintains that the voice of the whole Church cannot err; that though even General Councils may err because their decrees, by their non-reception, may ultimately not prove to be the voice of the whole Church, that where that voice really speaks it is infallible. On the decision of that voice she rests against heretics the question of the right understanding of Holy Scripture. She declares the Divinity of God the Son with this special note of praise : 'The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge THEE.' She does not hold or teach or declare that this voice of God through the Universal Church is dead, dumb, or accentless. She hears its sound ringing clear and high above the discords of heresy, and bows to its every

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\* 'The Convocation and the Crown in Council,' p. 19.

sentence with the implicitness of Faith. With a conviction as strong as Rome could urge, and with a consistency which that Rationalizing, because ever-developing, Communion cannot claim, she would at this day put aside all the struggles of the rebellious reason to deny any point of the Great Credenda, not by the human element of superior argument, but by the Divine authority of God the Holy Ghost speaking to her through the testimony of the Primitive and Undivided Church. It is Rome which kills the certainty of that utterance of mystery by denying its present vitality and bidding men listen to the present voices of the peeping and muttering prophets of her own doctrine-developing communion instead of to its august and unquestionable accents.

Dr. Newman is too far-seeing and too simply honest not to see and feel this difficulty, but the mode in which he meets it only involves him in another. He meets it by showing the practical limitations which surround the exercise of the supposed gift of infallibility in the present Roman Communion. These undoubtedly are many and great. It can only *define*; and that under the guidance of Scripture and tradition; and that within the narrow circle of declaring a truth held implicitly before. Even in doing this it must be cautious, slow, even tardy in its operation; and though 'its normal seat is the Pope in Ecumenical Council' (p. 396), yet it is, in fact, only the utterance of a foregone conclusion in the mind of Christendom.

Now it is clear that very many of the practical objections to the claim of infallibility fade before the idea of a power which is so jealously fenced in within limits so narrow as these. We say advisedly, the *practical* objections; for there remain untouched in all their vigour the master objections founded on the great principle that no power can add to the deposit of the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints. But, then, how completely with the disappearance of these practical objections vanish also all the vaunted benefits of the power! One of the commonest formularies by which modern Roman advocates seek to overthrow the faith of members of the Church of England is by the assertion that in her communion there is no certainty as to what is to be believed. But how can an infallibility, which is restricted within such narrow limits as alone can make it endurable, and so is separated almost by infinite space from him whom it is to assure, tend really to give certainty of faith upon any point of doubt to any separate believer? 'The number of new doctrines,' Dr. Newman argues, 'will not oppress us, if it takes eight centuries to promulgate even one of them' (p. 395); and he goes on to say, that 'there have

have been only eighteen such Councils since Christianity was—an average of one to a century—and of these Councils, some passed no doctrinal decree at all,' &c. (Ap. 396). Certainly such a system would not be likely to oppress the Church with the multitude of its decisions, though the existence of one false decision is as destructive of its claim to infallibility as if they were a multitude; but, on the other hand, how does it minister to the certainty of the individual? What the anxious conscience craves for is an infallible guide for itself. How does it even help to provide this, to know that you are living under a system by the action of which it is provided that, in another hundred years, the matter in doubt will be infallibly settled? Nor is this all: not only is the subject matter of infallible decrees thus limited, and their concoction thus tardy; but difficulties of another class beset the exercise of its power. Dr. Newman distinctly limits himself to speaking of the Pope in Ecumenical Council, as 'the *normal* seat of infallibility.' But this great point has never been decided. It has been decided that the Church is infallible; but it has never been settled whether that infallibility is to be exerted by the Pope, or the Pope in Ecumenical Council, or by what other combination of the several Elements of the Tribunal. Dr. Newman introduces a new element of doubtfulness into the practical working of the system; for he says, 'It does not at all follow because there is a gift of infallibility in the Catholic Church, that therefore the power in possession of it is in all its proceedings infallible' (Ap. 398); and he proceeds to quote instances of its misuse. This seems to bring the matter very near to the humorous saying of the late Henry Drummond, 'Oh what pains it costs to keep the infallible man from going wrong a dozen times a day!'

Indeed, to find any special rest for the spirit amongst the differences of conflicting opinions in the belief that such a circumscribed infallibility exists under some conditions somewhere, is not a whit less unreasonable than it would be for the man, who had fallen helplessly among thieves, to comfort himself with the reflection, when he had been robbed and was about to be murdered, that there was somewhere or other a power of law which could deliver him if only he first learned where it was lodged, and then waited for a century for its execution.

Neither, then, does the controversial part of this remarkable book appear to us to strengthen in any way the case against our own Church. And if it does not strengthen that case, it most undoubtedly weakens it. The fact of the secession of a great and honest man—with vast gifts of genius, with learning, with piety, and a resolute determination to buy the truth at any cost—is an argument

argument against the cause he has deserted; and, so long as he is silent, a strong argument. He must, every one may fairly suppose, have found some unanswerable reason for such a course to which I am a stranger. But when he comes forward and unlocks his bosom, and discloses his hidden secret, then the weight of that example which rested heretofore on the unexplained mystery of his act is to be tried by a new standard. He has pleaded a justification, and by that plea he and his cause must abide; and if the justification fails—and it seems to us here signally to fail—the cause is proportionably damaged.

There is another deeply interesting question raised by Dr. Newman's work, on which, if our limits did not absolutely prevent, we should be glad to enter. We mean the present position of the Church of Rome with that great rationalistic movement with which we, too, are called to contend. Everywhere in Europe this contest is proceeding, and the relations of the Church of Rome towards it are becoming daily more and more embarrassed. Mr. Ffoulkes tells us that 'the "*Home and Foreign Review*" is the *only* publication professing to emanate from Roman Catholics in this country that can be named in the same breath with the leading Protestant Reviews.'\* Since he wrote these words its course has been closed by Pontifical authority. M. Montalembert has barely escaped censure with the payment of the penalty—so heavy to his co-religionists—of an enforced silence; and Dr. Newman 'interprets recent acts of authority as tying the hands of a controversialist such as I should be,'† and so is prevented completing the great work which has occupied so much of his thoughts, and which promised to do, more than any other work this country is likely to see, to set some limiting boundary lines between the provinces of a humble faith in Revelation and an ardent love of advancing science. This is an evil inflicted by Rome on this whole generation. But in truth, wherever the mind of Christendom is active, the attitude of the Papal communion before this new enemy is that of a startled, trembling minaciousness, which invites the deadly combat it can so ill maintain.

These facts are patent to every one who knows anything whatever of the present state of religious thought throughout Roman Catholic Europe. Almost every one knows further that the struggle between those who would subject all science and all the actings of the human mind to the authority of the Church, and those who would limit the exercise of that authority more or less to the proper subject-matter of theology, is rife and

\* '*Union Review*,' ix., 294.  
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† '*Apol.*' 405.  
increasing.

increasing. The words of, perhaps, the ablest living member of the Roman Catholic communion have rung through Europe, and many a heart in all religious communions has been saddened by the thought of Dr. Döllinger's virtual censure. And yet it is at such a time as this that Dr. Manning ventures to put forth his 'Letters to a Friend,' painting all as peace, unanimity, and obedient faith within the Roman Church; all dissension, unbelief, and letting slip of the ancient faith within our own communion. Surely such are not the weapons by which the cause of God's truth can be advanced!

But we must bring our remarks on the 'Apologia' to a close.

Some lessons there are, and those great ones, which this book is calculated to instil into members of our own communion. Pre-eminently it shows the rottenness of that mere Act-of-Parliament foundation on which some, now-a-days, would rest our Church. Dr. Newman suggests, more than once, that such a course must rob us of all our present strength. Dr. Manning sings his psalm with wild and premature delight, as if the evil was already accomplished. In his first letter he triumphed in the silence of Convocation, but that silence has since been broken. A solemn synodical judgment, couched in the most explicit language, has condemned the false teaching which had been our Church's scandal. But because a 'very exalted person in the House of Lords'\* (p. 4), with an ignorance or an ignoring of law, as was shown in the debate, which was simply astonishing, chose, in a manner which even Dr. Manning condemns, to assert, without a particle of real evidence, that the Convocation had exceeded its legitimate powers, Dr. Manning is in ecstasies. The 'very exalted person' becomes 'a righteous judge, a learned judge, a Daniel come to judgment—yea, a Daniel.' These shouts of joy ought to be enough to show men where the real danger lies. Our present position is impregnable. But if we abandon it for the new one proposed to us by the Rationalist party, how shall we be able to stand? How could a national religious Establishment which should seek to rest its foundations—not on God's Word; on the ancient Creeds; on a true Apostolic ministry; on valid Sacraments; on a living, even though it be an obscured, unity with the Universal Church, and so on the presence with her of her Lord, and on the gifts of His Spirit—but upon the critical reason of individuals, and the support of Acts of Parliament—ever stand in the coming struggle? How could it meet Rationalism on the one hand? How could it withstand Popery on the other? After such a fatal change its career might be easily fore-

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\* Hansard's 'House of Lords Debates,' July 15, 1864.

shadowed.

shadowed. Under the assaults of Rationalism, it would year by year lose some parts of the great deposit of the Catholic faith. Under the attacks of Rome, it would lose many of those whom it can ill spare, because they believe most firmly in the verities for which she is ready to witness. Thus it might continue until our ministry were filled with the time-serving, the ignorant, and the unbelieving; and, when this has come to pass, the day of final doom cannot be far distant. How such evils are to be averted is the anxious question of the present day. The great practical question seems to us to be that to which we have before this alluded,\*—How the Supreme Court of Appeal can be made fitter for the due discharge of its momentous functions? We cannot enter here upon that great question. But solved it must be, and solved upon the principles of the great Reformation statutes of our land, which maintain, in the supremacy of the Crown, our undoubted nationality; which, besides maintaining this great principle of national life, save us from all the terrible practical evils of appeals to Rome, and yet which maintain the spirituality of the land, as the guardians under God of the great deposit of the Faith, in the very terms in which the Catholic Church of Christ has from the beginning received, and to this day handed down in its completeness, the inestimable gift.

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cxv. p. 560.

## NOTE.

We are glad to correct an erroneous statement in our last number (p. 186), that while the machinery for teaching is ampler, yet the payments for the pupils in the Lower School at Eton are higher than in the Upper School. The fact is, that in the only house which receives Lower School boys exclusively—the Rev. J. W. Hawtrey's—those boys are boarded and educated for 100*l.*, which is less by 20*l.* than the charge for the Upper School. We learn with satisfaction that French is to be steadily cultivated at Eton.

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